LIFE AND LETTERS OF ZACHARY MACAULAY



TBMacaulay

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

ZACHARY MACAULAY

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER

VISCOUNTESS KNUTSFORD

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

Publisher to the India Office

1900

Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	EARLY YEARS	1
II.	NEW INFLUENCES	12
III.	SIERRA LEONE	26
IV.	INVASION BY THE FRENCH	58
V.	VISIT TO ENGLAND AND ENGAGEMENT	90
VI.	MISSIONARY DIFFICULTIES	116
VII.	WAR AND RUMOURS OF WAR	174
VIII.	RETURN TO ENGLAND AND MARRIAGE	216
IX.	ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE	258
X.	LIGHTS AND SHADOWS	302
XI.	REMOVAL TO LONDON	337
XII.	BUSINESS EMBARRASSMENTS	382
XIII.	VISIT TO PARIS	407
XIV.	ANTI-SLAVERY WORK	428
XV.	CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH	460
INDEX		490

PORTRAIT OF ZACHARY MACAULAY . . . . *frontispiece*

From a drawing by Slater, 1831



CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

ZACHARY MACAULAY, the third son of the Rev. John Macaulay and of his second wife, Margaret Campbell of Inverseger, was born at the manse of Inverary on the 2nd of May 1768.

The clan MacAulay had long inhabited the western Highlands, and appears to have been considered a branch of the MacGregors. In a bond or deed of friendship[1] between their chief, Aulay MacAulay of Ardincaple, and the chief of the MacGregors, which was executed in 1591, MacAulay acknowledges to being a cadet of the clan MacGregor, and agrees to pay a tribute of cattle to his chief. But when the MacGregors fell under the ban of the law, Aulay MacAulay did not scruple to turn against them, and did his best to avert any suspicion of complicity in their rebellion from himself and his followers, by the hostility with which he pursued his former allies. The successors of this politic chieftain did not possess sufficient prudence to retain a grasp upon the property which his shrewdness had preserved for them. They gradually dissipated the family possessions by carelessness and extravagance, until the last chief, another Aulay MacAulay, overwhelmed with debt, was reduced to sell Ardincaple and the scanty remains of his patrimony to John, the fourth Duke of Argyll, in 1764.

Some of the Macaulays had settled in the south-west part of the island of Lewis, and in the reign of James VI. of Scotland one of them was distinguished by the name of Donald Cam, to signify that he was blind of one eye. It may be mentioned that this defect was inherited by his great-great-grandson, Zachary Macaulay, and that it was a family tradition among Macaulay's children that their father did not discover the fact that he

[1] In this deed the two contracting parties describe themselves as originally descended from the same stock—'M'Alpins of auld.'

could only see with one eye until after he had grown to man's estate.

Donald Cam was noted for the courage and activity which he displayed in the feuds that were constantly taking place with neighbouring clans; but he made himself specially conspicuous by the fierceness and frequency of his attacks upon the Fifeshire Colonists at Stornoway, and prided himself on taking the patriotic side in those troubles. His son, who was commonly called the Man of Brenish, had even a higher reputation than his father for feats of strength and daring; but after him the Macaulays seem to have sought distinction in more peaceful fields, and it is a curious sign of the rapid changes which were taking place at this time in the habits and manners of the Scotch, that this pugnacious Highlander should have had a son, and five grandsons, Ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

Aulay Macaulay, the son of the Man of Brenish, and the grandson of Donald Cam, may reasonably be credited with a considerable portion of hereditary spirit in adopting a profession so opposed to the tastes hitherto prevalent in his family. He was Minister of Harris. One of his sons, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, was sent as missionary to St. Kilda by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and published afterwards a *History of St. Kilda*, which attracted the attention of Dr. Johnson, and procured him the honour of that visit to his manse at Calder of which Boswell gives so amusing an account.

The eldest son of Aulay, John Macaulay, the father of Zachary, was born at Harris in 1720. At the time of Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides in 1773 John Macaulay was Minister of Inverary, but the following year he was appointed to Cardross in Dumbartonshire, and removed there when his son Zachary was about six years old. John Macaulay's first wife had died a year after her marriage, leaving one child; but by his second wife, Margaret Campbell, he had at the time of his removal a large family, which in the end numbered twelve children. With such rapidly increasing demands upon a small income, it was necessary that each son should in turn, as soon as he attained a suitable age, be put in the way of maintaining himself, and when only fourteen Zachary was placed in a merchant's office at Glasgow.

The history of his early years will be best related by himself in a short autobiographical memoir which he wrote at Sierra Leone in 1797.

'I can scarce ever think on my past life without adverting to those words of John Newton's:

> '"Thou didst once a wretch behold
> In rebellion blindly bold
> Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy
> That poor rebel, Lord, was I."

'I am indeed a signal monument of God's long-suffering and tender mercy. What shall I render to Him for all His benefits?

'Soon after I reached the age of fourteen, I became in a great measure my own master, by being removed from the control of my father and mother, and placed in a merchant's counting-house in Glasgow. This was a line of life which I entered upon with great regret, for I had at that time a strong passion for literature; but I acquiesced readily in my father's determination, from perceiving that his stipend could not well afford the expense of a literary education.

'I felt the disappointment, however, very acutely, and thought I lost by this arrangement all my past labour to which I had been greatly stimulated by the hope of academical honours. I had already acquired a pretty general knowledge of the Latin language, and had also such a tincture of Grecian learning as enabled me to read Homer without much difficulty. I read French with tolerable ease, and had besides made considerable progress in mathematics. What made me prize all this the more was that it had been acquired mainly by my own exertions, for I had the misfortune never to have been under any regular system of tuition. It was only at times that I had any other instructor besides my father, and his avocations were so numerous as to render it altogether impossible for him to pay me the requisite attention. Being the oldest son at home, the care of instructing the others devolved on me; and though by this circumstance I was a good deal aided in my learning, yet I think I can trace to it the rise of several tempers which have caused me no small trouble in after life, particularly my impatience and self-confidence, my imposing tone, and dogmatical, magisterial style as well in writing as speaking.

'But my reading was by no means confined to the dead languages. My father had a large collection of books, and my appetite for them was quite insatiable. There were few of the English classics which I had not read. The great poets were quite familiar to me. I was, besides, an eager hunter after that

sort of anecdote wherewith ephemeral publications abound. What stimulated me to this, in addition to the pleasure they afforded myself, was, I remember, an eager desire of shining in conversation. I much affected the company of men; and having a good memory, though very little judgment, and a great share of conceit and assumption, I was in the habit of obtruding my remarks whatever the subject of conversation was. I was much encouraged to this by the notice and ill-timed commendation which was occasionally bestowed upon me when I ought rather to have been repressed. It seems unnatural that the bent of my inclinations should have lain in this direction at so early an age, but it arose in a great measure from the necessity imposed upon me to seek amusement in some other way than boys generally do, by a serious accident that happened to my right arm when I was nine years old. It subjected me to several painful operations, and it was about five years before I recovered the proper use of it.

'I had at this time some religious impressions on my mind, the effect of education. I liked to hear sermons, I thought it wrong not to say my prayers, and I felt a salutary check of conscience when I perceived myself flying directly in the face of a divine mandate. Happy for me if I had never lost this feeling, but happier still if my conscience were now restored to its office of serving the living God, and acted faithfully as his Vicegerent.

'I remained in Glasgow upwards of two years; and during those two years I improved indeed in the knowledge of useful learning, but I made much more rapid progress in the knowledge of evil. The people with whom I chiefly associated were of two classes. Those whose society I most eagerly coveted were students in the University, and many of those who stood high in point of talents flattered me with their particular regard. I was admitted to all their convivial meetings, and made one of their society on all occasions.

'As they were much more advanced in years than I was, I naturally looked up to them for information; and as many of them were really men of wit and taste, I gladly received the law from their mouths. But some of them, who, with I am sorry to say sentiments little altered, are at this day invested with the sacred names of ambassadors for God, made a cruel use of their influence. They employed it in eradicating from my mind every trace of religious belief. I recoiled at first with a kind of horror from the propositions they advanced with respect to the Bible and the existence of a God. But my scruples soon yielded to the united efforts of arguments whose fallacy I was unable to detect, of wit whose brilliancy dazzled

me, and of sharp and pointed raillery which served to silence me.

'Nor were temptations wanting, for the other class of persons with whom I associated were as profligate in their practice as the students were in their principles. My immediate superiors in the counting-house were of this class, as well as many others in the mercantile line of life with whom I necessarily became acquainted. Taught by them, I began to think excess in wine, so far from being a sin, to be a ground for glorying; and it became one of the objects of my ambition to be able to see all my companions under the table. And this was the more surprising as I really disliked, nay even loathed, excessive drinking.

'This same principle of ambition, however, operated in some respects as a check upon me, for I had access, through introductions from my father, to many respectable families in the town whose civilities I was anxious not to forfeit. I was therefore careful in preserving at least appearances, and also in avoiding that notoriety which would have exposed me to my father's displeasure. The domestic society which I thus enjoyed was not of a nature to counteract in any considerable degree the pernicious effects of the above-mentioned associations. Being tolerably accommodating, I fell into the predilections of the ladies of the family, which were entirely for new plays and marble-covered books. When I was not draining the midnight bowl, I was employed in wasting the midnight oil by poring over such abominable, but fascinating works as are to be found under the head of novels in the catalogue of every circulating library.

'There are some few, however, of the immensity of books of this nature which I perused at that period of my life that still afford me pleasure when I recollect them. The characteristic conversations of Miss Burney's *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, the humour of Smollett, and the native manners-painting style of Fielding have still their charm for me.

'To my other defects I now accordingly added something of the romantic and extravagant. I was continually laying the plan of wonderful adventures, conning speeches to repeat to ladies delivered from the hands of robbers and assassins, or adjusting the particulars of some affair of honour. With all this, however, I was exceedingly attentive to business; and my employers, when I left them, presented me with a considerable gratuity to mark their approbation of my conduct.

'Towards the end of the year 1784 a circumstance happened which gave a temporary suspension to my career, and led to a few sober reflections. I then saw that the only way that

remained to extricate myself from the labyrinth in which I was involved was going abroad. I made known my wish to my father, and it was determined that I should try my fortunes in the East Indies.

'Just as this determination had been taken, Sir Archibald Campbell, who was related to us, persuaded my father to alter it, and to suffer me to go out under his patronage to Jamaica, where he had been Governor, and where his influence was of course supposed able to effect any views of aggrandisement, however large, which I might form. What reason Sir Archibald could have had for persuading us to this step I have never been able to fathom, for the letters of recommendation he gave me were so far from yielding me any essential service, that not one of them even procured me an ordinary invitation.

'During the voyage to Jamaica I had a good deal of time for reflection, and I endeavoured to fortify myself, by previous resolutions, against the evils to which I felt myself prone. Company I had found my greatest snare, and I resolved to guard against it; and though every reformation proceeding on such grounds as mine then did must be partial and inadequate, yet one good effect arising from it was a resolution of abstaining from all excess in drinking, which I afterwards adhered to.

'At this time I had not yet reached the age of seventeen, and found myself, on landing at Jamaica, without money, or without a single friend to whom I could turn for assistance. The letters of recommendation to persons in high position, with which I had been provided by Sir Archibald Campbell, were entirely neglected. The visions which had been presented to me of rapidly increasing wealth and honours now vanished entirely, but the disappointment did not seriously affect my spirits. I felt certainly indignation and resentment at the coldness and indifference shown me by men, from whom I thought I had a right to expect different treatment. But I recollect feeling a degree of self-complacency in finding myself able to reconcile my mind to very considerable hardships, rather than submit to repeat the humiliating applications which I had already made to those persons.

'My trials, however, were not of long duration. One or two private gentlemen to whom a friend of mine had written to introduce me, soon found me out, and showed me great kindness. Through their exertions I obtained the situation of under-manager or book-keeper on a sugar plantation.

'Here I entered upon a new mode of life which waged war with all my tastes and feelings. My position was laborious, irksome, and degrading, to a degree of which I could have

formed no previous conception, and which none can imagine fully who have not, like me, experienced the vexatious, capricious, tyrannical, and pitiless conduct of a Jamaica overseer. To this, however, I made it a point of honour to reconcile my mind. Indeed I saw there was no medium for me, under the circumstances, between doing so and starving.

'While my health remained good, I therefore submitted with cheerfulness to all the severe toil and painful watchings which were required of me. What chiefly affected me at first was, that by my situation I was exposed not only to the sight, but also to the practice of severities over others, the very recollection of which makes my blood run cold. My mind was at first feelingly alive to the miseries of the poor slaves, and I not only revolted from the thought of myself inflicting punishment upon them, but the very sight of punishment sickened me.

'The die, however, was now cast; there was no retreating. I should gladly indeed have returned to Europe, but I had not the means. I had no friend at home to whom I could apply except my father, and I would almost sooner have died than have added any more to the pressure of that anxiety which a numerous family necessarily caused him. In the West Indies, I was bound, if I would not forfeit the regard of all who were disposed to serve me, even to give no vent to those feelings which would have seemed to reproach them with cruelty. As the only alternative, therefore, I resolved to get rid of my squeamishness as soon as I could, as a thing which was very inconvenient. And in this I had a success beyond my expectations.

'Virgil's expression, "Easy is the descent to Hell," is a bold, but perfectly just representation of the rapidity with which we move downwards in the scale of moral rectitude when once we have made a voluntary declension from the path of duty. I soon satisfied myself that the duty which I owed to my employers, for I used still to moralise, required the exact fulfilment of their orders; and that the duty which I owed to myself, my father, and my friends, required that I should throw no obstacles, which the voice of all in the world whom I had hitherto known was so far from sanctioning, that it condemned them as foolish, childish, and ridiculous, in the way of my fortune.

'At this time, that is in the year 1785, I find myself writing thus to a friend at home:—"But far other is now my lot, doomed by my own folly to toil for a scanty subsistence in an inhospitable clime. The air of this island must have some peculiar quality in it, for no sooner does a person set foot on it than his former ways of thinking are entirely changed. The

contagion of an universal example must indeed have its effect. You would hardly know your friend, with whom you have spent so many hours in more peaceful and more pleasant scenes, were you to view me in a field of canes, amidst perhaps a hundred of the sable race, cursing and bawling, while the noise of the whip resounding on their shoulders, and the cries of the poor wretches, would make you imagine that some unlucky accident had carried you to the doleful shades."

'This picture, shocking as it is, owes nothing to fancy; but my mind was now steeled, and though some months before this period, in writing to the same friend I had had a heart to draw in very lively colours, and with pathetic touches which I really felt, the miseries of the negroes, yet now I was callous and indifferent, and could allude to them with a levity which sufficiently marked my depravity. I had indeed raised for myself an imaginary standard of justice in my dealings with them, to which I thought it right to conform.

'But the hour of retribution seemed to be at hand. Dangerous, and repeated, and long-continued attacks of illness brought me frequently to the very borders of the grave. My sufferings were extreme; and they were aggravated by the most cruel neglect and the most hard-hearted unkindness. There was a kind of high-mindedness about me which kept me from complaining even in my lowest extremity of wretchedness, nor did the hope of better days ever forsake me. Nay, when stretched upon a straw mattress, with "tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,"[1] burning with fever, pining under the want of every necessary comfort, shut out from the sight or converse of any one whom I could call a friend, unable to procure even a cup of cold water for which I did not myself crawl to the neighbouring rivulet, I maintained an unbroken spirit.

'I tremble to think on the stupid insensibility, nay the desperate hardness, with which at times I stood tottering upon the brink of eternity. Surely had I died then my place would have been where mercy is clean gone for ever, and where even God forgets to be gracious. May I not regard myself emphatically as a brand plucked out of the burning? These judgments, however, like those which visited Pharaoh, served only to harden my heart. Indeed this is the effect which

[1] 'In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies.'

Pope—*Moral Essays*, Epistle iii.

appears, if we consult our Bible and experience, to be the necessary result of afflictions when they do not lead the mind to God.

'When health returned my sufferings were soon forgotten; and better prospects opening upon me, and friends rising up daily who showed a willingness to serve me as soon as I was master of my business, I began to like my situation. "I even began to be wretch enough to think myself happy."

'My outward conduct indeed, for a West Indian planter, was sober and decorous, for I affected superiority to the grossly vulgar manners and practices which disgrace almost every rank of men in the West Indies, but my habits and dispositions were now fundamentally the same. In these I was quite assimilated to my neighbours, and this is a part of my life of which I scarce like either to speak or think. It was a period of most degrading servitude to the worst of masters.

'While I was in this state of mind I received a letter from an uncle[1] in London, containing an advantageous offer if I chose to return to England. After much hesitation and debate I resolved to accept the offer. I took my passage for London, and arrived there just as I had completed my twenty-first year.

During my stay abroad, degraded as I became in some respects, I by no means lost my taste for reading. I had very few books, it is true, and very little time to peruse them, but I eagerly employed the little time I had in keeping alive my acquaintance with the French and Latin languages. Horace was my constant companion, and served to amuse many a tedious hour. I liked his philosophy, and I thought that I derived from it, as well as from Voltaire's poem on the equality of human conditions, motives to support me from sinking under my trials. I pleased myself with thinking so; although I apprehend that I owed more to a constitutional firmness of nerve and to vanity, than to the plausible reasoning of Voltaire, or the justly conceived in many instances, and elegantly expressed sentiments of the Roman poet.

'The following criticisms which I made on one of the books of Virgil will show something of the springs which animated my conduct:—"Virgil, in this book, the tenth, appears as the moralist to great advantage. Where will there be found a more striking incentive to virtuous action than he gives in verse 467?[2] For however empty 'fame' may be considered in

[1] In 1797 Macaulay writes to a friend:—'Read *Rudiments of Political Science*, by Angus Macaulay. It shows great depth of research, and closeness of thinking. He is a man of a very active turn of mind, and, as you will see, thinks for himself. Though he is my uncle, there exists between us a kind of brotherly intercourse; he is one of my most confidential advisers, and I owe much to his friendship.'

[2] Stat sua cuique dies: breve et irreparabile tempus Omnibus est vitæ: sed famam extendere factis, Hoc virtutis opus.

the eye of speculative philosophy, of all sublunary motives it certainly is the strongest, and, properly directed, the desire of it becomes the source of the most brilliant actions. There is indeed a self-applause which the poet does not take into account, but which is inseparable from and necessarily produced by fame's well-earned meed."

'I read very little during this period. Thomson, I think, was the only English poet I had with me, but his beauties were quite inexhaustible. I confess, however, that now I should not equally admire him as a constant companion. There is a captivating glare spread over the sentimental parts of his *Seasons* which entirely conceals the poison they contain, while it serves in a peculiar manner to enchant youthful minds. I still admire Thomson, for how is it possible not to admire him? But is it not plain that he banishes from his pictures of manners all religious motives and influences, and from his philosophy all religious views which do not consist with that thing called Deism.[1]

'My vanity, which the low situation to which I was reduced at times, it may have been supposed, would have tended to mortify, was on the contrary increased. The state of information among my brother book-keepers and overseers, and even among planters and merchants in Jamaica, is, generally speaking, very low. I was among them a kind of prodigy, and I was referred to on disputed points as an oracle.

'One thing, however, amidst the thick cloud of evils wherewith I was at this time enveloped I can now dwell upon with some degree of pleasure. I mean the boldness and fearlessness, and also the effect, with which I encountered the risks of the enmity likely to follow my pleading and assisting the cause of youth, oppressed by rigid overseers as I myself had been. With respect to my own sufferings I had been quite pliant, knowing the suspicions which always light on a man when pleading his own cause. But on behalf of others I could act more freely and with more effect.

'I found when I returned to England, that I had contracted a boorishness of manner, arising doubtless from the nature of my employment and associations, which proved a dreadful mortification to my vanity when I came to perceive it, as I

[1] Macaulay seems to have reproached himself with injustice to the poet, for he inserted at some subsequent period a long note at this point in his manuscript. In it he says: 'I acknowledge that a mind rightly formed will find in Thomson much to enkindle devotion and to excite to pious meditation, independent of the exquisite pleasure, which, of itself, good poetry is calculated to convey.' His estimate of Thomson must appear to modern taste absurdly high; but readers of *Sense and Sensibility* will remember that Miss Austen, when writing a few years subsequent to this period, classes Thomson, Cowper, and Scott together.

soon did. While absent from Europe I had scarce seen a white lady; and among men in the West Indies, whatever be their rank, there is a total emancipation not only from the trammels of ceremony, but, notwithstanding a great deal of hospitality and even kindness, from the more necessary forms of good-breeding. I am content to bear the occasional uneasiness still flowing from this source as a memento of the greater punishment I at that time of my return to England incurred, and as some check to my too prevalent passion for appearing well in the eyes of others.

'I ought to observe here that at this time I was fond of games of skill, such as whist, backgammon, and draughts, and that I had attained, in spite of my limited opportunities, to a more than ordinary proficiency in them. On the passage home I had the misfortune to fall into the company of two amateurs of play. One, a son of the late Governor Winch, had already thrown away £30,000 on the turf and at gaming-tables, for which he had gained the praise of being, as he certainly was, the most graceful rider in England as well as one of the most eminent jockeys and whist-players. The other was a man of wonderfully versatile talents, but whom we afterwards discovered to be a swindler by profession.

'I played at first very cautiously, and never permitted myself to be tempted to bet. But as my winnings increased, which they generally did, I was exposed to the danger of becoming attached to play, and the miseries which I felt would naturally follow such an attachment. I heroically resolved, therefore, to break the chain, and adopted some strong determinations on the point, which I have since, with few deviations, been able to keep. I say heroically, for in the then state of my mind, and with my feeble, inefficacious, and unsound principles, it was certainly no mean degree of self-denial to quench a passion which had risen to some height, and to deny my vanity the gratification of displaying the skill I had acquired, and for the acquisition of which I had paid many an hour of anxiety and perturbation.'

The autobiographical fragment ends when Macaulay reached England, and was never continued. Indeed there was little occasion for it, as the voluminous letters and journals which he was soon to commence writing form an ample and almost continuous record of his laborious existence. It is a relief to close this chapter of it, and to know that although Zachary Macaulay had his full share of troubles and anxieties in after life, yet the special class of difficulties which beset him in the West Indies was ended for him for ever.

CHAPTER II

NEW INFLUENCES

WHEN Macaulay arrived in England in 1789, he found himself in circumstances calculated to bring about a remarkable change in the modes of thought and objects of ambition which he had hitherto pursued. A marriage had taken place in his family which was destined to affect powerfully his fortunes in life, and to develop the natural bent of his disposition in the most favourable manner.

His elder brother Aulay, who was about ten years his senior, had taken orders in the Church of England with apparently the full approval of his father, and had in 1781 accepted the curacy of Claybrook in Leicestershire. Aulay Macaulay was a man of strong literary tastes and varied attainments; he soon made many acquaintances in the neighbourhood where the greater portion of his life was to be spent; but he formed a specially intimate friendship with that individual who may be considered to have exercised a paramount influence upon the character and upon the destiny of Zachary Macaulay.

Thomas Babington was a young country gentleman of ancient lineage, and the owner of Rothley Temple, a picturesque and interesting mansion of great antiquity, situated a few miles from Leicester. It had been formerly a possession of the Knights Templars, and afterwards a Commandery of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John; and at the time of the Reformation it passed by more honest means than many similar domains were acquired at that time, by genuine purchase, into the hands of his ancestor, Humphrey Babington.

In 1787 Thomas Babington made, in company with his friend the curate, Aulay Macaulay, an expedition to Scotland for a tour of pleasure, an unusual adventure still at that period when Englishmen rarely crossed the Tweed except upon calls

of business and duty. It was natural that Aulay Macaulay should desire to include Cardross in the itinerary of their route, and to take the opportunity of visiting his family whom he had not seen for ten years. During his absence his brothers had dispersed, three of the number having gone to the East Indies; but his five young sisters were all at the manse. Mr. Babington soon found himself strongly attracted by Jean, one of the elder daughters, who had grown up to be a remarkably pretty and charming girl; and instead of paying only the brief visit to Cardross which had been their original intention, the two friends prolonged their stay until Mr. Babington, having convinced himself that his happiness for life depended upon the answer, made the offer of his heart and hand to Miss Macaulay.

The response was propitious to his wishes; and as soon as he was assured of being acceptable to the lady of his choice, he wrote to announce his engagement to his family in England. The news of his approaching marriage in such remote wilds with the daughter of a Presbyterian Minister met with little favour among his neighbours in the country-houses and rectories of Leicestershire. It is amusing to see that his own relations seem to have regarded the affair with much the same feelings of astonishment and dismay with which the family of an Arctic explorer might hear of his intention to return home with an Esquimaux bride.

But Thomas Babington's attachment was proof against all opposition. In due course of time the marriage took place; and the young wife set out with her husband for England, cheered by the reflection that her brother the clergyman would be near her in the unknown country where her future lot was to be cast. As far as can be learned from the voluminous correspondence of the family, Jean Babington did not revisit her native country for forty years.

Mr. Babington's strong affection did not blind him to the requirements of his position in life, and to the inevitable deficiencies of a young girl, however pleasing and clever she might be naturally, who had been accustomed only to the secluded and simple life of a Scotch manse, when suddenly transferred to the head of a large and hospitable establishment in a well-peopled neighbourhood in England. The plan he adopted for

supplying her with the necessary education is somewhat diverting. Instead of taking Mrs. Babington direct to Rothley Temple, he arranged to go with her on a visit to Yoxall Lodge, the beautiful residence of his brother-in-law and close friend, Mr. Gisborne, in the very heart of Needwood Forest. It was under the care of Mrs. Gisborne, Thomas Babington's only sister, that the young bride was placed in order to learn the duties of her new position.

It speaks well for the temper and sense of all concerned that this extraordinary plan thoroughly answered, and that the most cordial relations grew up and subsisted always between Mrs. Babington and her husband's family. At the end of a probation of six months she was pronounced capable of taking the head of her own house; and during her stay at Yoxall Lodge she had so entirely won the heart of her husband's mother that the old lady returned to Rothley Temple, and resided there until her death, on affectionate terms with the daughter-in-law whose arrival she had awaited with such alarm and disapproval. Jean Babington united to great personal charms and a warm heart a very lively disposition and considerable cleverness and quickness of apprehension. She held the reins of authority at Rothley Temple during the course of a long life, and ruled with a dignity and decision which made her a person of considerable consequence in the circle surrounding her.

The character of Thomas Babington himself was one that may be better and more justly estimated by its effect upon his contemporaries than by any special performance of his own that has been left to the judgment of posterity. The peculiarity of his goodness, upon which all who had been personally acquainted with him loved to dwell, was a perfect rectitude, a simple straightforwardness of speech and purpose, which inspired in minds that intellectually were of a far higher order than his own, respect for his opinion and confidence in his advice. The ancient walls of Rothley Temple became a centre where those who were in sympathy with his views upon the real purpose of life loved to assemble; and each returning summer brought with it the chosen band of friends, linked together by the closest ties of religious hope and faith, by congenial tastes and habits, and, as time went on, by the

common interest of endeavouring to free their fellow-creatures from degrading bondage.

Macaulay was twenty-one years old when he landed from the West Indies. His father had died at Cardross a short time before his arrival in England, and he appears to have gone direct to Leicestershire, where he received an affectionate welcome. Mrs. Babington, who had been his special companion formerly as the one of his sisters who was nearest him in age, had grown into a charming woman during his absence; but she retained that preference for him over all the rest of her family which she continued to exhibit during her whole life, and which she afterwards extended to his children and to everything connected with him.

To a young man of Macaulay's character who since his childhood had been entirely shut out from the happiness and softening influences of family life and domestic society, who had only lived where no affection was shown him, and among people who took no personal interest in him, the effect upon his mind of the change of scene into which his introduction to Rothley Temple brought him was beyond expression overpowering and bewildering. Thomas Babington, whose ideal of the duties of relationship was high, gave a kind reception to his brother-in-law, although the manners and behaviour of the young man did not at first prepossess any one in his favour. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Babington remembered hearing her parents relate that upon his first arrival from Jamaica her uncle Zachary was thought by most people to be a disagreeable, conceited youth, with self-sufficient, dogmatic manners, but that before long an entire change took place in him.

The autobiographical fragment has shown the class of persons among whom Macaulay had lived since he was a boy of fourteen, and the standard of conduct among his superiors and equals in the West Indies to which he had been endeavouring to compel his conscience to conform. He now found himself living in intimate association with men in whose daily life he beheld every pure Christian principle brought into action, and whose motives and habits bore unflinchingly the closest scrutiny. Instead of the systematic indulgence and selfishness of those with whom he had spent his youth, he saw his present companions voluntarily renouncing that ease and enjoyment to

which their wealth and position entitled them, in order to labour unceasingly for the welfare of their fellow-creatures, to whose necessities they devoted all the money they could spare from the duties of hospitality.[1] Instead of the coarse language and boorish ignorance to which the experience of the last few years had accustomed him, Macaulay found himself in a decent, well-ordered circle of society where courtesy and good-breeding reigned supreme, where a high value was set upon the results of education and self-control, and where literature and politics were the subjects which formed the favourite relaxation of his new associates.

Then for the first time since childhood his own nature was able to assert itself. Those qualities which had hitherto exposed him to the censure and ridicule of his companions and employers, and which in consequence he had laboured to suppress and conceal, were the very qualities which he found, in this new sphere, alone entitled him to respect and affection. He learned for the first time that those feelings of humanity, which he had in vain struggled to repress and to conquer on the slave plantations of Jamaica, which he had believed himself called upon by duty and honour to eradicate as noxious weeds from his heart, were the natural instincts of a noble and generous mind, and were shared by all those among whom his lot was now cast.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that Macaulay's character appeared to change and develop with a rapidity which would have been otherwise miraculous; and that his kind brother-in-law, who watched with deep interest the effect upon his young kinsman of the novel surroundings in which he was placed, should soon perceive that there was an unusual force of character and depth of earnestness about the lad.

Mr. Babington, and the select company of friends in whose society he lived, were accustomed to observe and criticise the conduct of those around them in a manner which often makes their letters very amusing reading. The minutest faults of temper, manner, and social habits did not escape the notice of

[1] As an illustration of the light in which these men looked upon themselves as simply trustees of their own property, it may be mentioned that Mr. Henry Thornton was in the regular habit of devoting two-thirds of his income to charitable purposes, while others of the band of friends even exceeded this proportion in their gifts.

men like himself, Henry Thornton, Wilberforce, and others of his circle. It could not have been expected that these busy and important men of the world would have been able to acquire such an extensive knowledge of the shortcomings of every one about them. But it certainly was the case, and in their correspondence not only are graver errors touched upon, but many were the serious discussions as to whether it would be advisable to warn a young relation or friend against some foolish custom, and whether some particular person should be invited to visit at their houses for the sake of the example which their households presented, and for instruction in the right path. But of all the band of friends Mr. Babington bore the palm for skill and tenderness in training and guiding the youthful mind, and he was acknowledged to be unrivalled in the art of reproof and exhortation.

He now earnestly applied himself to the task of improving Macaulay. Never were pains bestowed on a kindlier soil, and never was a richer harvest reaped by the cultivator. Not only did Zachary Macaulay render priceless services to that great cause which Babington and his friends had adopted as their own, but he devoted himself from that time to his excellent brother-in-law with the ardour of an enthusiastic mind; and during the course of their long lives he did all that affection and attention could do to prove the gratitude he felt for the spiritual benefits which Mr. Babington had been the means of conferring upon him. Some years later, in writing to a relation, Macaulay says: 'If you were aware of the extent of my obligations to Babington you would not be surprised that in speaking of him I should express such deep affection. I never think of him but my thoughts are drawn to that Saviour with whom he first brought me acquainted; and, if there be any consideration which more than another endears Babington to me, it is that of the relation in which he stands to me in Christ. Will you wonder now that my heart should be melted when I consider it?'

The subject which engrossed the attention of Thomas Babington and his friends at the time when Macaulay returned from the West Indies was one upon which he was only too well instructed.

For several years past a small number of humane men had

been endeavouring to awake public attention to the evils of the Slave Trade. Their cause received a great increase of strength by the accession of Wilberforce to their ranks in 1787. His close friendship with Pitt, and the respect and esteem entertained for him by many of the leading politicians of the day, gave him considerable influence; and while he advocated upon the benches of the House of Commons the suppression of the Slave Trade, his associates laboured indefatigably, in every part of England, to inform and arouse the opinion of the country.

For the first time the details of the manner in which the Slave Trade was conducted were seriously presented to the knowledge of the nation. Wilberforce and his little group of allies adopted every means within their power to bring before the eyes of persons of political and social eminence some of the horrors which were taking place daily in the routine of the Slave Trade. On one occasion they contrived to induce some members of the House of Commons to make an expedition to visit, as a matter of curiosity, a slave-ship that was fitting out in the Thames. The experiment succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its originators. The members of Parliament returned shocked and indignant at the sight of the space into which the wretched slaves were to be crowded as a mere matter of course. One of the party, Sir William Dolben, was so deeply impressed by what he had seen that he lost no time in introducing a Bill limiting the number of slaves allowed to be carried at one time in one vessel, and providing some further precautions to diminish their sufferings. The Bill passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the Royal assent on the 11th of July 1788.

But the alarm had now been taken by the enormous mass of persons who were interested in the maintenance of the Slave Trade; and when in the following Session Wilberforce gave notice of his first motion for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, his opponents used every effort to prevent his obtaining any further success. In the face of an able and eloquent speech from Wilberforce which extorted the admiration of every side, and notwithstanding the warm support of Pitt, Fox, and Burke, it was agreed that the subject should be postponed until counsel should have been heard and evidence tendered at the bar of the House. The Sessions of 1790 and 1791 were

occupied in harassing and protracted examinations before the Special Committee to which the question had been referred. But in the meantime a design had been formed by the friends of Abolition, of which the result was to undermine the Slave Trade in its central stronghold.

The Settlement of Sierra Leone had been originally planned under the auspices of Granville Sharp, the well-known philanthropist, with the object of providing for three or four hundred enfranchised negroes who were wandering in great destitution about the streets of London A fine tract of land of about twenty square miles, situated between the rivers of Sierra Leone and the Sherbro, was purchased from the native king of the district; and the soil being excellent, and wood and water plentiful, it was hoped with reason that the little Colony would thrive. But towards the end of 1789 some quarrel, arising out of the depredations upon the coast of the captain of an American slave-ship, irritated the surrounding natives, and in retaliation an attack was made by them on the Settlement, the Settlers were dispersed, and their town burned.

Granville Sharp, however, did not abandon his project. By his exertions a Company was formed in England for the assistance of the Colony of Sierra Leone, and among the number of its Directors may be noted the auspicious names of Wilberforce, Henry Thornton, and Babington. Through the friendly offices of Wilberforce with Mr. Pitt, the Company were enabled to purchase from the Government dockyards, for the trifling sum of one hundred and eighty pounds, a small vessel, the *Lapwing*, which had been condemned to be broken up. It is difficult to understand the cause of this condemnation, as Wilberforce, in writing to recommend the vessel to the notice of Granville Sharp, particularly mentions that it is in a condition of high order and equipment.

The *Lapwing* was despatched as quickly as was possible to Sierra Leone, and conveyed Mr. Falconbridge, an agent commissioned by the Directors of the Company to report to them upon the state of the Settlement, and to take immediate measures for the temporary relief of the Settlers. It was soon followed by another vessel, which carried out to Sierra Leone the Reverend Nathaniel Gilbert, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had been appointed by the Directors to take the

spiritual charge of the Colony, and Zachary Macaulay, whose mission on this voyage appears to have been one simply of interest and observation, prompted by Thomas Babington, who thought that his young brother-in-law would in all probability find at Sierra Leone some opening for the useful employment of his peculiar talents, and who also hoped that the companionship of Gilbert would prove beneficial to the religious training of his mind. In Macaulay's first letter to Mr. Babington from the West coast of Africa, dated River Gambia, January 1, 1791, the following sentence occurs:

'We arrived here on the 25th after a passage of four weeks, which passed very pleasantly in the society of Mr. Gilbert. I know not indeed that any period of my life ought to affect me as more peculiarly attended by a blessing from God, than that which I have spent in his company. My obligations to him are of a kind not easy to particularise. He is a man of real piety, of a meek and gentle spirit, and whose thoughts are as much raised above the things of this world, as his passionate attachment to an only child, and his fervent love to his brethren of men, will admit of.'

Falconbridge was not able to collect together more than sixty-four of the original Settlers; but the report which he gave of the resources of the country was so favourable that the Directors resolved upon prosecuting their scheme. A Charter was granted in 1791, and the Company was incorporated under the title of the Sierra Leone Company, a large capital being at the same time raised among the friends of Abolition. The board of Directors was reconstituted. Mr. Henry Thornton, a member of Parliament and an eminent London banker, who had very early in life determined to devote his wealth and talents to the service of religion, agreed to accept the post of Chairman of the Court of Directors. His superior understanding and knowledge of business were invaluable for the guidance of the infant Colony, and for the creation of its trade. But the duties he had undertaken proved so arduous that they entailed too heavy a strain upon his strength and powers, and deprived him for many years of all opportunity for the rest and relaxation which his delicate frame needed.

A proposal was soon laid before the Directors to receive at Sierra Leone a large number of negroes who had enlisted in

the British forces during the American War of Independence, and who had, at its termination, been settled in Nova Scotia as a reward for their loyalty. These poor people, hearing a vague rumour of the formation of a new Colony on the West coast of Africa, petitioned to be transferred to it from a climate and country entirely uncongenial to their constitutions and tastes. The English Government, after receiving a reply from the Company accepting the negroes as Colonists, thankful to get rid of so troublesome a responsibility on such easy terms, agreed to defray the whole expense of their removal. About twelve hundred of these negroes arrived from Nova Scotia at Sierra Leone early in 1792, under the care of Lieutenant Clarkson of the Royal Navy, a brother of the celebrated Abolitionist, Thomas Clarkson. This officer was requested by the Directors to undertake the temporary superintendence of the Colony; and the town, which rose under his auspices, received the name of Freetown.

Meanwhile a carefully organised attack upon the Slave Trade was carried on with unremitting vigilance in England and Scotland; and the little knot of allies, who had hitherto been engaged in an unpopular and isolated struggle against fearful odds, began by degrees to feel the support of the country behind them.

One important step in the cause of Abolition was gained in the House of Commons during the Session of 1792. Mr Babington writes:

'*April* 3, 1792.—Gisborne and I sat till six this morning in the gallery of the House. Gradual Abolition is resolved on by a majority of 238 to 85. The number of petitions which come up every day must make an impression on the minds of members. The Clergy in Scotland are almost universally Abolitionists, and earnest in the cause. The interest of the people is very important in this affair.'

The motion which is here referred to was supported by Pitt in a speech of extraordinary eloquence. 'For the last twenty minutes,' says Wilberforce, 'he really seemed inspired.' After a severe struggle the date for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was fixed for the 1st of January 1796. But the effect of the victory in the Commons was rendered useless by a Resolution

of the House of Lords to proceed by calling evidence to their bar.

In the spring of the same year Macaulay returned to England. The prudence, discretion, and firmness of character which he had evinced during his stay in the Colony had gained the approbation of the Directors, and he received the appointment of second Member of Council at Sierra Leone. He left England again at the end of the year, and arrived in Africa in January 1793. Soon after his arrival he is mentioned in a letter written by the Swedish botanist in the employment of the Company.

'Mr. Macaulay, the second in Council, who arrived lately, is a very clever and sensible man, an elegant writer of great application, and besides just of the same turn of mind as Mr. Dawes.[1] Thus they live together upon the most intimate terms, and this harmony I consider as very beneficent to the Colony.'

The constant intercourse with Mr. Henry Thornton which the affairs of the Colony necessitated during the few months that Macaulay spent in this country, laid the foundation of that friendship, which, between minds of such a kindred stamp, ripened before long into close intimacy. Macaulay wrote with ease and pleasure to himself, and the chief share in the duty of preparing the despatches for the Court of Directors was devolved before long upon him, by the common desire of his colleagues in the Council at Sierra Leone. His was, truly, in no ordinary degree, the pen of a ready writer. It is difficult to comprehend how he could have found leisure to create the mass of manuscripts, bearing no trace of haste either in the composition of the sentences or in the penmanship, which remain in his firm, delicately formed, and perfectly distinct handwriting. Besides the bulky despatches addressed to the Chairman of the Court of Directors, he kept for the private instruction of Mr. Thornton a minute Journal on foolscap, of the daily events in the Colony, which furnishes an entire account of his life at Sierra Leone; while in long letters to Babington he indulges himself with dwelling upon those religious topics, and spiritual feelings and aspirations, which were the dearest thoughts of both their hearts, and on which they were able to communicate in perfect and unclouded sympathy.

[1] The Governor.

Macaulay was fortunate in some of his associates in the new Colony. Among the handful of Europeans in the service of the Company were a few in whose society he found constant pleasure. The Governor, Mr. Dawes, a man of high character, treated him from the first with confidence and respect. Dr. Thomas Winterbottom,[1] the medical adviser appointed by the Court of Directors, was a man of a singularly amiable disposition; and the Reverend Melville Horne, who had succeeded Mr. Gilbert as Chaplain, is described by so good a judge of social qualifications as Hannah More as being 'sensible, lively, and zealous, and possessing imagination and enthusiasm.' Dr. Afzelius, the Swedish botanist, had been sent out in order to form and take charge of a garden of acclimatisation. Mr. Watt, a man of cultivation and energy, was intrusted with the superintendence of the Company's plantations which were upon the Bullom shore on the north bank of the Sierra Leone River, and were worked by free labour.

Besides these gentlemen were a number of captains and mates of the Company's vessels, accountants and clerks employed in their offices, and the English schoolmasters. Of these latter the one most frequently mentioned in the Journal is Mr. Garvin, who arrived at Sierra Leone during the summer of 1793. He had been engaged by the Directors at the recommendation of Dr. Ryland, a celebrated minister of the Baptist persuasion at Bristol, one of whose flock Garvin had been; but the appointment proved disastrous to the peace of the Colony, and was a source of constant difficulty to Macaulay.

A few miles from Freetown, on Bance Island,[2] was situated the principal English slave factory on the coast, belonging to the Messrs. Anderson of Liverpool, at the head of which was a gentleman of the name of Tilley; and about twenty miles distant was the French slave factory on Gambia Island, the business of which was conducted by M. Renaud, who contrived to cause incessant embarrassment and difficulties to his neighbours at Sierra Leone.

This sketch will have described the persons and places most frequently referred to in Macaulay's Journal, which will itself

[1] Author of *An Account of the Native Africans in the Neighbourhood of Sierra Leone; to which is added an Account of the present State of Medicine among them*, published by Hatchard in 1803.

[2] Sometimes called Bunce Island.

now best narrate the course of events. The following letter from Mr. Babington was written in the spring after Macaulay sailed for the West coast of Africa. In this, and in other letters which will be given subsequently, the more intimate family details have been omitted as being of interest only to the correspondents. But these omissions will explain any abruptness that may lay the commencements and terminations of the letters open to criticism.

FROM THOMAS BABINGTON, ESQ.

Rothley Temple, April 9, 1793.

MY DEAR Z.,—I do not think myself guilty of any profanation in taking up my pen on a Sunday to write to you. Indeed, when you come into my mind, my thoughts generally take a turn which makes them as proper for this as for any other day. I consider you as selected by the Lord, in a manner rather remarkable, as His instrument in a great work. The history of your life seems to me to vindicate a conclusion of this sort from the charge of enthusiasm, to which such conclusions are not unfrequently liable. The examples and precepts of piety you met with during childhood in your father's family; your subsequent proficiency in some branches of learning at Glasgow; your early embarkation for Jamaica, which afforded you time and opportunity for acquirements without which your going to Sierra Leone would not have been thought of; your first trip to England, which altered your ideas as to the Slave Trade, and gave me such a knowledge of you that I could afterwards speak with some confidence of your character and views to Mr. Thornton; the disappointment you experienced in your attempts to fix yourself in England, which left you at liberty to accept the offer of the Sierra Leone Company; your long stay in England before you embarked for Africa; and finally the remarkable coincidence of events which carried you out with a sincere Christian so peculiarly fitted to win on your affections, and satisfy your judgment, as Mr. Gilbert; in all these dispensations I think I see the hand of your Lord conducting you to the arduous and honourable service on which you are now engaged. The history of your life, dear Zachary, seems to form a chain, no link of which could have been wanting without detriment.

Lord Abingdon is to bring on a question on Thursday in opposition to the abolition of the Slave Trade. I fear we shall be defeated, and at a time most unfavourable for rallying our

forces. On this, however, as on all occasions, reliance on God is our duty, and an unfeigned resignation of ourselves and our concerns to Him who best understands the interests of His kingdom, and will mature, in His good time, all plans which really conduce to His glory and the happiness of His creatures. Moses no doubt thought to have delivered his countrymen when he interfered in the quarrel between the Egyptian and the Israelite; but forty years elapsed before he was called upon to undertake it.

We are now at home again, and I find no small benefit from country exercise and untainted air. Poor Jean is far from well but I endeavour to keep myself easy by recollecting that all the dispensations of God are sent by Him for the purpose of producing the peaceful fruits of righteousness. She, I trust from my observation, is purified by them in some good degree, and proves the skill of the divine refiner.—Yours with true affection, THOMAS BABINGTON.

CHAPTER III

SIERRA LEONE

'*June* 18, 1793.—To-day Horne and Winterbottom moved down to the house contiguous to that which Mr. Dawes and I occupy, so that we now form one family, and Mr. Dawes directs and manages everything. Of the three rooms in our house which we supposed to be finished, one is perfectly uninhabitable. In another, the dining-room, I have been able to find one corner for my mattress, but it leaks everywhere else; and Mr. Dawes's room, which is the best, admits the rain in several places.

'The *Amy*[1] sailed on the 16th under convoy of the *Orpheus* frigate. By her I sent you letters, urging the Court of Directors to send us a speedy supply of goods for trade. Our present assortment must be completely exhausted in a few months in supplying the wants of the Colony, and paying native labourers. We intend to introduce as much as possible the practice of dealing in sterling money.

'I must acquaint you with some proceedings of the commander of the frigate, in my opinion of a most nefarious nature.

'In the prizes[2] taken by Captain Newcome there were no less than seventeen black mariners, who had been engaged for hire to assist the European sailors in navigating the vessels. There was likewise on board of one of them a fine mulatto boy of about seven years old, with a negro woman who was either his mother or nurse. These were all sold to Bance Island. On inquiry I found that they were all free men, one or two of them of this neighbourhood, and who had accompanied M. Renaud on the trading expedition he lately made to Goree and Senegal. Mr. Tilley was indeed so considerate as to say he did not mean

[1] A vessel belonging to the Sierra Leone Company.
[2] The French had declared war against England early in 1793.

to send them off the country, but would allow their friends to redeem them whenever they thought fit to send slaves in their room; and that in the meantime their treatment should be humane. I am well disposed to believe his professions. But is there no possibility of punishing this act of injustice in the captain? Why were the French seamen not put up to auction in the same manner? Is black and white to be permitted by Government to constitute the line which shall separate the captive in war from the slave? These men were not only free, but some of them the sons of Chiefs. Previous to their fate, I had some suspicions that the case was as I have stated it to be, but was not able fully to inform myself till afterwards. Had I known it, I certainly should have been disposed to run every risk, and should have heartily joined to put my name to a bill on the Court of Directors for the amount of their ransom. The poor men would thus have got their liberty; and, I think, a trial before an English jury would not only have superseded your obligations, but have brought disgrace on those concerned.[1] I would fain urge you to an investigation of this black transaction, and will endeavour to provide you with materials.

'It would appear from what is openly acknowledged by Signor Domingo[2] and some of the other Chiefs, that however cordial the people of Bance Island may now be to us, at our first arrival they had endeavoured to convince the natives of our sinister designs, and had instigated them to oppose our landing by promises of a supply of arms and ammunition. Falconbridge's professions and conduct indeed gave the Slave-traders great reason to believe that nothing less was intended than to ruin them by the most unfair means, such as enticing away their seamen, inveigling their slaves, and encouraging the natives to cut off slave-ships.

'The *General Ord*, Captain Ducket, privateer from Bristol, arrived at the Settlement. He brought a prize taken off Senegal,[3] having on board about two thousand pounds' worth of Indian goods. While at Senegal he was perceived by the Fort; and being under American colours, the Governor believed he wished to cross the bar. The Governor accordingly borrowed a boat and some Grumettas[4] from M. Renaud, who was there at the time, and putting a pilot on board, sent it off to the ship

[1] Mr. Thornton writes on the margin: 'This idea does great honour to the head and heart of Mr. Macaulay, and I think the plan would have been completely successful.'

[2] One of the Chiefs in the Sherbro, a large tract of country south of Sierra Leone.

[3] The French colony north of the Gambia River.

[4] Native free labourers.

with a very polite letter offering his services. The letter, I think, might have been considered by an honest man as a flag of truce. Captain Ducket, however, made a prize of the boat and crew. The crew happened all to belong to Sierra Leone, whence they had accompanied Renaud. Surely this is not the spirit, if it be the practice, of modern warfare! Poor Renaud, who has now been bereft of almost all his property, by part of which every vessel that has come upon the coast has been enriched, is a harmless individual, desirous of injuring no one, anxious only to fulfil his commercial engagements, and equally connected in the course of his business with Englishmen and Frenchmen. By a course of (I will not say honest) industry, and the most unimpeached fidelity in his dealings as a merchant, he had acquired considerable property. He has, in a short space of time, been stripped nearly of all; and should he return to Gambia Island, he will be obliged to answer to the natives with his life, or at least with the wrecks of his fortune, for those unhappy wretches, for whose safety he had pledged himself, and who have been reduced into a state of slavery by the cruel and avaricious conduct of a British commander and a commissioned robber. In a conversation with Ducket I inquired his intentions with respect to these men, as they were evidently free, and as numerous applications had been made to us by their friends to procure their liberty. He said he expected to be paid for them. Even that we should not have scrupled to do, had he not intimated that he could receive nothing in return but prime slaves, four feet three inches high. This put an end to our negotiation, and he carried them to Bance Island, and disposed of them to his wish. You will wonder, perhaps, at my not expressing all the indignation which such a conduct naturally creates. But we live in Africa, where, if we mean to live and do good, we must suppress our emotions, at least deny them vent.

'*June* 19.—I visited Signor Domingo, and found him at dinner with Pa Sirey, who is nominated King of Logo, and a Maraboo or Mohammedan priest, whom he has at present employed in assisting at his sacrifices to the devil. Their meal consisted of nothing but rice moistened with palm oil, and washed down with water from the spring. The warm admirers of patriarchal simplicity might here have gratified their taste, but I felt no inclination to change a piece of cold mutton and a bottle of wine I had with me, for the honour of dining on rice and palm oil, even with Majesty. Signor Domingo reads the Portuguese language fluently. After dinner he produced his mass-book, and prayed with seeming devotion for some time, and he gave me to understand that it is a constant

practice with him morning and evening to pray to God. He expressed great concern that for some years past he had seen no priest to whom he might confess his sins, and from whom he might receive absolution. To obviate the mischief which may arise from his dying in his present unsanctified state, he has left particular orders, that, as soon as he dies, two slaves shall be sent to Santiago[1] to a priest there, who may intercede for him and smooth his way to heaven. With all this he is anxious for the spread of the Gospel, and I think would engage willingly in any plan which might serve to promote it. He agrees to give a house and land to any schoolmaster that may be sent him, and to take him under his own protection. One expression of his struck me. "What more have I to do with the Slave Trade? It is time I should leave it off, and settle my account with God. I am old; I ought to think only of heaven."

'*June* 21.—Mr. Dawes and I set off to pay our respects to some of the Chiefs. We called likewise at Gambia Island, where we were kindly received. The French seem to live very wretchedly at present. We made them an offer of assistance; indeed, since the commencement of the disturbances, we have rather paid them more attention, and shown them more civilities, than before. The soil of Gambia Island is rich, but it is surrounded with swamps full of mangroves, consequently unhealthy. The Europeans there are very sickly. The buildings are mean. There is an open battery in front of them on which are mounted four four-pounders.

'*June* 24.—I went up to Bance Island to attend the sale of some prizes. One of them was a French brig which had been taken in the Sherbro, and whose capture had been attended by every circumstance which could aggravate the necessary hardship of such an incident. She had been made a prize by the *Swift* privateer of Bristol. The officer, who boarded her, stript the captain, surgeon, and crew of all their wearing apparel, took from the captain's fob a gold repeater, and robbed him of his sword, buckles, &c. But this did not satisfy him; he observed a diamond ring on the captain's finger, and immediately laid claim to it. The poor man pleaded that it was given him as a gift, and prayed that he might be allowed to keep it. This respectable officer, whose name was Llewellyn, told him, that unless he delivered it instantly, he would be put to death, and seizing hold of the man's finger, began to pull it off. But finding it a difficult matter to do this, as the ring had remained there a long time, he was proceeding to cut off the finger as the

[1] One of the Cape de Verde islands.

easiest way of accomplishing his purpose. But he was prevented from going that length, for the French captain, after a good deal of trouble, freed his finger from the ring, and gratified the monster. Some native free women who had been put on board the vessel as pledges were made prisoners of, and sent to the West Indies. The above is the French captain's account, and I am inclined to think it true. I bought nothing, except a boat for Mr. Watt's use. Bance Island, as things are at present constituted, is a most unpleasant place. Tilley is indeed a man of decency and propriety in his external conduct; but the motley crew of traders and ship captains, who to the number of about twenty usually infest the place, render it a scene of continual dissipation and confusion. Their mode of living is licentious in the extreme; and, as may be expected, few of them are long lived. Since the commencement of the rains, a good many whites have already died there. There is only one dwelling-house on the island, so that the sick are exposed to all the noise, bustle, and clamour of slaves in the slave-yard, occasioned by the extensive trade of the place. In short, I am surprised how any who once gets ill can recover in such a place; and I have reason to believe it no exaggeration to say that, of those who come hither from Europe, fifty per cent. die the first year.

'*June* 28.—I set off myself in the *Ocean*, with the intention of visiting the Isles de Los[1] and the Bananas,[2] and then proceeding to the Sherbro.

'*June* 29.—I arrived at the Isles de Los, and agreed with Mr. Horrocks for the purchase of forty puncheons of rum. If the Court of Directors should think the bargain a hard one, they must partly blame themselves, for had we been regularly supplied we should not have been driven to this necessity.

'*Sierra Leone, July* 3, 1793.—I found on my arrival that the *Lapwing* had been despatched after me, with a request that I would return immediately, to assist in the arrangement of some important matters. I have mentioned that Renaud had been at Gambia Island in an armed sloop. Afterwards he visited Bance Island, where, meeting with Captain Ducket of the privateer, he charged him with having piratically taken a large sloop, together with a boat of his, and with having killed some men in the former, while, contrary to the established laws of nations, he had American colours hoisted. He further charged

[1] A group of rocky islands about sixty miles north of Sierra Leone, where a large slave business was carried on by Messrs. Horrocks and Jackson.

[2] An island thirty miles south of Sierra Leone, where two very powerful Slave-traders lived, Cleveland and Bolland.

him with having sold the men who were in his boat to Bance Island, although, even according to Tilley, they were confessedly free, and natives of this river. All his expostulations were ineffectual, and the captives were peremptorily refused him unless he paid the price of their redemption. Renaud's indignation was strongly excited by this conduct, and when Ducket left Bance Island to return to the Settlement, Renaud likewise took his leave. They set off in different directions, but no sooner did Tapo conceal them from the sight of Bance Island than Renaud pursued Ducket, overtook him, and made him prisoner. He was treated respectfully, but told that he must purchase his liberty by the restitution of the sloop and cargo, of the free men he had sold, and of all the freemen who had been sold in the same nefarious manner by the commander of the *Orpheus*.[1] It was impossible for Ducket to comply with these requisitions, as everything had been disposed of to Tilley. Tilley therefore prepared to attack Gambia Island with a considerable force, aided by the privateer, in order to rescue Ducket, and avenge what he called an unparalleled insult. In this emergency, alarmed at the prospect of a bitter war so near our Settlement, and apprehensive that circumstances might arise which would involve us in the quarrel, we resolved on assuming the office of mediators, and Strand [2] was accordingly despatched with a remonstrance from Mr. Dawes to Gambia Island, pointing out the impracticability of fulfilling Renaud's demands, the likelihood of his obtaining redress by the legal mode of a representation to the English Court of Admiralty, and our wish of composing the unhappy differences which existed between him and Bance Island.

'In consequence of his application Ducket was released, the prisoners restored without ransom, and Renaud received a convincing proof of our peaceable intentions. He proposed to Strand to engage in the Company's service. Strand referred him for an answer to Mr. Dawes, and this day was fixed on for the conference.

'I happened luckily to arrive from my expedition to the Isles de Los at the same time with Renaud. His proposals were that the Company's flag should be hoisted on Gambia Island, and that he should relinquish the Slave Trade, and engage himself as a trader to the Company.

'It will be necessary to observe that Renaud is vain, immoderate, and sanguine, though at the same time active, acute, and intelligent.

[1] See *ante*, page 26.
[2] One of the English schoolmasters.

'Our reply was that Renaud would readily see the impropriety of our violating our neutrality, by taking possession of an island, on which the French standard had been erected, under the authority of the French Government. We observed that, at present, we found little encouragement, on account of the war, to indulge such extensive views of commerce, especially as we must lay our account occasionally to make a sacrifice of truth for the preservation of property. It had been very much our wish, we said, to preserve the peace of the river, and that we now wished, by a treaty of strict neutrality, to give a test of our good intentions, while we received a like pledge from him. We intimated at the same time that we entertained a perfect contempt of any attempts which privateers might make against us; and that we were assured that vessels bearing the national commission of France would have orders from their superiors to respect our Colony and flag.[1] A paper was accordingly drawn up and signed by both parties, binding each other to the observance of a strict neutrality.

'*July* 4.—It was discovered to-day that the Store had been robbed of copper money to the amount of thirty or forty pounds. A reward was offered on conviction of the thief. I mentioned before that a boy slave had escaped from the *Nassau*, and was supposed to be concealed in the Settlement. To-day we learned he was trepanned on shore, and sold to M. Cramond of the *African Queen*, by some one resident in the Colony. We hope to come to a thorough knowledge of this transaction.

'*July* 6.—During the last night there was some more copper money stolen from the Store. The money was removed to a more secure place, and diligent search made for the robber, but without effect. Some of the Settlers proposed to discover the criminal by incantations, but we soon put a stop to this procedure.

'I have been endeavouring to convince King Jammy[2] of the absurdity of employing witchcraft to convict of crime, but my arguments had no effect on him. "If any man dead," he said, "make me talk to him. I tell you presently what kill him." This was unanswerable. Signor Domingo told us that a man in his town had been sold a little time before, on pretence of having changed himself by means of witchcraft into a leopard,

[1] This impression arose from assurances, emanating apparently from La Fayette, that a Colony established upon the true principles of freedom should not be molested, and that orders should be issued to the French commanders to observe a strict neutrality towards it.

[2] The Chief whose attack was the cause of the dispersion of the original Colonists.

and in that shape carrying away some fowls and goats from the Signor's town. Strange accusation! The only feasible account I can procure of this matter is that sometimes men, actuated by a desire of resenting some injury, do clothe themselves in the skin of a leopard, and so habited, execute some scheme of revenge. The metamorphosis is supposed real by the superstitious natives, who are encouraged in that notion by the Chiefs, whose purposes it serves occasionally to raise the accusation against an obnoxious individual, and thus to carry him off. I am told an instance lately occurred in the Sherbro of a man who disguised himself in the skin of an alligator, and availing himself of the darkness of the night, dreadfully mangled a poor girl who was bathing in the river, and to whose family he owed some ill-will. But I imagine that for one instance when the charge is well founded, in twenty it is supposititious, and that those accused often prefer the slavery attached to a confession of guilt to the proof of their innocence by red water, which, though not here, yet in the Sherbro is almost always mortal.

'*Sunday, July 7.*—Horne preached with his usual fire, perspicuity, and simplicity, on the withering of Jeroboam's hand, and took occasion to make such observations on the sin of incantations, which he considered as a prelude to a relapse into that idolatry from which by God's grace the Settlers had been lately rescued, which above all sins had been ever peculiarly marked by the displeasure of the Almighty, and which had perhaps been one reason why the wrath of God had visited the coast of Africa with such signal calamities, as I think could not fail of producing happy effects.

'*July* 10.—I sailed on the 8th in the *Ocean* for the Bananas and the Sherbro. We had terrible rains and southerly winds, and reached the Bananas this afternoon. I went on shore and bought three tons of camwood from Cleveland, who was extremely civil. I proposed to him and Bolland to contract for rice. Sailed for the Sherbro.

'*July* 13.—We reached Jenkins[1] last night, and had no sooner come to an anchor than we received a message from Addow, the Chief of all Sherbro, inquiring whence we came. To-day I waited on Addow, and was surprised by the appearance of a man who, though about ninety years of age, is still active, sensible, and vivacious. I explained to him the motives of my present visit, which was to acquaint myself with him and the other Chiefs, to pay the customs, to fix factories on a sure footing, and to give them a thorough knowledge of the views

[1] The principal town of the Sherbro.

and intentions of the Sierra Leone Company. The old man entered very readily into our views, and agreed to take our traders under his protection, and to be answerable for any injury they might sustain. In the Sherbro there are three Kings, and Addow has the nomination of all of them. He acts likewise as collector of the customs, so you may readily suppose, then, that his influence is all-powerful. He agreed to accept of a hundred and sixty bars as a full discharge of the customs of all the various branches of the Sherbro, a sum that does not amount to one half of what slave-dealers are obliged to pay. He promised to send one of his boys to the Settlement for education, and expressed an intention of visiting it himself. He told me that Chambard[1] had hitherto made no trade owing to a difference between him and the natives, and at my desire he sent for him and the headman of the place where he resides, that the difference might be adjusted.

'*July* 14.—Addow dined on board. We talked much of the Settlement and the Company's views, which he listened to with seeming satisfaction. He promised to give his protection to a missionary, or schoolmaster, should we send one. Although occasionally engaged in the Slave Trade, he seems to rejoice in the prospect of its abolition. Some years ago his town was destroyed by James Cleveland, and many of his people carried away into slavery. He still waits an opportunity of revenging this injury.

'I found Chambard and his landlord had arrived. I went ashore with them to Addow's, where, after hearing their mutual recriminations, it was determined that, in consideration of six gallons of rum and six pounds of tobacco, his landlord should immediately build, in a commodious situation, for the use of the Company, a good dwelling-house after the manner of native houses, a rice house, a yard for camwood, and a fowl house; that this being done, Chambard should dispose of his goods as soon as possible, and that he should then be removed from the situation, and some one placed there of a less impetuous and more accommodating temper than this testy Frenchman.

'*July* 17.—Having finished my business, we set sail; and feeling myself indisposed, I thought it most prudent to return to Sierra Leone.'

One of the principal chiefs in the Sierra Leone district, Naimbanna, King of Robanna, was an African native of uncommon intelligence. He observed the superiority of Euro-

[1] Chambard was one of the Company's traders who had been settled at a district called the Camarancas, and who was constantly causing trouble by his quarrels with the natives.

peans, and attributed the barbarous state of his own people to the difference of their religion. He was however much perplexed when his inquiries led to the discovery of there being various forms of religion in the civilised world, and after much deliberation finally hit upon a singular method of solving his difficulties. He requested the Sierra Leone Company to send his eldest son to England to be instructed there. A second son was despatched to Turkey, with orders to become a Mahommedan; while the Roman Catholics took charge of a third, who was brought up in Portugal. The results of the education thus bestowed were to determine Naimbanna in the choice of a religion for his subjects.

The eldest son, who had accompanied Mr. Falconbridge on his return home, was at that time a man of about thirty years of age. His amiable qualities and anxiety for instruction excited considerable interest in England, where great pains were taken to cultivate his faculties. After some time he was baptized at his own earnest desire, Mr. Henry Thornton and Mr. Granville Sharp being his sponsors, and giving him the names of Henry Granville. Macaulay wrote about him in 1796 to a friend who had criticised severely a tract published in England embodying the story of Henry Granville's life:—

'Your observations on the story of Naimbanna's running out of St. Paul's Cathedral may be partly just. I think, however, that there is an essential difference between St. Paul's and every other large building in London. The idea of its being God's house is calculated to solemnise the mind; and there is certainly something very terrific in looking down from the gallery, which must necessarily heighten any impression of reverential awe which is inspired by the majestic and stupendous air of the place on first entering. That he should immediately connect an affecting and even terrifying sense of his own unworthiness with an increased impression of the divine greatness and majesty appeared to me an evidence of a well-turned mind. It was Job's feeling, "now mine eye seeth thee." It was Isaiah's "Woe is me, for I am undone, for mine eyes have seen the King the Lord of Hosts." I have not the tract at present to refer to; but what ought to have been made of the story was to show how the impressive view of God's power and greatness which the place was calculated to give, in a very lively way produced in him a more heartfelt sense of sin and a greater dread of its consequences, which was exactly the effect it ought

to have produced. I doubt whether the name of pious could well attach to Naimbanna at this period. It was soon after his arrival in London, when he was as yet very partially enlightened indeed with respect to the great truths of Christianity.'

The death of the old Chief, his father, in 1793 cut short Henry Granville's studies, and he sailed for Africa with Mr. Graham, one of the gentlemen in the service of the Sierra Leone Company, and attended by a native servant from his own country who had followed him to England. Great hopes were entertained as to his future usefulness in forming confidential relations between the natives and the free Colony, and in preventing misunderstandings.

'*July* 18, 1793.—For the first time, I feel a difficulty in addressing you. Fain would I draw a veil over the continuation of my journal, and were it possible, save your mind the unavailing pain it must excite. I was highly pleased in the morning to observe that the *Naimbanna*[1] had arrived, and already enjoyed by anticipation letters from Europe, and a meeting with Henry Granville. I was not long permitted to indulge myself in such expectations. A messenger from Mr. Dawes waked me from my dream by announcing to me that about ten hours before, your amiable friend had winged his flight to another world.

'The shock of this severe and unexpected dispensation was so sudden, that I was scarce convinced of its reality until a smart stroke of fever had brought me to myself. How marvellous are Thy works, O God! The ways of Thy providence are indeed past finding out. The eye of finite reason in vain looks in this event for even probable good consequences, and but for a conviction that He whose eye pervades the universe maketh all things work together for good, I should be apt to rank this incident in the list of irreparable evils.

'According to Mr. Graham's account Henry Granville had left Plymouth in perfect health, but began to feel unwell as soon as they reached a warmer climate. His mind appeared uneasy, The dread of a disappointment in the objects nearest his heart seemed to weigh on him more strongly as he drew nigh his native shores. Numberless were the plans he amused himself with devising for spreading the Gospel, and opening the eyes of his countrymen; but he seemed tortured with the dread that obstacles too powerful for him to cope with would arise to obstruct his designs. As he approached the African coast, the

[1] A vessel in the service of the Company named after the late King.

heat affected him very violently; he was seized with a fever, which was soon followed by delirium. His few lucid moments afforded to those around him edifying marks of a humble trust and confidence in the mercies of God, and of a perfect resignation to the divine will.

'On the 14th the intermission of his delirium was of a longer duration than it had been before. He took the opportunity of calling Mr. Graham to him, and telling him with great firmness of mind, "My friend, I begin to think that God intends to call me hence; and I fear the message may come before I have an opportunity of telling my mother and friends the mercies of God towards me, and my obligations towards the Sierra Leone Company. Take pen and ink, and write what I shall dictate." In the presence of Captain Woollis and the black servant James, Mr. Graham wrote as follows:

'"On board the *Naimbanna*, *July* 14, 1793.

'"I, Henry Granville Naimbanna, having been for some days very unwell, and being apprehensive that I may not reach my friends, have communicated the underwritten in the presence of the subscribers.

'"It is my will and desire that my brother Bartholomew do pay to Sierra Leone Company thirteen tons of rice, or the value thereof, being in consideration of the sums expended by the said Company on my account. And likewise that my said brother do pay the sum of fifty pounds to Henry Thornton, Esq., which is for money advanced by him for me. It is my will that my brother should inherit all my estate until my son Lewie shall be of age, and that he will always do his endeavour to be on a good understanding with the Sierra Leone Company. And more particularly I request he may, as far as in him lies, oppose the Slave Trade. And further, that nothing injurious may be imputed to the Sierra Leone Company by any evil-minded men whose interest may be in opposition to the worthy Company, I here declare, in the presence of that God in whom I place my trust, that during my stay in England, always I enjoyed very good health, and received the greatest civilities from all those whose care I was under, and at my leaving England I was in perfect health."

'He then complained of fatigue, and said he would postpone the remainder till he had taken a little rest. But in a short time his fever and delirium returned with increased violence, and scarce ever left him afterwards.

'When the *Naimbanna* came to an anchor at the Settlement, Winterbottom immediately repaired on board, but your friend

was already beyond the reach of medical skill. He was brought to Mr. Dawes's house on the morning of the 17th in a state which showed him to be no longer of this world. An express had been despatched to Robanna on the first intimation of Henry Granville's state, and his mother, brothers, and sisters appeared at Freetown. His brother Bartholomew seemed to feel little on the occasion, but heartfelt anguish was depicted on the countenance of his cousin Harry, an ingenuous young man, and the wildness of his sisters' grief, and the distraction of his poor mother, were too shocking for description. For about an hour before his death he spoke to no one, and expired without a groan about seven in the evening. The body was hurried away by his friends on board a canoe, and conveyed immediately to Robanna.

'To-day Mr. Dawes, Horne, and Graham followed with a coffin, and a puncheon of rum for his Cry. I was too ill to attend them. Mr. Horne performed the funeral service over him, and finished with an extempore prayer, so affecting as to convey the soft infection to the ignorant crowd who listened to it, and to melt them into tears. This done they left the place, and the coffin was interred after the manner of the country.

'Some things I must now touch upon which will not diminish your concern on this occasion. In his pocket-book was found a paper on which he had written, apparently while at Plymouth, as follows: "I shall take care of this company which I now fallen into, for they swears good deal, and talked all manner of wickedness. Can I be able to resist that temptation, no I cannot, but the Lord will deliver me." On a leaf of his pocket-book there was written, evidently while at sea, "I have this day declared that if Sierra Leone Company's vessels should all be like the *Naimbanna*, or have a company like her, I will never think of coming to England, though I have friends as dear to me as the last word my Father spoke when he gave up the ghost."

'We considered ourselves as called on to institute an inquiry into the circumstances which had led to this declaration, and we found that the mate and crew were addicted to the use of the most horrid oaths and imprecations, which when Captain Woollis at Henry Granville's instance endeavoured to correct, he found himself unable. This circumstance seemed to have wounded him to the soul. The cabin, too, was extremely uncomfortable, the skylight had been broken, and there was no glass on board to repair it with. In preparing the *Naimbanna* for sea, the most unpardonable neglect appears in every instance.

'*July* 21.—I have been confined to bed with fever, but felt

better to-day. During my absence, Mr. Chilton the schoolmaster died. His loss will be much felt in the Colony.

'Harry Naimbanna came down to Freetown, and delivered to Mr. Dawes a threatening letter, written by Elliot,[1] and signed by Bartholomew, accusing the captain of the schooner of having poisoned Henry Granville.

'I find that after Mr. Dawes left on the 18th, the friends of Henry Granville tried by incantation to discover the cause of his death. The body was placed in an erect posture, and examined by some skilful necromancer. It was successively asked if the Sierra Leone Company, if Mr. Dawes, if Dr. Winterbottom, if Mr. Graham, etc., etc., had caused his death. The corpse continued motionless. The fated name of Captain Woollis was then mentioned, and the body gave a nod of assent. They allege that the Guinea traders had bribed Woollis to contrive his death, but the real foundation of the charge was as follows. The black man, James, had been turned out of the cabin by Henry Granville on account of his laziness, and put before the mast, where the captain had wished him to do some duty, and to assist in navigating the vessel. He did not relish this exercise, and in revenge he intimated to the queen that he believed that Woollis bore her son ill-will, and that he had seen him mix a cup of tea for him, in which he suspected there was poison. This hint was sufficient. It was artfully worked up by Elliot into a feasible story. He endeavoured to persuade them that the service of plate sent to Lieutenant Clarkson had been intended for King Naimbanna; that royal robes and a gold crown had been sent from England for him; that the vessel *Naimbanna* was intended as a present to the King, agreeably to a promise of Clarkson's, and that the goods on board of her were meant as a further payment to the Chiefs for the land we occupy. So that they believe that Henry Granville had been put to death in order to prevent the discovery of these things.

'*July* 24.—Tilley came from Bance Island to warn us that the friends of Henry Granville were exasperated to a high pitch. I also received a confidential messenger from Renaud, telling us that the natives had the most serious designs against us and the Colony; and that we ought to keep a good watch on board ship and in our own house. Little time was allowed for deliberation. We rightly judged it would be easier to deter the infatuated people from making any attempt against us by a show of preparation, than to remedy the mischief of such an

[1] One of the original Settlers who had attached himself to the service of King Naimbanna at the time of the dispersion of the Colony. Granville Sharp had given him some education in England.

attempt after it had been made. We accordingly put the Settlers on their guard, mounted four twelve-pounders in front of Mr. Dawes's house, flanking it with a couple of four-pounders pointed up the river, and two howitzers. The house was lined with small arms, and ball cartridges placed at hand to use should there be occasion. A watch was likewise kept.

'*July* 25.—Renaud visited us, which gave us the opportunity of finally reconciling the difference between him and Tilley, which might have rendered it impossible for us to preserve our neutrality. He and Tilley left us with strong assurances of exerting themselves to serve us, and with promises of the earliest intelligence.

'*July* 26.—An express arrived from Bance Island, informing us that Signor Domingo had confessed to Tilley that Elliot was at the bottom of the business. We found on inquiry that the Settlers were determined to stand by us. A few were pointed out to us as enemies to the Colony, and of these Elliot and his brother are the principal. We placed two cannons on Thornton Hill, and one on the path which leads to King Jammy's, and another on the path which leads to Signor Domingo's, so that we now present a formidable front on every quarter.

'Our situation is really far from pleasant. We live, not in fear, but in incessant watching. We are surrounded by arms of all denominations. Our bedsides are furnished with weapons ready for occasion, and our slumbers are short and interrupted. That your Colony has anything to apprehend from the force of the country united against it I do not believe, but against the native mode of warfare we have but slight defences. Their sole object is revenge; and their mode of obtaining it is generally by stealing into a place in the dead of night, stabbing as many as they can without raising the alarm, and setting fire in their retreat. Our own persons are safe, but we cannot so well answer for the helpless families who reside in the skirts of the town, or who have extended themselves into the country.

'*August* 1.—King Jammy sent to Mr. Dawes requesting of him to come to his town, as he had some things of consequence to communicate to him. Watt was commissioned to attend his Majesty in Mr. Dawes's name, and returned with the following message:—"King Jammy's compliments to Mr. Dawes. No person has a right to call palaver without King Jammy's liberty." Signor Domingo acknowledged he had been precipitate, made the lowest submissions to King Jammy, and got him to agree to attend the palaver, which he had arranged for to-morrow.

'*August* 2, 1793.—We judged it necessary to be on our

guard, and a party of constables with the Hundreders[1] at their head, attended for the preservation of order.

'All the gentlemen of the Colony having been summoned to attend took possession of the hall, which was lined with arms, and the doors of which, one excepted, were so fastened that none could procure admission. On the outside of the threshold of the open door Mr. Dawes and myself placed ourselves. In the piazza, the Chiefs formed themselves into a ring on each side of us. Without them stood crowds of their followers, and a body of our Settlers stood at hand to prevent disorder and confusion.

'Signor Domingo opened the business in a long harangue. The purport of the message was as follows:—"That the Queen had no palaver against the Company, or against Mr. Dawes, who was a good man, and had always done good to everybody. That it was Captain Woollis against whom she had a palaver, as he had poisoned her son, while at sea, with a cup of tea. As a compensation for this crime, she demanded that the sum of six hundred bars should be instantly paid to her, in which case she would drop all thought of war. If, however, the captain should pretend to deny the crime so clearly proved against him, Mr. Dawes must send him up to Robanna, that he might exculpate himself by drinking Red Water according to the laws of the country." The last demand excited such a general burst of laughter among the natives as convinced me they regarded it as absurd and impracticable. Poor Woollis's distress during the conference was truly laughable.

'Mr. Dawes then spoke, and pointed out the necessity of producing proof to substantiate the charge, and said if that was done, he would himself be the first to punish the captain's crime. This appeared so reasonable, that they agreed to bring forward their evidence. James was accordingly called on. He denied, however, having seen Captain Woollis give Henry Granville poison. He had seen him mix some camomile tea for him, but could not say that he had put poison in it. They were all disconcerted at this, for they had expected that he would have given very pointed evidence. Mr. Dawes again spoke, and showed the danger of giving ear to such idle tales, and put Signor Domingo in mind of his son in England, who would not be allowed to continue there if such was to be the consequence of an accident happening to him. He then read

[1] The Colony was divided into districts of ten families, the heads of which chose annually a Tithingman, and every Tithingman elected a Hundreder. All regulations were laid by the Governor and Council before the Tithingmen and Hundreders, and on their approval, were declared to be law.

the will which Henry Granville had dictated, which staggered them all very much. I then spoke, and pointed out the many advantages we should have derived from his living. They all agreed it was unnecessary to say more, but that, for form's sake, the Queen must know what had passed, previously to decision, and a cutter was accordingly despatched for her.

'*August* 3.—The Queen, and Pa Yabba, a brother of the late King, arrived. The poor old woman appeared much afflicted. The ring being formed, Pa Yabba acquainted us that having heard what had passed yesterday, he and the Queen were satisfied that no blame lay with us, and that they wished to shake hands. After having ratified the peace, Mr. Dawes told the Queen that he would still be as ready as ever to do good to her and her family, but he requested that she would place in future a little more confidence in him, otherwise he would be disposed to withdraw his favour. This she promised to do, and begged he would take Lewie, Henry Granville's son, under his care, which was agreed to.

'Most of the Chiefs took their departure, and left us in that quiet, for which, during the last week, we have ardently sighed. You can have little idea of the noise and confusion which attend such a business; and had we acted as is usual on such occasions, by broaching a cask of rum, and allowing it to flow liberally, it would have been much worse. There was only wine used on this occasion, and with all our care and economy it cost us at least fifteen dozen. A gallon of wine goes as far in drams as a gallon of rum, and scarce costs as much, while by the substitution the evil of drunkenness is avoided.

'I think it necessary to do Mr. Tilley and Mr. Renaud the justice to say that they have exerted themselves with zeal on this occasion. Their counsel has proved salutary during every stage of the palaver. I pretend not to discover their motives for this unexpected conduct, but such is the fact.

'Having now brought this palaver to a conclusion, it is necessary to mention some intermediate transactions, little inferior in importance.

'A schooner of Mr. Horrocks arrived from the Isles de Los with the remainder of the rum I purchased there. On the morning of the 31st of July, some of the Settlers came to me bringing five natives, slaves of Mr. Horrocks, whom they wished to put under my protection. They had escaped from the schooner, and had been encouraged to stay here by an assurance of support from the Settlers. I was exceedingly chagrined by this incident, and advised the slaves to return to their duty. They left me apparently satisfied with what I had said, and I was in hopes that the affair would have ended here.

But the captain of the schooner ere long came ashore, and lodged a complaint that five people had been enticed from the ship. We were so involved in the palaver with the natives at the time that we could not bestow on this business the attention it merited, but we sent without delay for the Hundreders, and demanded to know the cause of the present conduct of the Settlers. They pleaded their having acted in strict conformity with a proclamation issued by Governor Clarkson, at the first foundation of the Colony, purporting that the moment a man set his foot on the Company's District, he became from that moment free. We could scarce give credit to their assurances that Clarkson had made so rash and unnecessary a proclamation till it was confirmed to us by Watt and Gray. We then endeavoured to convince them that though Clarkson was a man zealously affected in a good cause, yet in this instance he had exceeded his knowledge, for he had made a proclamation which flew directly in the face of British Acts of Parliament. We showed them that British subjects had a right to buy and to hold slaves; that British laws gave a right to buy slaves, and regarded them in the sacred light of property; that the very Act which incorporated the Sierra Leone Company[1] had directly and explicitly prohibited them from injuring the rights of any British subject trading to Africa. All men had a right to be protected in the Settlement from all personal injury, but we had no more power to detain a slave than we had to detain a bale of goods. We supported our positions by different passages from Blackstone, and showed them the Acts of Parliament. They were at last convinced of the illegality of the business. We then endeavoured to convince them of the impolicy of such proceedings; as, in case they were continued, there would only be left to them a choice of evils. The traders, whose influence over the natives was very great, would not tamely submit to lose their property. Every trader, every Chief would take the alarm, and anticipate from such a conduct the total loss of his property. They would be in a state of war with all around them; if their canoes ventured beyond the Settlement, they would be immediately picked up and the people made captives or perhaps slaves of, as we were apprehen-

[1] When Macaulay's journal reached England, and this portion of it was communicated by Mr. Henry Thornton to the Directors, for the further elucidation of the public despatches, it becomes evident from the marginal annotations that they perused this episode, and Macaulay's reflections upon it, with very conflicting feelings. Macaulay had also sent a note for their more special guidance, in which he remarks: 'The Company's declaration says that they will suffer no one to be ill-treated on their ground, nor to be seized and carried into slavery. But it would appear that the master who is deprived of his property is the man who is ill-treated, and that, though no one under the Company's protection is to be reduced to slavery, yet no emancipating power is given to their Colonists or their government.'

sive Horrocks might do on the present occasion. And where were they to look for redress? The British Government would not be disposed to support them in flagrantly violating their own Acts. The Company would of course abandon them,[1] for a state of warfare would not suit with their principles. Thus left to themselves, they would fall, as the former Settlers had done, a prey to Slave-traders and to internal discord. They appeared fully convinced of their indiscretion, and agreed that the captain should not be prevented in endeavouring to bring the people back to their duty. The captain attempted to persuade them back, but it proved all in vain. The Settlers had furnished them with arms, and they expressed their determination to die before they would return.

'We wrote to Mr. Horrocks on the occasion, expressing our regret at the circumstance which had happened, and our inclination to close with any reasonable proposition he might make on the subject. It will prove, I fear, a troublesome affair, as Horrocks's influence is considerable with the natives to the northward.

'These men were not slaves liable to be sold at the will of their master. They were Grumettas, belonging to the island, bound indeed to labour for the proprietors of it, but placed beyond the reach of the Slave-trader. Understanding by some means that if they came to Freetown they would be protected, employed, and paid for their labour, they resolved to quit a situation where they earned nothing but their clothes and victuals. This seems to have been their chief motive, as they have nothing to allege against Mr. Horrocks on the score of inhumanity; and as the same motive may offer itself to every Grumetta on the coast, those working for Cleveland, Bance Island, or any others, I tremble at the consequences which may flow from this incident.

'During the palaver I carried some of the Chiefs to our schools, and they were much gratified by the sight. Mr. Smart, who has a very large town on the Rokell, began to enter into treaty with one of the Methodist preachers to go up to his place and instruct his youth.

'*August* 6.—A Chief, Prince George, visited us. He had been over to the Bullom shore, and was much struck with the cordiality between Watt and the natives, and the respect with which they treated him. One observation of the Bullomites is worth mentioning:

[1] An energetic 'No' is here written on the margin by the hand of some Director, whose indignation was excited by the idea of the fugitives being given up. Macaulay shared the ordinary fate of an executive officer whose enthusiasm is tempered by the immediate necessity of the situation.

'"Had not Mr. Watt been a good man, he would never have trusted himself among strangers, unarmed and unattended. We will trust him. He is a good man, and we will believe him." They begin to have some notion of that kind of courage which proceeds from trust in God.

'*August* 8.—Renaud came down to induce me to make the purchase for him of a schooner Captain Hewitt of the *Mercury* had brought with him from Bance Island. He painted his distresses in strong colours, and agreed to enter into an agreement that he would not employ her in the Slave Trade.

'We also agreed with an American vessel which arrived here a few days ago for the whole cargo, consisting of rum, tobacco, a little beef, a few casks of flour and boxes of candles. We were chiefly induced to this purchase by our present want of almost all goods for trade. Without such a supply of rum we must shortly starve. There is half a ton of rice consumed in the Colony every day; and for the purchase of a ton of rice about twenty gallons of rum are wanted, and even forty gallons in the rice seasons in the Sherbro and on the Bullom shore.

'*August* 9.—The Court of Sessions[1] was held by Winterbottom and myself. In general the causes are of a trifling nature, slanderous words, small debts, and assault and battery, but our jurors are so extremely cautious in giving in a verdict that an hour is usually employed in making-up their minds.

'When the business was over I acquainted the jury and the people who were collected, that, in compliance with the wishes of many of them, we had passed a bye-law to punish slanderous words. I took occasion at the same time to open to them that part of our law-book which respects Scandalum Magnatum, or the using false and malicious words tending to vilify Governors, and thereby sowing discord between them and the people, which they listened to with attention. I also expatiated on the late incident of the desertion of Horrocks's slaves, and showed them the illegality and impolicy of encouraging such desertions, which they appeared sensible of.

'*August* 18.—About ten o'clock last night a canoe arrived from Bance Island to acquaint us that Renaud had taken a Liverpool slave-ship, commanded by a Captain Stowel, on her way down the river from Bance Island. Tilley expressed a wish that we would join our forces to his in order to extirpate Renaud and his people. We asked time to make up our minds on that proposition.

'*August* 19.—The captain and crew of the above vessel were sent down here by Renaud. They talked highly of their treat-

[1] A Court of Sessions was held every three months.

ment. Renaud had not only given up to them all their wearing apparel, but had made them presents to console them under their losses.

'Apprehensive of the interpretation that might be put on our conduct in having given a vessel to Renaud, as he had thought fit to take a prize in the river, we despatched Strand to demand the restitution of the schooner, which was immediately given up. Renaud appeared very anxious we should maintain a neutrality. As for Bance Island, he set them at defiance, and even threatened to destroy them.

'*August* 20.—Tilley pressed on us the policy of uniting for Renaud's destruction. We gave him a number of reasons for declining hostile measures, among the rest that we should forfeit every advantage we might expect to derive from the amicable intentions of the French Government; and that we did not wish to risk the ruin of our infant establishment, or expose ourselves to bear the consequences which our responsible situation would bring on us in case our conduct should be disapproved of.

'*August* 25, 1793.—Horne preached in the forenoon on justification by faith, which he qualified in the afternoon by a discourse on regeneration.

'*August* 26.—Mr. Jackson, the partner of Horrocks at the Isles de Los, came here. Their deserters were called up for examination, and denied having been enticed by the people of this place. They said their reason for deserting was because they understood that Horrocks, before quitting the Isles de Los, which he intends shortly to do, meant to trepan them on board a ship and sell them, and that there was even now an American vessel at the Isles de Los, which they were assured was destined to carry them off;[1] and because the captain of the vessel in which they came down to this river had used them very ill, beating them without mercy, and kicking them about the decks. They said they had no fault to find with Horrocks or Jackson, but that of their own free suggestions they had effected their escape to avoid slavery and the ill-treatment of the captain with whom they were at the time.

'Jackson intimated to us that he would expect five hundred guineas from us as an indemnification. We told him that we thought if a loss had been sustained by them it ought to be refunded, but that they were sensible that we had used every art of persuasion to prevent the desertion of their slaves; and that, however disposed we might be to incur a trifling expense for the sake of preserving our present good understanding with our neighbours, yet we could not allow that there was any

[1] Macaulay writes on October 1:—'I believe this to have been the case.'

legal claim on us as the Sierra Leone Company's representatives. Besides, the affairs of the Isles de Los concern, we hinted, were in such confusion from the insolvency of its proprietors that it would be unsafe to satisfy any demand on their part until their right to make the demand and to exonerate the payer from all further claims were clearly proved. It is likely, I think, that this matter will go home, in which case it appears to me that all they can prove against us is refusing to compel these men to return. They will also find it difficult to prove their property. I know not how far a claim to personal services can be entered in an English Court of Judicature without a written or witnessed agreement, unless they make an exception in favour of Slave-dealers.

'The worst consequences will be in this country, where it will have the effect of alienating from us the goodwill of all our neighbours. And how to avoid the dilemma I know not. By an exertion of authority we might perhaps effect the forcible restitution of these people to Messrs. Horrocks & Co., but in doing so we should act a most barbarous part. It would be delivering up men to a certainty of punishment, slavery, and transportation, whose only crime is an attempt to regain their liberty, or rather to avoid being forced into slavery.

'The effects of the rains have been felt at Bance Island, where, of the Europeans, about a third have died. Two or three tradesmen brought out for them in the *African Queen* have died also. I sometimes think with wonder on the number of young men who yearly come out from England and Scotland to such places as Bance Island without exciting any animadversion ; while the few, who are found willing to encounter the less hostile situation of Freetown, are branded as madmen, as provoking their fate, and as justly incurring every evil they can meet with. Nor does it less excite my wonder that while men are fearlessly pouring in to supply the place of those traders who have fallen victims to the climate, persons can with difficulty be found to maintain a succession of Chaplains at Sierra Leone, or to engage in the business of instructing the natives, which, compared with the business of trading, is a safe and easy and healthy occupation. So true is it that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Horne has already put pen to paper on the subject of Missions in general ; and he means on going home to excite if possible the sleeping activity of his brethren in the ministry. He will have a right to talk of the practicability of African Missions.

'*August* 31.—A craft from the Bananas called here, the master of which informed me that Mr. Cleveland, pressed by

his creditors, had collected his people, and gone down to the Sherbro with an intention of breaking up the towns of such as owed him money. A Mr. Graham, who is known to Mr. Granville Sharp, is Cleveland's prime minister. He goes to England shortly, when I shall contrive to throw him in your way. I am in great hopes from the spirit I saw manifested that Cleveland will meet with vigorous opposition in the Sherbro, and perhaps be disappointed of his aim.

'*September* 2.—I went up to Gambia Island to settle accounts with Renaud. He made us the following proposal. That, as he meant to abandon Gambia in six weeks, we might, if we pleased, send some one to take possession immediately; and that if we accepted his offer a day should be appointed on which, in the presence of all the Chiefs, and with their consent, he would formally surrender the island to Mr. Dawes, and that the buildings and battery on the island would be at the same time gratuitously yielded to us.

'Renaud has paid the price of redemption for all the free people sold by Captain Newcome to Bance Island, and he will soon have the satisfaction of restoring them to their friends. He means to reside at Goree, to relinquish the Slave Trade, and to employ himself in trading with Freetown.

'The man who was convicted of robbing the store,[1] having received the last portion of corporal punishment, was rescued as the Marshal[2] was carrying him on board the *York* for the completion of his sentence. The principal in the rescue took the prisoner to his own house, and arming himself, vowed the death of any one who dared to approach him. As we were averse to take any step which might lead to violence, we only put a guard of four constables on his house, who were regularly relieved. In about twenty-four hours they found themselves obliged to surrender at mercy, having neither provisions nor water in the house. The convict was sent to the *York*, and the man who rescued him found bail to appear at next court. Had such a thing happened three months ago we should have been treated with contempt. On the present occasion no one interfered, and the constables were permitted quietly to do their duty. A word that respected personal liberty would have been apt at that time to set them all in a flame, but at present they can hear with patience of the forfeiture of liberty which necessarily follows great crimes.'

[1] The sentence was one hundred lashes and twelve months' imprisonment on board the Company's store ship the *York*, which remained permanently in the harbour of Freetown. The man was an old offender and of very infamous character.

[2] The Marshals were two in number. Their chief duties were to execute warrants and carry out the sentences of the Court of Sessions.

'*September* 8.—Horne preached in the forenoon to a very large audience on the duty of servants under the yoke, from St. Paul's epistle to Philemon, which he applied to the present circumstances of the Colony, showing how inconsonant to the dictates of policy, justice, and Christianity were the late transactions with respect to slaves.

'*September* 11.—We were under the necessity of applying to Bance Island for rice, and received three and a half tons, which may with some care serve the Colony for ten days. Our situation is really a most unpleasant one, living in a state of continual uncertainty whether in a few days' time we shall have wherewith to still the cravings of hunger, and in a continual dependence on the direction and force of the winds and the violence of the rains for our daily bread. In the month of February last, had I been able to foresee that no supply of flour would have arrived from England before this time, I should scarce have had courage to remain at Sierra Leone. But God, who sees not as we see, has been indeed gracious to us, and will, I trust, convert the wants with which we have been afflicted into means of lasting good to the Colony by calling forth latent exertion, and by producing a general disposition to resignation and contentment.

'*September* 12.—I went up to Gambia Island to bring down the *James*, the vessel we bought there, and met at Renaud's the Chief of Port Logo. He informed me that the views of the Foulah nation on the subject of the abolition of the Slave Trade coincided with ours, and proposed sending some of his children [1] to Freetown for instruction.

'I long much to have a respectable factory of the Company established in the Rio Pongo, and to be more acquainted with the manners and history of this powerful and adventurous nation. The Chief seems very desirous indeed to have us established in Port Logo, as Tilley, he says, has used him cavalierly, and has acted as if he meant to dispute with him his right to his own river. This man is everywhere well spoken of. He has now with him two of the first Settlers, who have continued to prefer living with him to returning to Sierra Leone, and at the time of their dispersion he afforded shelter to a great many.

'*September* 15.—In the afternoon Horne preached from St. John xiv. 16. His design was to expose the reigning folly of the Methodists of this place, their accounting dreams and

[1] Macaulay adds a note to impress upon Mr. Thornton the importance of securing to the Company's schoolmasters the educational monopoly of this Chief's family, and mentions gravely the fact that he had four sons and three daughters born during the past month.

visions as incontestable proofs of their acceptance with God, and of their being filled with the Holy Ghost.

'*September* 17.—A Methodist preacher of the name of Beveshout, a man of a restless turbulent spirit and immoderately fond of popularity, had been appointed Precentor in the church by Clarkson, with a view of silencing him, and destroying his influence. It was partly attended with the latter effect, as he began to be regarded as of the white party. Horne's discourse on dreams was so unpalatable to many of the Methodists that Beveshout, anxious to regain his popularity, judged it a proper occasion to strike a decisive stroke. In his sermon on this night he warmly reprobated Horne's doctrine as the doctrine of Satan, and endeavoured to restore to dreams and visions their ascendency over the Word of God. He likewise inveighed against the Government here, pointedly comparing Mr. Dawes to Pharaoh, whom the just judgment of God would sooner or later overtake; recommending to his hearers, however, patience under their sufferings, as God in His own good time would deliver Israel.

'Horne, on hearing what had passed, rather hastily charged Beveshout with improper designs. Beveshout defended himself and the liberty of the pulpit, which, being a favourite cause with the Methodists, gave him a great advantage. We dissuaded Horne from taking any further notice of it, as it was only requisite that men's minds should be allowed to cool, in order to see where truth lay. Inflammatory speeches lose all their effect when treated with silent indifference.

'Perhaps it might be well if Dr. Coke, or some delegate from him, were to visit Freetown, in order to establish some kind of discipline among the Methodists; for at present their government is a pure democracy, without subordination to any one. I think this a point of great importance to the religious progress of your Colony, and well deserving your attention.'

Dr. Coke, a priest of the Church of England, had joined the Methodists, and been formally appointed by John Wesley Superintendent to discharge Episcopal functions in the American and other Foreign Methodist Societies. In 1787 Dr. Coke induced the American Conference to alter his title from Superintendent to that of Bishop. For this he was severely reprimanded by Wesley, who wrote, 'Men may call me a knave, or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never with my consent call me bishop.' This rebuke had, however, no effect; Dr. Coke continued to use the title, and there exists a letter addressed to Washington signed by Coke

as Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1813 Dr. Coke was desirous of again joining the Church of England, and applied to Lord Liverpool to be appointed to a bishopric in India, offering 'to return most fully into the bosom of the Established Church.' His application was refused. He set sail, however, for India, and died on the voyage early in 1814.

Wilberforce gives an amusing account of meeting Dr. Coke, and of the disillusion resulting from seeing him personally, compared with the great reputation which he enjoyed. 'I wish I could forget his little round face and short figure. Any one who wished to take off a Methodist could not have done better than exactly copy his manner and appearance. He looked a mere boy when he was turned fifty, with such a smooth apple face, and little round mouth, that, if it had been forgotten, you might have made as good a one by thrusting in your thumb. He was waiting once to see me in a room into which some accident brought Bankes. The Doctor made, I suppose, some strange demonstration, for he sent Bankes to Milner's room, saying in amazement, "What extraordinary people Wilberforce does get around him!"'

Dr. Coke's position as Superintendent of the Foreign Methodist Missions rendered the expectation that he might be induced to undertake an expedition to West Africa not an unreasonable one under the special circumstances of the infant Colony.

Sept. 18.—'I received the following intelligence from a native of more than ordinary information. Since the establishment of our Colony the treatment of slaves is very much ameliorated. With respect to the desertion of slaves, the law of the country is that as soon as a slave escapes from his master's town, and takes refuge in another, he cannot be recovered by his master without a price being paid for his redemption, as he becomes immediately the property of him in whose town he takes refuge. Should this be actually the case, which I begin to suspect, it will make our way very much smoother; as, if a slave on taking refuge here becomes our property, we surely have a right to emancipate him. This law has been most industriously concealed from us hitherto by whites and natives; and the very contradictory accounts we receive on every other subject make me hesitate in trusting entirely to the information given us on this one. I shall endeavour, however, to come at the truth.

'*September* 20.—We received the news of Horrocks's death.

His partner Jackson continues in charge, but I believe he means soon to quit the Isles de Los. Almost all their people had deserted from them in consequence of the desertion of the Grumettas here having induced Horrocks and Jackson to sell off their people as fast as they could, at which they had taken alarm and left them.

'*September* 23.—An American vessel from Boston arrived, the supercargo of which offered us his cargo for slaves, observing he could take nothing else, and that he hoped we should be able to despatch him in a few days. Having declined to deal with him, I began to inquire how the law stood in America relative to the Slave Trade. He told me that all the States had now abolished it, and that if it was proved that an American vessel had carried slaves, she became a forfeit, and the captain was fined a thousand pounds, and confined till the money was paid. I asked him how he expected to escape the penalty. "Oh," says he, "I don't mind that. Nobody will inform." "Indeed, sir," I replied, "you are mistaken, for if nobody else will, I certainly shall." "Sure you would not treat me in so unfriendly a manner!" "Sir," I said, "I think it is better to prevent evil than to punish it; and I give you my word that, if you venture to carry a single slave from this coast, I shall turn informer myself. I give you fair warning." This speech made him change his note instantly, and with the most shameless effrontery he expressed his abhorrence of the Slave Trade, and affirmed that what he had said was not seriously meant, and that he would on no account dispose of his cargo for anything but bills. This incident I think a very important one, as it proves the possibility of stopping the Slave Trade entirely, the Americans being at present the only people who venture to visit this coast. And, as it is certainly better in all cases to prevent evil than to punish it, we judged it necessary to give notice to the different Slave-traders around us that we should certainly give information to the American Government of every American vessel which should carry slaves. But I think the matter might be carried still further, and that information might be transmitted to the Federal Court, which I find tries causes of this nature, of all American vessels during the last twelve months employed to our knowledge in carrying slaves off the coast. The advantages which must result from this measure strike me very strongly. I have therefore been at considerable pains to collect intelligence, and now send you, along with this, a list of vessels which appear to me to have incurred the penalty, accompanied by circumstances which may lead to their detection. You will be the best judge what further steps to take.

'A schooner came from the Isles de Los with the intelligence that an American vessel, the *Pearl*, had been cut off by the slaves off the island of Matacong, and Captain Howard, who commanded her, killed; but that she had been retaken by a vessel belonging to the Isles de Los, and Mr. Jackson wished to know whether we did not think her a fair prize. Howard, who commanded her, is the man who was prosecuted at, I believe, Mr. Wilberforce's instance, for some cruelties committed at Calabar. At least a prosecution was commenced, and Howard, not appearing, was outlawed. He sailed at the same time in a Liverpool vessel.

'Understanding afterwards that some of the slaves had been killed when the vessel was retaken, and that the Isles de Los schooner did not return immediately, with Mr. Dawes's approbation I wrote to Jackson a letter which I now enclose you. My chief view in writing it was, if possible, to put a bar to the slaves being sent off the coast, and that I might not have afterwards to reproach myself with not having said everything in their favour that it was possible to say.

'The intention of the slaves seems to me evidently to have been to get to this Settlement. When the vessel was taken possession of by them, she was not above eight or nine leagues from this Cape. I should have been well pleased had they effected their purpose, as the greatness of the loss would necessarily have led to investigation, and the slaves in the meantime could be fairly claimed by no individual. The American Government would I think be the last to demand their restitution.

'Several of the native Chiefs came to renew their application for rum. Their perseverance is astonishing. By way of forcing us from our ground, Pa London observed that if we would not give him rum he would carry his brother to Bance Island in pawn. However this had no effect, and Mr. Dawes continued resolute, without changing his usual kind deportment. They were visibly chagrined, but partook of our dinner with tolerable humour. When the Cry for Pa Cumba is over, Pa Kokilly will be crowned King of Sierra Leone by the name of King Tom.

'By leaving things to their own course the tide has now turned against Beveshout. He has been endeavouring to atone for his improper conduct since he has observed its ill success. Horne, by avoiding personality, and by entreating his hearers to weigh everything in Scripture scales, has effectually opened their eyes, and they begin to apologise for having injured him even in thought.

'*October* 3.—Some Methodist Preachers returned this morning

from Granville Town,[1] greatly rejoicing in the work which God was carrying on there, and saying that many had proved obedient to the heavenly calling. On inquiry I found that the wildest extravagances had been committed there. Although I trust that in God's hands any instrument may be useful, yet I have my fears that evil may follow this violent spirit, excited chiefly by Beveshout. Granville Town is already torn by domestic dissensions. It were much to be wished that some sober-minded and authorised Methodist preacher came out who might introduce more discipline and regularity among that sect, and correct the extravagant ebullitions of their spirit.

'*October* 15.—On the 8th I was seized with fever, and prevented doing any business since that day. Mr. Dawes had been taken ill two days before. We are both recovering, though still very weak and unable to write or think much. I understand there are only four Europeans left alive at Bance Island.

'*October* 30.—Strand died in the course of last night of fever, much lamented.

'Mr. Jones[2] was introduced by Mr. Dawes to the Preachers. An unfortunate expression of his roused David George's[3] attention, and I was apprehensive that they would be involved in a dispute about general and particular redemption, but Mr. Jones very prudently avoided it by some qualifying observation.

'Now that flour has arrived in the Colony, an order has been given to pay off the back rations. Some months ago Mr. Dawes had settled with the Settlers the accounts of back rations, and given them all memorandums of the number due; but now many of them pretended that these memorandums were lost, and brought in an account of back rations due to them to a much greater amount than was really due. As the intention was so palpably to impose, Mr. Dawes absolutely refused to pay a single pound of flour unless the memorandums were produced. On this they thought proper to produce them.

'I mention this circumstance as an evidence of the disposition of many of the Settlers, and these by no means of the people from whom such conduct might have been expected, but of those from whom we expected better things. One man, Luke Jordan, whom we had esteemed as a deserving character, assured us that the rats had actually destroyed the paper, and

[1] The name given to the place, two miles from Sierra Leone, where Falconbridge settled the original Colonists who had been driven from the Settlement.

[2] The Rev. Mr. Jones had just arrived in the Colony as successor in the chaplaincy to Mr. Horne.

[3] A black Preacher, the principal minister of the Baptists.

presented at the same time a demand for double the quantity due to his company. However, he found means next day to recover the paper from the rats, and brought it to Mr. Dawes.

'An information was lodged against Captain Davis,[1] the burden of which was to show that Davis had purchased two boys while down to leeward, and that they were now in his possession.

'*Sunday, November* 3.—Jones made his first public appearance to-day, and spoke from these words, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." I was glad to see throughout the whole congregation evident marks of lively satisfaction. He wants, no doubt, Horne's richness of thought and his copiousness of expression, as well as his fire, but there is more of the appearance of devotedness in him, and his address is more uniformly serious, and in general more pathetic.

'You will see by the resolutions of Council what our proceedings were with respect to Davis. His prevarications, and above all his industrious concealment of the circumstances of the purchase from us, will, I hope, justify the measures we have taken.

'The *Union*, of Salem in America, carried off about two weeks ago some free people from the Rio Nunez, with whom she has taken her departure for the West Indies.

'*November* 15.—I went to the Bullom shore to see Watt, and walked with him over the lands granted to the Company, which are indeed excellent. On our return to Freetown, I met with a man of the name of Robin Rufoy who has a petty town up the river, and from him I got the following information. On slaves effecting their escape from their master, they no longer continue his property, but may be kept by him to whose town they escape.

'*November* 30, 1793.—The transactions of this day I must communicate to you with no small regret, for it was marked by the most signal calamity that has yet befallen your Colony. Between nine and ten in the morning we were alarmed by the cry of fire, and on looking out beheld the *York* in a blaze. Before eleven o'clock the fire had completely ransacked her hold, and the loss is very great indeed. Upwards of four thousand pounds worth of African produce has been destroyed.

'Captain Telford had come on shore to settle his monthly accounts. The fire began in the chimney of the galley, and all those on deck, who were mostly Grumettas, got into the boat without wasting a thought on those who were in the cabin and gunroom. The bustle on deck, however, alarmed Captain

[1] Captain of one of the trading vessels belonging to the Sierra Leone Company.

Wallace who was in the cabin, and the gentlemen in the gun-room who were arranging some of the trade goods. They ran up, and found to their astonishment the fire blazing over their heads, having run along the tarred awning from stem to stern, and everybody gone over the side. After trying in vain to prevail on the people in the boat to assist them, they were at length forced to descend to avoid being scorched to death. While this passed on board Captain Telford had got into a boat, a number of Settlers accompanying him, with a view of extinguishing the fire. But the people absolutely refused to pull him alongside, pretending fear of gunpowder. He assured them there was no gunpowder on board, entreated, prayed, and threatened in turn, but all to no purpose, and he had the mortification to be forced to be an inactive spectator of the conflagration. You will ask what did Captain Devereux and his crew all this time. It is certain no exertion was made by the *Harpy's* people, although the fire was perceived in its early stage. Everything was done which could be done, unassisted as Telford was except by Day, and Rowe the mate of the *York*.

'The Settlers, it would naturally be supposed, felt great concern, and exerted themselves on behalf of their benefactors. Many of them did so, but at the same time there were many who acted very differently. Some were rejoicing in the calamity as a just judgment of heaven on their oppressors. Some said it was but right that the goods, withheld unjustly from them by the Governor and Council, should be destroyed, and that their sinister aims should thus be frustrated. They declared the *York* to be the repository where Mr. Dawes's gains and mine were stored; and others, more daring, scrupled not to attempt converting to their own use what could be saved from the wreck.

'Some of the more respectable Settlers, ashamed of these proceedings, offered themselves as a guard, and have promised to furnish a list of those who were guilty of any improprieties, with a list of witnesses, so that they may be prosecuted. They have even promised to mark out such as seemed to rejoice in the misfortune, and such as by their insinuations would have vilified Mr. Dawes's character or mine.

'It has been indeed a sweeping fire, there is not the vestige of an account left. I had been at considerable pains in arranging the commercial accounts, but they perished in the general conflagration.

'Captain Devereux being unfortunately of a very unaccommodating disposition, and having on the present occasion treated the sufferers, who expected an asylum on board the *Harpy*, very cavalierly, their distress was of course enhanced. We made room, however, for some of them at our house, and

for the others the *James*, the vessel we had fortunately bought from Renaud some time ago, was ordered to be fitted up.

'A fire happened in town to-day, and rather singularly the sufferers were almost all of the number who rejoiced in the *York's* destruction. No man who had a spark of humanity in him could rejoice in their loss, but I confess I could not help feeling less grieved at its falling on those who had shown such a total want of charity, than if it had affected people of a different character. I overheard some people at the time reminding them of the expressions they had made use of a few days before, averring the burning of the *York* to be a judgment of God.

'*December* 10.—We determined on sending the *Lapwing* to England with all speed, and for getting Devereux if possible to carry her home. Much to our satisfaction he gave his assent to the measure, and we shall thus, I trust, part without coming to any rupture; an event the violence of his temper gave me scarce room to hope for.

'Tilley thought proper to take offence at our declining to assist him against Renaud, and has since that time been very distant in his civilities. We sent him lately a few articles of provision which came out of the *Harpy*, and intimated at the same time our wish to supply him with any other articles of the same kind he might want. The following is a part of his reply. "I cannot doubt but any application I may make to Mr. Dawes or yourself will be attended to, when I am so fully convinced of your friendship towards me by the part you have taken in endeavouring to prevent the American, now at Sierra Leone, from doing business with me for slaves. You may perhaps suppose the emoluments arising from informations given of Americans carrying off slaves, will be an advantageous business; but I think it is most probable it will not. I should be exceedingly sorry that anything should happen to cause a difference with this settlement and your Colony. It never shall arise from any proceedings on my part, but when I see it is the intention of any body to distress us by interfering in my trade, I think it high time to look about me."

'The above exhibits no small chagrin and disappointment, but Bance Island is no longer an object of terror to your Colony; and although it is unpleasant to be at variance with any one, yet when such variance arises from the faithful discharge of an important duty, it causes less uneasiness than it otherwise would do. It will be gaining much to the cause of humanity to exclude the Americans entirely from all participation in the Slave Trade.'

CHAPTER IV

INVASION BY THE FRENCH

On New Year's Day 1794 all the English officials in Sierra Leone assembled at the invitation of the Governor, and Macaulay notes in his private diary that they were twenty-two at dinner, the only absentee being Mr. Garvin, the school-master. Notwithstanding many drawbacks, the prospects of the Colony continued steadily to improve, and their trade began to increase rapidly. The principal difficulties which occurred during the early months of the year were caused by the incessant applications of the native Chiefs to be permitted to purchase rum. The Court of Directors had recently despatched a strong prohibition of the sale of rum by their representatives, and the Governor and Macaulay were exposed to much ill-will and some personal danger in carrying out these orders as far as possible. In a few instances they were compelled to give way, and permit the exchange of casks of rum for necessaries of life of which the Colonists stood in absolute need, and which they could obtain for the moment on no other conditions. But as a rule they remained firm, and faced the bitter offence which their refusals gave to their neighbours. There was one droll episode when a great Chief complained that the cask of rum which he had received had been watered, and detained as a hostage the captain of the vessel in the Company's service who had delivered it to him. The matter became so threatening that Macaulay went in person to investigate the charge, which proved to be true, and he had the mortification to find that the captain himself had been the delinquent.

Mr. Dawes's health had suffered so severely from the climate that he had for some time contemplated the possible necessity of a sudden return to England, and in view of this contingency the Court of Directors had named Macaulay as his successor.

A serious attack of illness finally compelled Mr. Dawes to leave Sierra Leone at the end of March in the *Harpy*, and Macaulay, at the age of twenty-six, became Governor of the Colony.

He appears to have been singularly qualified by nature, and by the good influences under which he had lately been brought, for the position he was now called upon to fill. The patience and self-control, the exercise of which he looked upon as a duty, were invaluable in the midst of the inflammable and unreliable spirits with which he was surrounded. The success that attended upon his dealings with the superstition and unbelief with which he came constantly in contact, among the natives and the miscellaneous European population collected on the coasts, lay in a great measure in the fact that his own mind was assailed by no doubts. It will be observed that on all occasions when he was called upon to speak upon religious subjects he did so with simplicity and absolute assurance; and although he was unflinching in his support of the truth, and refused to admit any compromise as to moral rectitude, still he never displayed the slightest irritation with those whose belief and practice differed from the standard which he upheld. His own faith was unwavering. He had the habitual sense of living in the presence of God, and the Scriptures were the light to which he turned daily for instruction and guidance in his path through the world.

The anxieties of the position in which Macaulay found himself placed were largely increased by the formidable proportions which the spirit of disaffection among the Settlers now began to assume. Many of these negroes had been eager to join the Colony from the belief they entertained that it would prove to be in the fullest sense the Province of Freedom, which its benevolent founder, Granville Sharp, delighted to call it. Their disappointment had consequently been severe when, instead of the life of license and semi-barbarism which they had hoped to lead, they found themselves subjected to the laws and restraints of a civilised community. They were disgusted by the continuous industry required of them as indispensable for the maintenance of their families, and their jealousy was also strongly excited against the European servants of the Company, whom they ignorantly believed to be largely enriching

themselves at the expense of the Settlers, and thus depriving them of the benefits intended for them by their friends in England. An insurrection broke out, which was promptly quelled by decisive action on the part of the Governor and his associates. The ringleaders were arrested and sent off to England for trial; while, with a forbearance that under the circumstances showed no little courage, Macaulay granted an entire amnesty to the rest of the offenders.

It was fortunate both for the white and the black members of the Colony that there was time for order and some degree of confidence to be restored before the occurrence of the disastrous events which foreign invasion brought upon them in the autumn of the same year. The Company's office had been plundered by the rioters, and many of the papers destroyed, so that the private journal Macaulay kept for the Chairman does not commence till the month of July.

'*July* 23, 1794.—Two blacks escaped from a slave vessel, an American schooner commanded by one Newell, and complained of very harsh treatment. As Newell was away there was no opportunity of knowing the truth.

'Moses Wilkinson[1] and one of his colleagues, Stephen Peters,[2] came to ask my opinion and advice on the subject of the division that had taken place among the Methodists, and accused Mr. Jones and Garvin as the authors of the dissension. Not thinking it right to miss an opportunity of telling the old man a little wholesome truth, I pointed out to him the serious faults in their conduct as a Christian society, which, as they did not choose to correct, it was impossible that sincere and pious Christians could continue with them. I mentioned particularly the notoriously irreligious lives of some of their members, whom they had refused to censure; the encouragement given to discontent and rebellion; their uniform opposition to the establishment among themselves of the discipline required by the Methodist rules; their no less uniform opposition, whenever an opportunity could be had, to the carrying the laws of the Colony into effect; and their refusing to Mr. Jones all liberty of preaching among them without any reason being assigned but that he had called them, what in truth they were, a rotten society. The old man acknowledged the facts, and did not attempt to defend their propriety, but said he was overruled by the others. I was in hopes indeed

[1] The principal black preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists.
[2] A negro from Nova Scotia who had visited England.

that something might have been done by what passed between us; but the whole effect of it was soon destroyed by the flatteries and deceptions of his associates, by whom, though I believe him to mean well, he is completely blinded and misled. He had candour enough to thank me for my frankness, and to beg a continuance of it. Peters applied to be again employed in the Company's service, which I refused, telling him plainly that I regarded him as one of the chief instigators of the disturbances. He entered on his defence, in which he said he had used all his influence to repress commotion, and that three or four days before the riots began, hearing Channel lay a plot for my life, he had tried to dissuade him from it. I asked him why he had not done his duty as a Christian and as an officer of the peace, by apprising me of it at the time, whereas he had, on the contrary, spoken loudly against the measures we took for our own preservation, and had denied all knowledge of any ill design being on foot. The conclusion that at least he favoured the design was unavoidable. To-day there was not a clerk in any of the offices, as all the Europeans were down with fever.

'*July* 29.—I was again nearly restored to health from my attack of fever. The *African Queen*, Captain Williams, a slave-ship from Bristol, arrived to-day bound to Bance Island. We had by her newspapers down to June 20th, and were completely relieved by the defeat of the French fleet from all apprehension of a visit from any of their vessels. We got our printing-press set to work; and Mr. Young, proving an expert printer, took charge of it. It promises to be extremely useful.

'*August* 4.—The *Amy* sailed about noon, having received on board the despatches, which were very voluminous. They contain complete transcripts of all that had been sent by the *Thomas* and *Ocean*. In the *Amy* went seven Settlers as witnesses.[1]

'*Sunday, August* 10.—I and my brother[2] went over on the 5th to the Bullom shore, where I intended to remain a fortnight to recover my health and strength after the late fatigues; but on the 8th a boat came to inform me that Mr. Jones and Garvin were laid up, and as there was no one to preach, I was unable to prolong my stay. The whites are all sickly, some recovering. I was obliged to preach twice.

'*August* 18.—The American slave schooner commanded by Newell sailed yesterday.

'A large schooner coming in without any colours, a shot was

[1] Witnesses for the trial of the ringleaders of the riots.

[2] A younger brother of Zachary Macaulay, named Alexander, who had been appointed captain of one of the merchant vessels of the Company.

fired at her, and a boat sent on board with an officer in it. No sooner had the boat reached the schooner than the schooner put about and stood out, and was soon out of reach of our shot. Alarmed by this, the packet was despatched after her, and towards evening, returned with the schooner, which proved to be the American which had gone out yesterday. There was no doubt something very suspicious in his manœuvres, but there was a complete misunderstanding both on our side and his. He pretended to have been alarmed at our shot, and therefore to have stood out. A fog which came on prevented our seeing that our boat had put off from him. Captain Buckle understood my orders, which were hasty, in the letter rather than the spirit, for they had really in view only the recovery of the people and the boat, although in bringing back the vessel he certainly did not exceed my orders. I was sorry for it, conceiving it to be an unjustifiable exercise of power on our parts, although Newell had acted very blameably. He blustered a good deal, and threatened to leave his vessel on our hands. I made light of it, told him I should be glad to be the instrument of giving liberty to fifty captives (for so many had he on board), and that I knew the State of Massachusetts, from which he had sailed, disallowed the trade in which he was engaged. He took the hint, resumed the command of his vessel, and departed the next day, not without threats of revenge for the insult that had been offered him. I was myself really sorry for the transaction, but I could not on the retrospect see that there was much to be condemned in the part which, according to existing circumstances, we had taken.

'*August* 19.—The Quarter Sessions began. A case of adultery was tried and proved. The woman was punished by flogging, and the man by a fine of five pounds. The injured husband sued for a divorce to be granted him next session, according to the law now in force.

'The rains still unintermitting. The exorbitant price at which bakers sold bread having been a subject of just complaint, we resolved to regulate it. We therefore resolved that bread should be sold by the bakers at the rate of threepence a pound, under a penalty of five pounds. This regulation gave general satisfaction except to a few interested individuals.

'*August* 24.—I preached in the forenoon from "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

'*August* 27.—Watt has begun the survey of farms previous to the distribution of prizes, and expresses himself highly pleased with their state. Captain Keene arrived on a small sloop, and acquainted us that on the 29th of June last the

Naimbanna had been taken by Renaud in the river Gambia; that the traders in the river had furnished him with a small schooner to bring him to Sierra Leone, but that the schooner was driven ashore at Bissao, on which Mr. de Sylva, a Portuguese merchant there, had given him a passage on one of his own craft. On arriving at the Isles de Los, King Cantor, on pretence of some old grievance, seized the Portuguese vessel, and put the crew into irons. Mr. Jackson then furnished Captain Keene and his crew with a passage to this place.

'Renaud expressed himself sorry for being obliged to take the *Naimbanna*, but said that he was not at liberty to act as he chose, for if it should appear that he had allowed any English property to escape, he would be liable to the stroke of the law.

'I wrote to Jackson demanding the restitution of the Portuguese vessel and her crew, as it appeared that the business of their seizure had taken place at his instigation. I signified to him that I regarded the injury as done to us, as the vessel had been provided purposely for the accommodation of the Company's servants.

'*September* 8.—A slave brig, the Prince of Wales, Captain Webb, arrived from the West Indies. From Webb we learned that part of Guadaloupe was retaken by the French; that liberty had been proclaimed to the French slaves in the West Indies; and that America had wholly abolished the Slave Trade.

'*September* 11.—I catechised the schools,[1] and dismissed all those scholars who had been remiss in their attendance. The parents, whose fault it had been that they absented themselves, came to me afterwards, and promised that they should attend more regularly, on which I again admitted them.

'*September* 13.—I had a letter from Mr. Powell, Bolland's partner, demanding his slaves who had escaped. I made him an answer that I did not consider myself responsible for his slaves, nor even bound to make any inquiry respecting them.

'*September* 22.—The *Anna* arrived with rice. The master, in his way down, had seen seven vessels to the northward of him, seemingly beating this way. We immediately concluded it was an English convoy, not supposing it possible for a moment that the French could have so many vessels in those latitudes. I thought of removing some of the Company's property, but waited, as much would be lost in the removal. As we had sufficient force to withstand a few Privateers, and as there did not appear the least likelihood that the fleet consisted of French men-of-war, I gave up the thought. Thinking it possible,

[1] Macaulay writes to a friend, 'We have made a schoolmaster of almost every black man in the Colony who reads and writes well enough. Grown persons crowd to the evening schools.'

however, that it might be Renaud, coming here with an intention to plunder, everything was put in order to receive him, and a plan was contrived for heating balls red hot. In the evening the *Anna* was sent out to reconnoitre.

'*September* 27.—The *Anna* sailed with Mr. Gray on board. We had now given up all thoughts of the fleet, and had resigned all the expectations with which we had flattered ourselves of news from England. But in the evening, while we were engaged in family worship, we were a little startled by the sound of two heavy guns at sea.[1] This circumstance rekindled all our hopes, for on looking into a table of English signals, we found that two guns was the signal for coming to an anchor. We passed an anxious night.

'*Sunday, September* 28, 1794.—As soon as it was light we were able to count seven or eight sails,[2] all of which were at anchor. They were soon in motion, and we could easily distinguish English colours in all of them. About nine o'clock we made out that the fleet consisted of one two-decker, several frigates, and two armed brigs; so that proceeding on the supposition of their being enemies, all attempts at resistance would be little short of madness. All of us agreed that to make resistance to such a superior force would be an idle waste of lives, and might, unable as we should be to secure terms of capitulation, lead to more dreadful excesses than we had otherwise to apprehend. The point was then considered of attempting to save at least part of the Company's property. To this measure I had many objections. I felt that the only way of saving the Company's buildings was by our remaining on the spot, and that we should not be able to remain with safety if it were known that we had secreted property. Besides the chances were infinitely in favour of its being an English fleet, in which case, every step we took would be productive only of loss. And to add to all these reasons the wind was fair, the tide was flowing, and there was time neither for deliberation nor execution.

'We continued for about half-an-hour agitated by hopes and fears, when perceiving some men in one of the frigates with great care pointing a gun into my piazza, we were relieved from all our doubts. Little time was allowed for anticipation, for the shot began to whistle over our heads. I gave orders to strike the colours, which was done, and hung out in my own

[1] Some extracts from this part of the journal have already appeared in print in the *Life of Lord Macaulay*, but by the permission of Sir George Trevelyan they are repeated so as to preserve the continuity of the narrative.

[2] The fleet consisted of seven sail, *L'Expériment* of fifty guns, two frigates, two armed brigs, one of eighteen and the other twelve guns, all twelve pounders, and two Guineamen prizes which were also well armed.

piazza a flag of truce; but the firing still continued,[1] and several of the grape and musquet shot fell into my piazza. We then hailed them, and told them we had surrendered, on which they desisted from firing.

'About this time, a little after ten o'clock, they began to land, and I immediately requested Mr. Watt to meet them, and to beg the commanding officer to come to my house. He found them already entered into the great Store, and into Mr. Pepys's and Mr. King's houses, and pillaging and destroying in a most shocking manner. The officer was too busily employed to come immediately, but Newell, the American whom I mentioned before, and who had piloted them down, came to my house attended by half-a-dozen sans-culottes, almost foaming with rage, presented a pistol to me, and with many oaths demanded instant satisfaction for the slaves who had run away from him to my protection. I made very little reply, but told him he must now take such satisfaction as he judged equivalent to his claims, as I was no longer master of my actions. He became so very outrageous that, after bearing with him a little while, I thought it most prudent to repair myself to the French officer, and request his safe-conduct on board the Commodore's ship.

'As I passed along the wharf, the scene was curious enough. The Frenchmen, who had come ashore in filth and rags, were now many of them dressed out with women's shifts, gowns, and petticoats. Others had quantities of cloth wrapped about their bodies, or perhaps six or seven suits of clothes upon them at a time. The scene which presented itself on my getting on board the flagship was still more singular. The quarter-deck was crowded by a set of ragamuffins whose appearance beggared every previous description, and among whom I sought in vain for some one who looked like a gentleman. The stench and filth exceeded anything I had ever witnessed in any ship, and the noise and confusion gave me some idea of their famous Mountain.

'I was ushered into the Commodore's cabin, who at least received me very civilly. He did not appear to have the right of excluding any of his fellow-citizens even from this place. Whatever might be their rank, they crowded into it, and conversed familiarly with him. I expressed to him my surprise at the proceedings I had witnessed. I told him that I expected to have found in Frenchmen a generous enemy, but that on the

[1] Mr. Watt says in a private letter: 'Notwithstanding Mr. Macaulay's order, the French continued to fire into the town for near half an hour. By this extraordinary conduct a woman and girl lost their lives, and several persons were badly wounded.'

contrary we had been dealt with in a manner which I believed was unusual except in places taken by storm. I then represented to him the unrestrained pillage which had taken place, and the manner in which private houses and private property were violated, and requested him to put a stop to it. The first question he put to me was, "Have you removed any property?" I answered him I had not. "Be careful," said he, "as to what you tell me, for if I should find after this that you have removed anything, I shall make you suffer, and there shall not be left a hut in the place." I repeated my assurance, on which he told me that I might be easy, that he would prevent further pillage, and should take care that no private property should be violated. This promise, however, gave me little consolation, as he would make no written engagement, and as he told me in the same breath, that, if the seamen and soldiers were disposed to pillage, he could not prevent them.

'When he gave me to understand that it was his intention to burn every house in the place belonging to Englishmen, I made use of every plea I could think of to dissuade him, representing the nature of the establishment to him in a way which I thought might interest him, but it was to no purpose. The American Newell, and another American captain, one Mariner, who is in Mr. Bolland's service, and who was also exasperated against us, both as he was a Slave-trader, and as five of Bolland's slaves had taken refuge here, had poisoned the minds of the French. I perceived this, and tried to convince the Commodore of the unworthy motives which these men had for vilifying us, which he seemed not to disbelieve, but every application on behalf of the Colony was not the less ineffectual. The constant reply was, "Citoyen, cela peut bien être, mais encore vous êtes Anglais." I then represented to him the case of the Settlers, who at least were not Englishmen, but who were now sharing our fate in having their houses broken into and pillaged. He made strong protestations of his friendly intentions with respect to them, and promised to prevent all further injury to them; hinting, however, as before, that there was no possibility of restraining the soldiery. He gave me a solemn assurance that their houses should be saved from fire, which I considered at least as something gained. I proposed to ransom the place, but he said it was impossible for him to do so. I made a number of demands on him for things that I told him would be absolutely necessary to keep us alive, such as our wearing-apparel, provisions, a small craft, some wine, spirits, tobacco, arms, powder, and medicines, all which he promised to comply with, but I found in the end how little reliance there is now to be placed on the promise of a sans-culotte.

'The Commodore wished me to dine with him, but I had no appetite for food, and I left him a little after noon, with our prospects very little improved. He had promised indeed to introduce a strict discipline ashore, but he had none on board his own ship, so that I regarded his promise as nugatory. While I was with him a frigate and two of the brigs passed on to Bance Island.

'The spectacle which Freetown exhibited at my landing was truly deplorable, but my heart was already hardened, and things which, four hours before, I should have trembled to think of, I now beheld with an apathy and unconcern which is inconceivable to those who have not experienced the like. I found on the wharf a parcel of Frenchmen emptying a case of port wine, while others were loading themselves with goods of various kinds. A little higher up I met Mariner, the American, adorned with some of Pepys's spoils, and vowing destruction to the place, and every individual in it, if Bolland's five slaves were not restored. He was also relating how, in Mr. Clarkson's time, the Settlers had followed him into his boat with stones, but that now he should glut himself with revenge. As I passed along, the sight was still more affecting. The sight of my own and of the accountant's offices almost sickened me. Every desk and every drawer and every shelf, together with the printing and copying presses, had been completely demolished in the search for money. The floors were strewn with types, and papers, and leaves of books, and I had the mortification to see a great part of my own labour and of the labour of others for several years totally destroyed. At the other end of the house I found telescopes, hygrometers, barometers, thermometers, and electrical machines lying about in fragments. The view of the town library filled me with lively concern. The volumes were tossed about and defaced with the utmost wantonness, and if they happened to bear any resemblance to Bibles they were torn in pieces and trampled on. The collection of natural curiosities next caught my eye. Plants, seeds, dried birds, insects, and drawings were scattered about in great confusion, and some of the sailors were actually in the act of killing a beautiful musk-cat, which they afterwards ate. Every house was full of Frenchmen, who were hacking, and destroying, and tearing up everything which they could not convert to their own use. The destruction of livestock on this and the following day was immense. In my yard alone they killed fourteen dozen of fowls, and there were not less than twelve hundred hogs shot in the town.

'In my own house the state of things was, if possible, still worse. I found there Watt, Winterbottom, King and his wife;

Buckle, Jones, Seely, who was sick, and others. They were sitting in the hall, which was now converted into a guardroom, surrounded by about a dozen of ill-looking fellows, who were, however, tolerably civil in their way, and offered us a share of their fricasseed fowls and boiled pork. We all continued here during the remainder of the day, and passed the time in moralising on our late and present situation. We found, in casting up the accounts, that we had lost very little by the change. We were free from pain; we felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor thirst; in short, we found out that happiness does not consist in the number of things we possess, but in the mind being so indifferent to externals as neither to feel their weight when present, nor their want when absent. We had likewise come to feel those calamities attendant on war, of which we had so often read with indifference; we now found out, too, how much better the mind of man is fitted to bear adversity than prosperity. And surely it is in mercy that God has so ordered it, seeing our course is so strewed with thorns. We had this day sustained a shock as heavy and unexpected as could well be imagined, and we had a moral assurance that all the product of near three years' toil in this place would be totally destroyed. Our prospects as to lodging, clothing, and food were also very gloomy; but these evils being now irremediable by any device of ours, our minds were speedily reconciled to them, and we were not tortured with doubt or suspense. Our hands being in a manner tied, we had no measures to take, we were so far free from solicitude, and we waited with patience the result. We could even amuse ourselves with the strange and ludicrous appearance of the people around us, their savage manners, their wanton rage against our aristocratical lamps, decanters, looking-glasses, and tumblers, their extravagant boastings of their nation, and their vehement railings against Pitt and George. There is not a boy among them who has not learnt to accompany the name of Pitt with an execration. Bating their rude and disgusting familiarity (for officers and men mixed promiscuously with us), we received no personal insults; but towards night, from the quantity of wine they had drunk, they became so noisy that I begged and received permission to have the bedchambers reserved entirely for ourselves. I accordingly lay down in my former room for the last time, with a sentinel on each door, and Mrs. King and the gentlemen bestowed themselves in different apartments. I was permitted to remain there all night; but when I went to bed there was no sleep to be had on account of the sentinels thinking fit to amuse me the whole night through with the revenge they meant to take on Pitt when they got him to Paris. In the course of

the evening the *Anna*, in which Mr. Gray had gone out, returned in the supposition of its being an English fleet, and was taken. All the Company's servants, except those I have mentioned, disappeared on the first firing, and I saw no more of them for some days.

'*Monday, September* 29.—I went on board the flagship, and got liberty for Gray, and those who were with him, to come ashore with their baggage. I renewed my endeavours in behalf of this place, but to no purpose.

'The Commodore came ashore with me. The pillage was still going on, and he appeared affected by it, and tried to stop it, but in vain. We found them in one place pillaging the baggage Gray had brought ashore, but that we were able to recover and save. Assisted by the Commodore, I got some clothes, books, papers, and a few other things which were still remaining, sent into the country, but the greatest part of them was taken away by the different gangs of pillagers who beset every avenue. A good many of my clothes were put into a place of safety, and a great part of the books and papers were afterwards picked up. Our situation in town became every hour more unpleasant, as the soldiery were giving in to every kind of excess, and as they were shooting all day at the stock which was running about, which made walking extremely dangerous. Accordingly the greatest part of the gentlemen separated themselves different ways in the course of this and the next day; Watt fixed his headquarters at Granville Town, and the others went either to native towns or to the farmhouses of Settlers. I learnt that Pepys and his wife and boy had got into the woods, and that Garvin and others had taken refuge in the Danish Town.[1] I was very averse myself to quit the scene of action while there was any prospect of doing anything in behalf of the people. I accordingly applied for permission to remain on board the Commodore's vessel while they remained, and I obtained it. I met with a number of the Settlers to-day; they appeared a good deal affected, and I was not a little so at seeing them. On board the Commodore's vessel there were a number of English prisoners, from whom I learnt that Mr. Jackson, at the Isles de Los, had had it in his power to give us three days' notice of the force and destination of the French fleet, but that he refused, saying he would be glad to hear of our being destroyed. The manner of life on board the *Expériment* was disgusting beyond example. The Commodore and

[1] This settlement, in the mountains which were near Freetown, had been formed by a number of slaves, who some years before had contrived to get possession of the Danish slave-ship in which they were confined, and which was lying at anchor in the mouth of the Sierra Leone River. As may be supposed, they generally guarded carefully against any strangers approaching their town.

all his officers messed together, and I was admitted among them. They are truly the poorest-looking people I ever saw; even the Commodore has only one suit which can at all distinguish him, not to say from the officers, but from the men. The filth and confusion of their meals was terrible. A chorus of boys usher in the dinner with the Marseilles hymn, and it finishes in the same way. The enthusiasm of all ranks among them is astonishing, but not less so than their blindness. They talk with ecstasy of their revolutionary government, of their bloody executions, of their revolutionary tribunal, of the rapid movement of their revolutionary army with the Corps of Justice and the flying guillotine before it: forgetting that not one of them is not liable to its stroke on the accusation of the greatest vagabond on board. They asked me with triumph if yesterday had not been Sunday. "Oh," said they, "the National Convention have decreed that there is no Sunday, and that the Bible is all a lie!" I lay in the Commodore's cabin, not with very great comfort, for notwithstanding the abundance of their pillage I could not procure a sheet to throw over me.

'*Tuesday, September* 30.—I went ashore with the Commodore, whom I prevailed on, by dint of importunity, to permit me to make a division among the Settlers of about five tons of rice which was in the Store. This was truly a providential supply. I met with Watt, and walked with him a little way into the country. I found the French had made their way out to the farms in various directions, and were plundering at a sad rate.[1] They came to a house where some books and papers of mine were, and they threw them about, and scattered them through the fields. At one man's house I found them taking away the bed he had to lay on. I tried to dissuade them from it, but was like to pay dearly for my interference. Four officers, whom I knew, came most providentially up at the time, and the offenders were put into irons. This, I believe, procured me an immunity from very gross insults in future; indeed, except when drunk, they were little disposed to insult very grossly. I learned too that all the native children, together with Mrs. Perth who had the charge of them, were safe at Pa Dembo's[2] town, about a mile and a half from Freetown to the south-west.

'At night I repaired on board. Mariner, the American, was there, and was gross in his abuse. He gloried in what had been done, and expressed it as his heart's desire to be able to

[1] Dr. Afzelius, when writing from Sierra Leone at this period to the Swedish Envoy in London, says: 'The French officers have no authority, and the sailors do what they please. These citizens are in general miserable men, in great want, cruel, and living like wild beasts by devouring their prey.'

[2] This Chief gave shelter to Mrs. Perth, the black schoolmistress, and her scholars during the stay of the French fleet.

wash his hands in the blood of Englishmen, and that if his influence could weigh anything not a hut should be left in the place. This man, I should think, if got hold of, might be tried as a pirate. He this day went in pursuit of a sloop which was in the river's mouth. He was himself on board a sloop of his own, carrying American colours, and he took the vessel while he was under American colours. She proved to be one of the Bance Island trading crafts.

'I went ashore, and met Watt and Graham. I advised Graham to carry over with him to the Bullom shore the sick at Granville Town; and desired Watt to send a man overland to Aspinwall[1] in the Scarcies, to collect rice for us. I saw Maltby in a hut, with a fever on him, as I went along in quest of Pepys. I found Pepys and his family, together with some others, a great way in the woods, without any shelter, but in tolerable health. They were at no loss for food; the Settlers, numbers of whose families were in the woods around them, supplying them liberally. When the first shot was fired into the town, Pepys parted at once with every particle of his resolution, and wrung his hands like a child. I tried to make him easy, but in vain. He ran away into the woods, after some search found Mrs. Pepys, and terrified still more by foolish reports that a price was put upon his head, he had multiplied precautions for his safety and for securing his retreat still further. I used every means I could think of to prevail on him to quit this place while health was left, and repair to Granville Town, whence he might go to the Bullom shore; and he at last consented. I left him, strongly advising him to give no credit to idle reports, as he was perfectly safe. No sooner, however, had I gone, than some one told him some silly tale which awakened all his former fears, destroyed the effect of everything I had said to him, and determined him not to quit the woods.

'I sent one of the Settlers down to the Cape to watch for any vessels which might be coming in, and by means of a native canoe to warn them of their danger.

'There was heavy rain by which I was thoroughly wet, but we did not mind these inconveniences now, though I grieved for poor Pepys. On going on board I found a schooner of Cleveland's in the possession of the French. I pleaded on behalf of Cleveland, and was at last able to prevail on the Commodore to liberate the schooner, with which the Grumettas went away.

'*October* 2.—I went to Pa Dembo's, and saw the native children, who appear to have been terribly frightened by the

[1] Mr. Aspinwall had a slave factory at the Scarcies, and was upon very friendly terms with Macaulay.

appearance of some French near the town to-day, but the old man was very resolute, and would not permit them by any means to enter it.

'On my return I found our vessel the *James* burning, also my house, Mr. Pepys's new house, Harmony Hall, Mr. Padenheim's, and one or two Settlers' houses which were in their way. You cannot conceive with what indifference I beheld the sight of a fire, which, happening a week sooner, would have made me perfectly miserable. I entered the church. The pulpit was broken in pieces; the prayer-books and Bibles torn and defaced, and the clock disfigured and rendered useless. The Commodore had promised to save the church, but I did not believe him. The apothecary's shop was a heap of confusion, every bottle and every jar was broken, and the medicines were totally destroyed.

'On going to bed I found that news had come of Bance Island being taken. Tilley, after removing his goods, deserted it when the French landed and burnt everything on it. He, however, saved very little, for the canoes which the natives brought to the back of the island to carry off the goods, instead of removing them to the place appointed, carried them to their own places. The *Prince of Wales* slave brig was burnt there, and some more vessels, but fortunately three of the largest craft were to the northward.

'*October* 3.—Afzelius came on board to try to recover his drawings. After bearing much rudeness and meeting many rebuffs, he was at last able to recover some of them. I complained to the Commodore to-day of the conduct of the Americans, and of the threats they held out; and pressed strongly the inconsistency of his encouraging and countenancing men whose sole object was to make slaves, and whose only dislike to us arose from our dislike of slavery, while at the same time the French were declaring war against all slavery and liberating, as they said, all slaves. The Commodore on this attacked Mariner, who now tried to evade the charge I had brought against him. It ended with the Commodore's telling him to take no measure whatever against the place, or against any individual, and his promising to obey.

'*October* 4, 1794.—I reminded the Commodore of all his promises to me, and now demanded their accomplishment. He evaded them all, and told me in plain terms that, if he were to comply with them, his head would be in jeopardy. I made such a representation to him of our state, that at last I got from him a barrel of flour, a cask of pork, and a puncheon of brandy, which I sent in a native canoe to Granville Town. I went thither myself by land. On my way I met Watt, who told me that Pepys was still in the woods, and that he was now

going to find him out and bring him away. I found in one of the farmhouses a woman, who had been wounded in the thigh by a shot, and who was in great pain. I promised to find out a surgeon and send him to her.

'At Granville Town things were quiet. Watt returned and told us he had found Pepys and his wife in inconceivable distress. With great difficulty he had brought them to a farmhouse on the road. We went to meet them, and found them on their way supported by some people, but scarce able to walk. Fortunately a canoe was found setting off for the Bullom shore, and Pepys and his family were safely landed on the other side, but in so low and languid a state as to cause serious fears for all of them.

'I went at night to Pa Dembo's with the intention of going in the morning in quest of Winterbottom, that something, if possible, might be done for Pepys. I was hospitably received by the old man, and Mrs. Perth gave me a tolerable bed, and some tea to refresh me after the fatigues of the day. As there were a good many Settlers here, we had the pleasure of joining together at night in the worship of God. It is a truth no doubt that our hearts are the proper seats of worship and adoration; and it may be said that of course we may at all times and in all places have the comforts of communion with God; but experience will scarce justify this. We may at all times and in all places retain a complacency of mind in the consciousness that God sees us and numbers the hairs of our heads. We may feel a total submission to His will, and a readiness to bear whatever His providence may lay on us; but this is perhaps the utmost extent of that devotion which can exist in a situation of hurry and confusion, when the lips are not at liberty to give vent to the feelings of the heart. The pleasure arising from the expression of devotion, and from joining one's voice with others in praising God, may perhaps be artificially excited. I am not casuist enough to determine the point, but its effects on the mind are no less real than if it were otherwise.

'*Sunday, October* 5.—I set off after morning service in quest of the doctor; and as it had rained in the night, and the road was much overgrown, I was soon completely wet. I found him much reduced by fever. Gray had gone to the Cape to look out for vessels. After some consultation, it was determined that we should go on board the *Commodore*, to procure if possible some medicines. We accordingly went on board, but our strongest entreaties, our most earnest solicitations, produced no more effect than if they had been addressed to stones, and we left them much chagrined. Mariner, the American, however, made us an offer of some of his medicines, which, though

I felt it unpleasant to receive favours at his hand, we were glad to accept. We went on board his vessel, but could procure very little. His supply consisted only of a small case he had taken out of Pepys's house, containing but a little of each common article. This man Mariner had on board the greatest part of our library. The sextant, which came out in the *Amy*, was there also, broken in pieces.

'*October* 6.—We set off in the morning for Granville Town; but we did not pass through Freetown, as we saw that the conflagration of the remaining buildings had commenced. The church, the range of houses beside it, in short all the Company's buildings which were exempted from the former fire, were now consumed, together with three of the Settlers' houses on the waterside.

'We called at a number of farmhouses on our way, and were gratified by the warm congratulations of the Settlers on our health and safety. There was no appearance of want among them. When we arrived at Granville Town we were happy to find that the French vessels from Bance Island had passed down about an hour before, without doing any mischief. They had fired one shot, which had sent all the people into the woods, but they did not attempt to land. We were now in hopes of their speedily leaving us at liberty to provide for the Colony's wants. Our vessels were burnt, as well as all the boats they could lay their hands on. The *Thornton* was given to Mariner, the American, as a reward for his services, with a quantity of goods to be divided between him and Newell.

'*October* 7.—Gray and I went on board the *Commodore*. A ship appeared in the offing, and the *Thornton* and one of the brigs went in pursuit of her. We dined on board, and I renewed my application for provisions, but to no purpose. I felt a degree of degradation in importuning these men notwithstanding repeated and rude refusals, which nothing but a conviction of the duty I owed to myself and others would have made me submit to. The Commodore's excuse was no doubt a powerful one, namely, the fear of the guillotine.

'After dinner we went ashore, and returned to Granville Town, where I found things pretty comfortably situated. The Marshal had set apart his house for the use of my family, of whom there were now here Watt, Winterbottom, Lowes, Afzelius, and Gray, together with an European man-servant. I now resolved to fix myself here, and only to go to Freetown as there might be occasion, as there seemed little likelihood of effecting anything with the French.

'Bartholomew has been on board the *Commodore*, and was well received. He came down again to-day, together with the

King. They landed at Thompson's Bay in their way down, and meeting with some Settlers, they talked very big. Bartholomew said among other things that Mr. Dawes and I had killed his brother,[1] but that now was his time to procure satisfaction. This, together with the previous detention of our vessels, and the reports which in such a time will naturally arise, filled the minds of the Settlers with more fears from the natives than they had entertained from the French. We did what we could to make them easy.

'*October* 9.—I went down to Freetown, and found on my arrival that the *Harpy* was within a mile of the French fleet; but those on board at that moment perceiving the demolition of the Company's houses, she put about, and stood out. A frigate and the two brigs, together with the *Thornton*, went in chase of her, and we had the satisfaction to see the *Harpy* gain on them all the while they continued in sight. But the wind dying away soon after led us to entertain fears of her safety.

'I went on board the *Commodore* in order to procure, if possible, the restitution of Lawrence's schooner, he being a native, but in vain. There were letters found on board addressed to me, and that was sufficient ground for condemnation. I dined there, and renewed my application for necessaries, but I was only able to procure a bag of biscuits and about twenty pounds of sugar, which was, however, a very grateful supply.

'*October* 10.—Mr. Watt and I went down in the morning to Freetown, when we had the mortification to see the *Harpy* in the harbour. A boat came ashore from her shortly after, in which were Telford, and Bracy and his family, with a good part of their private property which they had been permitted to keep. My first inquiry was for the despatches; and, understanding from Telford that they had been delivered to the Commodore, we immediately went on board to him. On my applying for the letters he told me very coolly that it was a pity I had not come a few minutes sooner, as he had just thrown them overboard. I looked out, and saw them floating on the water, on which I begged permission to take them up, together with a boat for that purpose. He agreed to this, but before it could be done altered his mind, I believe at Mariner's instigation, and refused the permission. I strove with him, I entreated, I protested. It was all in vain. He remained inflexible. Nothing had yet happened materially to disturb my mind, but this stroke affected me very forcibly. My regret for the loss of the letters, and my indignation at such unworthy treatment, such wanton cruelty, unhinged me not a little. Determined, however, to save what I could, I renewed my

[1] Henry Granville Naimbanna.

application for the public despatches, and for one letter addressed to myself from Mr. Horne, which had not shared the fate of the other letters. These they gave me with the exception of the invoices and catalogues of prices. They also gave me the newspapers and reviews which had not been destroyed.

'We came ashore dispirited and mortified and disappointed beyond measure, and I made the best of my way to Granville Town, where I found, to add to my uneasiness, Pepys's corpse lying unburied. He had died the morning before in great pain of body, and apparently great distress of mind. In the evening Mr. Jack, Banna, and Dublin, the natives who returned from England in the *Harpy*, came. They were stript of everything. They were, however, in tolerable spirits, and amused us very much by their account of what they had seen in England. They spoke in high terms of the kindness shown them by you and the other gentlemen.

'*October* 11.—Signor Domingo called in the morning, and promised to send us what provisions he could get. I learnt that it was the Commodore's intention to put all his prisoners[1] ashore, and as they amounted to near one hundred and twenty the news excited my serious apprehensions. I therefore wrote him a strong remonstrance on the subject, renewing my demands for provisions, spirits, wine, medicines. I feared little good effect would arise from the measure, but then we should at least be no worse for it. The Frenchmen for some days had confined themselves to the town, as the Settlers had now plucked up a little courage, and made a show of resistance whenever they ventured into the country. To-day a party of Frenchmen who had gone out in quest of booty were terribly alarmed by some of the Settlers who had set upon them. I met them running back with the most laughable precipitation. I was apprehensive they would have known me, but their terror was so great that they did not even perceive me. The brig *Sophia* of London, Captain Bevans, was taken to-day as she was coming into the river. This was a rich prize. The Rev. Mr. Langlands[2] came up to Granville Town in the afternoon. He had been able to save nothing but his gown. All his books and papers, the product of many years' hard study, were refused him. He seemed a good deal affected by the loss of these, as it would prove so totally impossible to replace them. He bore his new and trying situation, however, with a good deal of equanimity.

'*Sunday, October* 12.—Notice had been given of service being performed at this place to-day, and a good many people

[1] These were English seamen.

[2] The new Chaplain who had arrived in the *Harpy*.

attended. It was agreed that I should introduce Mr. Langlands. I preached in the forenoon, and Mr. Langlands in the afternoon.

'*October* 13.—On my coming into Freetown in the morning I met with some French officers, who told me the Commodore had sent them ashore with provisions for me in consequence of what I had written. The quantity sent was more than I expected. I went on board and thanked the Commodore for his goodness, and expressed a hope that he would comply with my other demands, but to this he turned a deaf ear. As they were preparing to sail I made haste ashore again, and had the satisfaction to see them depart about noon.

'Left now to ourselves, I ordered an allowance of six pounds of flour and four pounds of beef to each of the prisoners, to last for one week, also a little spirits. The number of prisoners was about one hundred and twenty, and joined to the Europeans in the Settlement made the number one hundred and sixty. The beef was nearly exhausted at the first serving. I engaged several tolerably good boarded houses in town for myself and some others of my household, which I directed to be put in order, and returned to Granville Town. The house I took for myself contains a hall twenty-two feet by fifteen, and two small rooms, one of which serves for a bedroom, and the other for a place for our provisions. The other houses are only single apartments of about fifteen feet square.

'The Settlers had, during the time the French stayed here, behaved with kindness to all of us, and there was no instance of any of them, even of those who were most disaffected, showing a disposition to insult any of us. I was indeed much better pleased with their conduct than I had yet been. They had saved a good deal of rice and molasses, and also rum, which I gave them to understand should not be claimed; but that everything else, belonging to the Company, which they might have saved, I should think the Company entitled to. Great quantities of lumber had been removed by them in the night-time to their own yards. They had stript off and removed the lining of many of the houses, and the frame of the old hospital was almost entirely saved. They had also saved two or three of the Company's boats, and a great quantity of ironmongery. All these things I expected to be returned.

'We had received notice a few days ago from Aspinwall that he had twenty tons of rice ready for us; and Tilley sent down a barrel of gunpowder, and promised to spare us more if we should want it.

'*October* 14.—I convened as soon as I could the Hundreders, Tithingmen, and some of the principal inhabitants. After

saying a few words to them on the vast sum of money the Company had laid out on this place, and on their various losses, I told them that it was necessary that they should apply themselves without any delay to farming. They saw now the decided advantages which those who were possessed of farms had over those who had no farms. No one, however, could expect future aid who did not faithfully restore all the Company's property in his possession, provisions of all kinds excepted; and for the goods which should be restored a salvage would be paid them of four shillings in the pound. There appeared to be a disposition among the people present to raise a number of objections; but I told them that I had made up my mind that they were in justice bound to restore the Company's property now, as much as if they had assisted in rescuing their neighbours' furniture from fire. They made me no reply, but I saw there were among them many much dissatisfied.

'In the afternoon an American schooner came in, which proved to be a vessel from Rhode Island loaded with rum, and with about forty casks of provisions of various kinds. I was made very uneasy by a report that the prisoners ashore had resolved to cut her off, which I took measures to prevent, and succeeded.

'*October* 15.—I pressed the American to sell his provisions, which he was disposed to do; but, being frightened by reports of an intended attempt to seize his vessel, he would not stay any longer, but set sail. We were plagued with continual reports of attacks meditated by natives, but I perceived they had their origin only among the Settlers themselves. They wished, I saw, to discover whether I had arms and powder to give them. I heard all the reports with great indifference, only telling them that if the natives should come, which I did not believe, they must defend themselves; and that, if they apprehended danger, they should fix patrols for the night.

'*October* 16.—We were obliged to have recourse again to the fabrication of paper money, an unpleasant, but at this time necessary expedient.

'*October* 18.—Banna[1] came here to-day, and I asked about the vessels. He said he thought if I would go up and talk with the King, that he would give them up. I told him I could not go myself, but that Watt and Buckle should go, which he said would do. I asked him the reason of the King's threatening war as he had done. He said the King was angry with me; and that he had said, if I did not comply with his demands, he would drive me out of the country. On this I desired him to tell the King that, if he was disposed to make any such attempt,

[1] One of the natives who had returned in the *Harpy* from a visit to England.

he should find such a warm reception as would prevent his repeating it. Banna had had a palaver with you in England about the original sale of our district; when Banna discovered to me the view the natives now have, and which he probably concealed both from you and Dawes. Their view is to have a palaver, to which those are to be cited who received any payment for the land. The amount of this payment they mean to repay to us, which they think will dissolve the contract, and that they will be at liberty to exact any yearly sum they think proper. This fine reasoning seems to have originated with Banna, who has acquired some strange notions of taxation and the rights of kings by his visit to England. I made a very short reply to his reasoning, saying that we had paid for the land, that it was in our possession, and that our consent would be wanted to such a measure.

'*October* 19.—Mr. Langlands preached twice. His thoughts and language are excellent, but unfortunately shrouded both from vulgar and English ears. He manifests, however, a great willingness to be put right, and in a little time the people will become familiarised to his dialect, which is unintelligible but to a Scotch ear.

'*October* 20.—Watt and Buckle went up to Robago to settle the palaver with the King. A schooner arrived from the Scarcies with four tons of rice and other provisions and necessaries.

'The Company's servants have now all got into town, many of them in a very poor state of health, to which the want of medicines, regular and nourishing diet, and good accommodation contributed not a little. It is among the English seamen, however, who received this day a further allowance of eight pounds of flour, there being no beef, that disease begins to make fearful ravages. The prospect is truly melancholy.

'*October* 21.—Calker[1] from the Plantains arrived here to-day, and seemed much affected by the ruinous state of the place. He told me that only one of the French brigs had called at the Bananas, the other vessels having gone round the shoals; that Mr. Cleveland had resolutely refused a pilot to carry the brig into the Sherbro, where the *Duke of Buccleuch* had taken shelter; and that after receiving some fresh stock, the brig departed without doing any injury.

'*October* 22.—I got together a few carpenters and labourers. and began building a store on the old foundation. We also laid out a space immediately above the store whereon to erect a church eighty feet by twenty. These and another house, which together with the upper part of the store, will afford shelter to

[1] A Slave-trader.

all the Company's officers during the rains, are the only buildings I have any intention at present of erecting.

'*October* 24.—Buckle came back and with him Banna. Watt was detained by the King on account, he alleged, of Watt's being saucy, until it should be known whether I had authorised him to be so. I returned for answer that I had put no particular words into Mr. Watt's mouth, but that I had told him in general to tell the King that his conduct towards us had been unjust and unbecoming. Banna said that the King had agreed to give up the vessels as he saw there was no just cause for seizing them, and that I might send for them immediately; and that he only detained Mr. Watt till he should get my answer.

'I sent up Captain Telford and some seamen to bring down the vessels, and sent Cooper to bear my answer. They are now beginning to be afraid of the consequences of their conduct.

'*October* 25.—Mr. Eveson came from the Bananas, and brought with him some goats for me, together with a cow and calf from Cleveland. I received at the same time very handsome offers of assistance should I require it. Watt returned from Robago in good health, nothing worse for having been a state-prisoner.

'*October* 28.—Jackson, from the Isles de Los, called here in his way down from Bance Island, He brought ashore two seamen who had died on board, to be buried, and he told us that there were twenty or thirty sick on board. I spoke with Jackson about his pestering me with applications for his people who had run away, and told him to discontinue them. I considered myself in no shape bound to answer to him for any men who might come ashore here, nor would I even say that I should not employ them. I spoke to him also of the Portuguese captives taken by Cantor from the vessels in which Keene came from Bissao. He said these were all in his custody, and should remain there till they were redeemed. I gave him to understand that I conceived it my duty to demand an account of these men from Cantor, when I should be able to do so.

'He left me and went on board his vessel, and as he was getting under weigh, sent his boat on shore with eighteen sick seamen on board, whom he left on the wharf in a most miserable plight. I was not made acquainted with this circumstance till next day, when I learnt at the same time that one of them had died in the course of the night. They were all of them, I was told, so weak that they were scarce able to ascend the hill; and it was with the utmost difficulty they got to a place of shelter.

'Aspinwall's schooner arrived with four tons of rice and some

other articles. The consumption of rice is much less than I expected, owing to the quantity of provisions on the farms. Almost all of us were now laid up; and what made it worse both for us and the seamen, who were dying fast, all the doctors were sick.

'*November* 4.—Vessels appeared in the offing. The Settlers were terribly frightened, and set themselves to removing their goods. They had got all their wearing apparel and portable property into the woods when the vessels proved to be, what I had judged them from the first, the *Duke of Buccleuch*, and a Liverpool slave-ship lately come on the coast, a small sloop belonging to Bance Island, and the schooner *Flora* belonging to Bristol, which the French brig had taken off the Bananas, and which had been made a present of to M. Mouton, a French trader. From him she was retaken by the Bance Island sloop. Tilley had gone out to meet the *Duke of Buccleuch*, and was now on board. I had a letter from him, enclosing one from you of the date July 4th. His letter informed me that the *Flora* was to be fitted out with all expedition to carry intelligence to England.

'*November* 6.—I was worse to-day, and all the other gentlemen were indisposed, and some of them very ill. The state of the seamen was shocking beyond all description, three and four were dying each day; and though we did what in our weakly situation and with our scanty provisions we could do to assist them, yet it was ineffectual. I believe none of them could be said to have wanted a meal of rice if they had been disposed to use it. To-day a cow, which had been for some time past at the Bullom shore, was killed and brought over, and divided in shares of three pounds each to the Company's servants, and the remainder given to the sick seamen.

'*November* 7.—Watt returned from Bance Island, bringing with him a supply of beef, flour, sugar, and butter. He also brought a little stationery, wine, and porter, so that I was enabled to make a division to each of the Company's servants, and to the seamen.

'*November* 15.—A Liverpool vessel, commanded by a Captain Clair, came down from Bance Island on her way to Cape Mount, taking slaves. Mr. Tilley and Captain Maclean, of the *Duke of Buccleuch*, came down at the same time. Mr. Tilley proposed that I should join him in a memorial to the Secretary of State respecting the conduct of the Americans on the coast. After much conversation on the subject, I found it most prudent to acquiesce; and accordingly a memorial will be drawn up and sent home. It will be addressed to Lord Grenville; and as a copy of it goes to you, and another to Messrs.

Anderson,[1] should you think its delivery improper, it may be crushed.

'About noon I was surprised by the appearance of my brother, though I soon guessed the cause. The *Sierra Leone* packet and the *James* and *William* had been run on shore by the French fleet, about a fortnight ago, at Bassa. They got all ashore among the natives, who stripped them of everything they had been able to save in their hurry out of the vessels. A good many more seamen were put ashore there by the French, who had been taken out of four or five slave vessels captured there. After remaining at Bassa a few days, boats were procured and put in order, in which my brother, and some other captains, and as many others as could sit in them, set off to the northward. They arrived safe at Cape Mesurado, where they found a factor of Mr. Cleveland's, who received them kindly, furnished them with provisions and additional boats, and also himself accompanied them. They kept along shore, rowing all the time, till they came to the mouth of the Sherbro. They put into Jenkins, where old Mr. Addow received them all very kindly. His son George, who used to visit us here, insisted on my brother accepting a suit of his dress-clothes, and appeared hurt at his declining them. From this place they reached the Bananas, and were hospitably entertained by Cleveland, who gave them a schooner to bring them hither.

'The French have already destroyed, on a moderate calculation, to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds sterling on this coast. The value of the Liverpool vessels alone is more than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

'*Sunday, November* 16.—Tilley and Captain Maclean returned to Bance Island. I preached twice from 1st Kings, chapters 20 and 21, as all our preachers were ill.

'*Tuesday, November* 25.—I feel so much better to-day that I venture once more to take up the pen after my severe illness, although still weak from my long confinement to bed. Tilley's dangerous illness has delayed the sailing of the *Flora*, so that I am able to continue my journal to a later date. I grieve to inform you of the deaths of poor Seeley and of Edwards.[2] Lowes[3] was able to attend Tilley at Bance Island in his illness.

'Mr. Jack, from the Bullom shore, whom I had sent for, came over, and seemed to relish my proposal of building a large house and a store on that side of the water. In this way I

[1] The owners of Bance Island.
[2] The gardener at the Botanical garden.
[3] Dr. Winterbottom's assistant.

trust soon to have a comfortable retreat, to which we may occasionally retire from internal noise and tumult, as well as from foreign invaders.

'*November* 26.—In writing of the past crisis, I have already noticed the inveterate rage of the American Slave-traders, but many of the English traders were no less hostile to us. Jackson, at the Isles de Los, when urged by Captain Smith of Liverpool to send a canoe here to apprise us of the force and destination of the French, which, says Captain Smith, he might have done three days before they left the Isles de Los, replied, "I 'll be damned if I do. I shall be glad to hear that not a house is left on the place." A Mr. Powell also, partner of Mr. Bolland of the Bananas, urged and aided the American, Mariner, in his designs, and shared the booty he procured from this place.

'I have already given you some traits of the conduct of the natives towards us. Except taking away whatever they could lay their hands on, which was naturally to be expected, the natives below us have behaved in an unexceptionable, and even in a friendly manner. The conduct of those above has been far otherwise. At the palaver, which will shortly be held, I mean to make demands of indemnification, and to fix by writings the business of our lands, and every other disputed point.

'The conduct of the Settlers is a subject still more interesting. During the stay of the French it was unusually kind and even affectionate toward us, so much better is the human mind fitted to bear and to improve by adversity than prosperity. But we had not been delivered two days from the fear of our enemies than they found out one day that I had betrayed the place to the French; another day, that I had surrendered the place in the hope of being able to save the buildings inhabited by ourselves by my sacrificing them, their families, and their property to the French; again, that I had strongly solicited the French Commodore to carry them all off; again, that there had been found in the stores a great variety of articles intended by the Company as presents to the Settlers, but which I had withheld from them. In short, not a day passed without some report equally idle, which did not indeed disturb my quiet in any shape, but which kept the Settlers' minds uneasy and agitated. With all this, except in some trifling instances, no insults have been given us. We have indeed kept ourselves much aloof from them, which is one reason why the outward respect they had been used to pay us has not been grossly violated; but the barrier which restrains them I believe to be very thin indeed.

'Our church, which is made to contain about five hundred people, will be ready for preaching in next Sunday. The church has been entirely deserted for some time past by the whole body of Methodists following Moses Wilkinson on account, they alleged, of the ill conduct of Mr. Jones who generally preached there; but as they absent themselves also from Mr. Langlands' ministrations, I should rather think on account of the wholesome truths they should hear there. These form a firm body of malcontents, united under leaders notorious for their discontent.

'Many good effects, however, have arisen from all our misfortunes, which it would be wrong to pass over. They have opened the people's eyes to the folly of having their whole dependence placed on the wages received for labour given to the Company. This has excited among many a strong spirit of industry, and emigrations into the country are multiplying daily. Even the hills, so long regarded with contempt and dislike, are now thought favourably of; and I expect the present dry season will make a greater revolution in our woods and mountains than the ravages the revolutionary detachment have made in our town. We have learnt too how great are our internal resources, and shall of course feel less anxiety on the score of supplying the Colony with food than we have yet done.

'We need not inform you that we are in want of every necessary and comfort of life. The vessels you now have in the country are only three, and they are destitute of everything. We are totally without arms and ammunition of every kind. The supply for the Colony may at all events be confined to necessaries. Provisions, tools, household furniture, and utensils, and good and cheap clothing, not omitting flannels and mattresses, such as are used on board ships, are also much wanted.

'The destruction of the Isles de Los and Bance Island, and the capture of almost all the slave-ships on the coast, have of course given a severe blow to the Slave Trade, and, notwithstanding the Company's losses, have brightened their prospects.'

TO MRS. BABINGTON.

Freetown, February 9, 1795.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I often please myself with taking a peep at the Temple with my mind's eye. I accompany you and your good man through the delightful task of planting and watering the tree of life in the hearts of your children. I

observe them intermit their attention, and my ear sweetly vibrates to the sound of 'Mamma, where's my Uncle Zachary?' Many, nay, not many I trust, years may intervene ere I be sheltered under your roof; but whenever it shall please God to give me an opportunity of thanking Him for having restored me to the sight of you and yours, I shall be gratified to find that the children have not forgot me. If in little Lydia's attention to the arrangement of her tea equipage, or in the midst of Tom's more manly amusements, you can find a vacant moment, forget not to whisper into their ears, that I love them with almost a father's love, and pray for them, perhaps, with half a father's ardour. The paltry piece of silver you will find enclosed may surprise you. It is the value I fix to it, paltry as it is, which has tempted me to send it you. Preserve it safely. It is a tribute of acknowledgment which I received on board a Guinea ship for a tear shed in pity for the sorrows of a poor mother torn from an only child. Her superior air attracted my notice. She had picked up a little English. 'My husband,' said she, 'lost his all by gaming; he was forced to sell me.' 'Left your children behind?' 'Yes,' replied the poor creature with streaming eyes, and raised one finger, as an indication of the number. It was at the Isles de Los the incident happened. 'Carry me back to Sierra Leone,' said she, 'and I will serve you for ever. I can sew, I can wash, I can do anything.' To soften the bitterness of a refusal, I told her to be comforted: a few weeks past, and she would arrive in a country where some kind master would reconcile her to her loss, and where she would not be likely again to be separated from her children. She wept; she then took several rings from her finger, and after burnishing them up as well as she could, she presented me with the best of them. I declined it, and took in the stead that which I now send you. A white handkerchief marked with my name was all I had to give her. She accepted it with silent thankfulness, and used it to dry her tears.

I have enjoyed moderate health since being on the African coast, but I am already so metamorphosed that you would scarce know me were you to see me. My face has regained its tropical colour, and my hair is cropped close to my head. We live very comfortably, although deprived of the converse of the fair. I fear if my exile continues for five years longer, that I shall be unfit for the society of any woman who will not like your friend Miss Sykes[1] attach little value to a bow. Neither the company of African Princesses, nor the courts of African men, exhibit any striking lessons of politeness and refinement.

[1] Afterwards Mrs. Henry Thornton.

I hope, however, on my return to England, to find that there is one name written down in the book of fate, which will be sunk in mine, and whose possessor will be content for my sake to encounter even Africa's burning clime.

May the God of life and love give his blessing to you and the dear little ones.—Your affectionate brother,

Z. MACAULAY.

After perusing these pages no surprise will be excited by Macaulay's health failing under the continual strain of anxiety and overwork. For some months he struggled bravely against giving way to illness, and continued to bear up until the reorganisation of the Colony after its disasters from internal disaffection and foreign invasion had been fairly completed. He then gladly accepted the proposal of the Court of Directors that he should return to England for a short time to recruit his strength, and to confer with them upon the affairs of Sierra Leone; and that Mr. Dawes should come out to take temporary charge during his absence, an excellent arrangement which smoothed away all difficulties.

But the mode of his return home was singularly characteristic of the man. Instead of availing himself of the very modest luxuries offered by a passage in one of the vessels in the service of the Company, Macaulay determined to make the voyage, for as great a distance as was possible, in a slave-ship; and, regardless of his invalid state, to embrace this opportunity of judging at close quarters of the situation and treatment of newly captured Africans on their passage to the West Indies. In taking this course it is clear that he acted with perfect simplicity, and without the slightest idea of self-sacrifice: nor does the matter ever seem to have presented itself either to him, or to his friends in England, as calling for comment and admiration. Thornton, Babington, and the rest of the allied band looked upon his action as the natural outcome of the principles which they all professed, and as a plain call of duty, which any one of them would have obeyed without hesitation if placed in similar circumstances.

The vessel was the *Anna*, bound to Barbados, and was overcrowded with slaves, so that there was no room on board for any passenger of any description. Of all passengers, as may easily be imagined, the Governor of Sierra Leone would be the most unwelcome; but Macaulay, with the quiet pertinacity

which distinguished him, overcame every obstacle, and took his passage on the vessel.

'*May* 5, 1795.—We went on board in the evening to view the accommodations. The captain told us we should see that a slave-ship was a very different thing from what it had been reported. The slaves had all been put below, but he was resolved to convince us of the truth of his statement. He accordingly said a few words to the women, to which they replied with three cheers and a laugh. He went forward on the main deck and spoke the same words to the men, who made the same reply. "Now," said he, "are you not convinced that Mr. Wilberforce has conceived very improperly of slave-ships?"

'He informed us that he had had a mutiny of his crew, and an insurrection of his slaves, but he added that I need be under no apprehensions now, for he kept such a guard upon the slaves as would baffle all their efforts should they attempt to rise. He showed me where my cot was to hang, and said he hoped I should not find any inconvenience from a few small slaves sleeping below it. "The smell," he said, "would be unpleasant for a few days; but when we had got into the trade-winds it would no longer be perceived."

'*May* 6.—On going on board this morning I found another slave captain, B——, in conversation with the captain of the *Anna*. "I have lost four slaves already," said our captain, "and all owing to that rascal who has palmed himself off on me for a surgeon. The fellow has killed them. As soon as I get home I shall apply to Mr. Wilberforce to prosecute Mr. —— of Liverpool, who recommended him to me." "I have a fellow of a surgeon too," said B——, "who has killed two slaves for me, but I was resolved not to put up tamely with the loss. When he killed the second I called him aft, and inquired the cause of the slave's death, and what medicine had been administered. I then asked him if the medicine which he had given was a good one. He said, 'Yes, very good for that particular complaint.' I told him, 'I do not believe you, but I shall soon see,' and with that I prepared a double dose of it, and poured it down the rascal's throat."

'At two in the afternoon the ship got under weigh, and proceeded with a favourable wind. The slaves had a very unhealthy look, being meagre, dirty, and without one exception scorbutic. There were on board one hundred and seventy male slaves and seventy females. Four slaves had already died.

'*May* 7.—I observed one woman handcuffed, and inquired the cause. I found she had lately attempted to drown herself,

and for this misdemeanour she had received a severe punishment, and was still handcuffed as an example to the rest.

'About midnight I was waked by a great noise in the cabin, which arose from one of the slaves being ill. The surgeon was called, but his applications were fruitless, as the woman died in about two hours.

'*May* 8.—The men slaves were brought on deck. They seemed extremely dispirited, and drooped very much. In some of their countenances there appeared a settled gloom. The captain and the officers seemed to think that they had mischief in their minds.

'*May* 23.—I observe the slaves reject their food. The officer on duty threatened them with the cat, and then they made a show of eating by putting a little rice into their mouths; but whenever the officer's back was turned they threw it into the sea.

'*May* 24.—The captain again wanted the slaves to dance; but they shewed no inclination till the cat was called for. A few indeed were content to have the cat smartly applied several times before they would so much belie their feelings as to make merry when their heart was sad. Some of the women sing very sweetly and in a plaintive tone. But the songs which accompany their dancing consist only of one stanza, constantly repeated, and have little music in them.

'*May* 29, 1795.—To my great joy, about ten o'clock in the forenoon the island of Barbados appeared in sight. The slaves set up a great shout, but in a few seconds their countenances fell. Possibly they thought that some great change was now about to take place in their condition, and their ignorance of what it might be filled them with painful forebodings. We cast anchor about four in the afternoon, soon after which I took my leave of the captain and officers, and went ashore. The captain's behaviour towards me was very civil and attentive. He paid me the compliment never once to swear while I was on board, and he also repressed the practice among the officers and seamen. I observed, however, when we went ashore, that he was much addicted to the vice.

'From the above account you will conceive that my situation could not have been a pleasant one. During the night I hung over a crowd of slaves huddled together on the floor, and the stench at times was almost beyond endurance. During the day, indeed, I had the cabin a good deal to myself, but the noise of the slaves on deck was excessive. There was no possibility of my having any exercise, as the quarter-deck was so fully occupied by the slaves during the day, as to render it difficult to move without treading on them. But if, even in

health, my situation was unpleasant, it was still more so when I happened, as was frequently the case, to be much indisposed. The dissatisfaction, however, which was ready to arise on such occasions received a check from considering that if my state, possessed as I was of so many superior comforts; cheered by the hope of soon beholding friends who were dear to me; with various means in my power of amusing my thoughts and alleviating my sufferings; with the consolations also arising from religion to support as well as to soothe the mind; if my state, under all these favourable circumstances, was so uncomfortable, what must theirs have been whom I saw around me, extended naked on the bare boards; unable when sick to reveal the cause of their complaints; ignorant of the fate which awaited them; filled with fears either of a horrid death or a cruel servitude; and without the most distant prospect of ever beholding the face of one of those friends or relatives from whom they had been forcibly torn. Their cup is full of pure, unmingled sorrow, the bitterness of which is unalloyed by almost a single ray of hope.'

CHAPTER V

VISIT TO ENGLAND AND ENGAGEMENT

FROM Barbados Macaulay made his way to England, and on his arrival found the Babingtons settled at a country-house which they had hired for a time near Sidmouth. His sister was in a delicate state of health, and her doctors had insisted upon her leaving her home for a year, and trying the softer climate of Devonshire. This change was a great disappointment to Macaulay, who cherished a romantic attachment to Rothley Temple, and travelled to Leicestershire, in the November after his arrival, in order to spend a few hours at the beloved spot. He writes: 'To this place I owe myself. If there be in me any principles for whose rectitude I can appeal to the searcher of hearts, if there be in me any desires superior, in reason's estimation, to those of the beasts which perish, here were they first called into action. It would be hard for me to describe the variety of mixed emotions with which I take a retrospect, seated in the little parlour,[1] of what has passed since I first entered its, to me, hallowed bounds.'

But the circumstance of the Babingtons being at Sidmouth was in fact fortunate for him, as the sea air was beneficial to his health, and the change of climate and rest soon restored him to his usual condition.

His time also was pleasantly diversified by long and frequent visits to Wilberforce and Henry Thornton, both at their houses in London, and at the charming villa which in those years, while they were both still unmarried, they shared together at Battersea Rise, on the north side of Clapham Common. The two friends had adopted this plan to ensure a safe retreat, where they could devote themselves without interruption to their arduous labours upon the slave question; and where they

[1] The room on the left of the entrance, called by the Babingtons the breakfast parlour.

could pass their Sundays in devotional exercises and quiet intercourse with those companions only whose habits and opinions were congenial to their own.

Their precautions to ensure privacy do not appear to have been at all superfluous when we peruse the account of their daily occupations in the many letters which remain to us. But perhaps the most graphic picture is that given in the Life of Wilberforce of an ordinary day at his house in Old Palace Yard.

'His breakfast-table was crowded by those who came to him on business, or with whom, for any of his plans of usefulness, he wished to become personally acquainted. His ante-room was thronged from an early hour, and its later tenants only quitted it when he himself went out on business. Like every other room in his house, it was well stored with books; and experience had led to the exchange of the smaller volumes, with which it was originally furnished, for cumbrous folios, which could not be carried off by accident in the pocket of a coat. Its group was often most amusing, and Mrs. Hannah More used to liken it to Noah's ark, "full of beasts clean and unclean." On one chair sat a Yorkshire constituent, manufacturing or agricultural; on another a Wesleyan preacher; on another a petitioner for charity, or a House of Commons client; while side by side with a negro, a foreign missionary, or a Haytian professor, sat some man of rank who sought a private interview. Pitt, and his other parliamentary friends, might be found there at dinner before the House. Indeed so constant was their resort, that it was asserted, not a little to his disadvantage in Yorkshire, that he received a pension for entertaining the partisans of the minister. Clarkson, Dickson, and other Abolitionists, jocosely named by Pitt Wilberforce's white negroes, were his constant inmates, and were employed in revising and abridging evidence under his eye.'

Battersea Rise itself remains still but little altered by the encroachments of suburban building, but at that time it was situated almost in the country, and the pleasant spacious house, wreathed with wistaria and honeysuckle, looked across the beautiful lawn to distant vistas of spreading fields and forest trees. The interior exhibited for nearly a century the impression of the bachelor habits of its early owners. The principal sitting-room, a graceful oval room, which the tradition of the family asserted was designed by Pitt, instead of being converted

into the customary drawing-room, retained the bookcases with which it was surrounded by Thornton and Wilberforce, and was always known as the library.

There was still one thing wanting to complete Macaulay's education, in the opinion of his friends, and that was that he should be introduced to Hannah More, with whom, during his absence in Sierra Leone, the little confederacy had formed a close alliance. Henry Thornton took particular pains that the introduction should take place under favourable circumstances, and arranged that Macaulay's first visit should include a Sunday, the day upon which he could see the schools established by the sisterhood, to special advantage. At the time Macaulay made the acquaintance of the Miss Mores, they were living at Cowslip Green, a cottage about nine miles from Bristol on the Cheddar side.

These ladies were the five daughters of a Suffolk gentleman, who, disappointed of a large inheritance of which he seems to have had just expectations, found himself dependent on his own exertions for a maintenance. He obtained the mastership of a foundation school in the west of England, where he married the daughter of a farmer, a woman of sense and considerable natural abilities, who exerted herself to procure for her children a superior education. The elder daughters, as soon as they were grown up, opened at Bristol a boarding-school for young ladies, which before long acquired a high reputation; and the two youngest of the family, Hannah and Patty, were at first pupils and afterwards assistant governesses to their sisters.

Hannah, who was born in 1745, was from her earliest years remarkable for quickness of intelligence and thirst for knowledge. As time went on, her varied acquirements and lively conversation attracted great attention. Her reputation in the neighbourhood of Bristol preceded her to London; and on her first visit to the metropolis in 1774, she was welcomed with open arms by the wits and learned ladies of the day, and was received at once into the brilliant circle which gathered round Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mrs. Montagu. With the Garricks she formed a close friendship, and found from that time a second home in their house. She must indeed have possessed a remarkable power of attracting and retaining regard, for during the greater part of her long life she was the

object of affectionate attention to many whose friendship might well be esteemed an honour. Her sister, Miss Sally More, tells an amusing story of a visit to Dr. Johnson.

'Miss Reynolds ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's very own house; yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion! Not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night at the spot, as they imagined, where the Weird Sisters appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest: however, they learnt the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, "She was a silly thing."'

On Hannah's return to Bristol she one day said to her sisters. 'I have been so fed with praise and flattering attentions, that I think I will venture to try what is my real value by writing a slight poem and offering it to Cadell myself.' The result was the publication of *Sir Eldred of the Bower* and *The Bleeding Rock.* The taste of the present generation has been formed on other models, and it is difficult to treat seriously poems of which the beauties consist in such passages as the following:

'Then Birtha faintly rais'd her eye,
Which long had ceased to stream,
On Eldred fix'd, with many a sigh,
Its dim departing beam.

. . . . . .

'The mournful Muse forbears to tell
How wretched Eldred died:
She draws the Grecian Painter's veil,
The vast distress to hide.'

But at that period these performances excited great admiration. Mrs. Montagu writes: 'Your *Rock* will stand unimpaired by ages, as eminent as any in the Grecian Parnassus.' Edmund Burke read them with pleasure, and they are said to have made

the best part of his entertainment during a visit to the country. Johnson, himself the author of one of the noblest poems in the English language, gratified Hannah highly by his praise. She wisely says, 'To me the best part of his flattery was, that he repeats all the best stanzas by heart.' A day or two later Johnson spent an evening at Garrick's house, and Hannah writes: 'Hardly ever spent an evening more pleasantly or profitably. Johnson, full of wisdom and piety, was very communicative. Our tea was not over till nine; we then fell upon *Sir Eldred*: he read both poems through, suggested some little alterations in the first, and did me the honour to write one whole stanza;[1] but in the *Rock* he has not altered a word.' Hannah once asked Garrick why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches both of and to him. 'Why, Nine,' replied Garrick, using the familiar name with which he was accustomed to compliment her playfully as being the embodiment, in her own person, of the accomplishments of the Nine Muses, 'it is very natural; is it not to be expected he should be angry, that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success?'

Animated by the approbation she had met with, and by Garrick's kind encouragement, Hannah now attempted a bolder flight, and produced a five-act tragedy in blank verse entitled *Percy*, to which Garrick contributed a prologue and epilogue. About this she writes: 'The reception of *Percy* has exceeded my most sanguine wishes. Garrick bids me say that all is as it should be.' The success was very great. Hannah tells her sisters with just pride: 'The author's rights, sale of the copy, etc., amounted to near six hundred pounds, and as my friend Mr. Garrick has been so good as to lay it out for me on the best security, it makes a decent little addition to my small income. Cadell confesses that it has had a very great sale, and that he shall get a good deal of money by it. The first edition was near four thousand, and the second is almost sold.' *Percy* remained a stock play on the stage; and ten years later, when, after the great actor's death, Hannah was paying Mrs. Garrick her annual visit, Mrs. Siddons was acting in it. 'I dined with Sir Joshua, Mr. Burke, and two or three others of that stamp. They cried all at once, "Were you not delighted with Mrs.

[1] The stanza beginning 'My scorn has oft.'

Siddons last night in *Percy*?" I replied, "No; for I did not see her!" They would not believe me guilty of such insensibility, adding, "She did it exquisitely, as the tears of Mr. Fox, who sat with us, testified."'

Hannah was now fairly launched as a popular author, and her name was sufficient to ensure a considerable sale to any work. She was tempted to publish a little pastoral drama which she had written at the age of seventeen to be acted by the pupils of her sisters' school. 'I believe Patty will be a great fortune at last: for the ninth edition of my present to her, *The Search after Happiness*, is gone to the press. I am really shocked at the public taste, which has taken off ten thousand copies of a poem which I have not patience to read.'

By prudence and good management Hannah was before long in a position to indulge her strong predilection for the country, and she became the happy possessor of a thatched cottage with a few acres of ground, which her taste soon converted into a charming abode. Horace Walpole, with whom she was a great favourite, was delighted with the name, and said Cowslip Green was a relation, a cousin at least, to Strawberry Hill. Here she was able to follow her predilection for the pursuit of horticulture, and she writes, 'I spend almost my whole time in my little garden. "From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," I am employed in raising dejected pinks, and reforming disorderly honeysuckles.'

But about this time an important change began to take place in Hannah More's views and habits. She seems to have been always considered serious by her friends; and even when dazzled by her first introduction into London society, she had steadily declined Sunday invitations, declaring herself, as Sally More expressed it, 'of the Christian faction'; and had in consequence been the object of some kindly ridicule from Horace Walpole, who called her Saint Hannah, and joked about her being a 'Sunday woman.' On coming to town in 1779 for a visit, she found that it had become the fashion among her friends to make pilgrimages to the city to attend the preaching of John Newton.

This remarkable man had recently been presented by Mr. John Thornton, a benevolent and wealthy London merchant, and the father of Henry Thornton, to the rectory of the united

parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch, Lombard Street. He had resigned the curacy of Olney, where his friendship had proved a doubtful blessing to Cowper, in bitter mortification and disappointment at the failure of his efforts, during twelve years of unremitting toil, to improve and educate his parishioners. As he himself told his biographer Cecil, he believed he never should have quitted Olney had not so incorrigible a spirit prevailed in the parish which he had so long laboured to reform. The climax came when his efforts to put down the custom of bonfires and illuminations on the fifth of November led to a riot at Olney. Newton writes:

'When the day came there was great opposition. Not only the worldly and wicked, but I am sorry to say the Baptists in a body set themselves against it. Many put up candles who had not done so in former years, and those who had, doubled their number. This gave encouragement to the sons of Belial, and when night came on there was much riot and confusion. A wild and lawless mob paraded the streets, breaking windows and extorting money. My house was expressly threatened. Mrs. Newton was so terrified that I was forced to send an embassy and beg peace. A soft message, and a shilling to the captain of the mob, secured his protection, and we slept in safety. Alas, tell it not in Gath, I am ashamed of the story.'

Newton entered upon his new field of work with high hopes of being useful in it, and he might well feel gratification at the effect which he produced upon Hannah More. She made one of a party who went to hear him preach, and his sermon made so strong an impression upon her mind that she sought his acquaintance, and soon embraced the decided Evangelical views which he advocated. She also adopted at the same time, with all the warmth of her enthusiastic nature, the opinions on the Slave Trade which Newton was endeavouring to inculcate upon his London audience with all the earnestness of a man who had himself witnessed the evils which he denounces. He writes at this time to Hannah More: 'My account of the Slave Trade has the merit of being true. I think this infamous traffic cannot last long; but should it still be persevered in, I think it will constitute a national sin, and of a very deep dye. I should tremble for the consequences; for whatever politicians may think, I assuredly know there is a righteous judge who governs the earth.' An acquaintance with Wilberforce and with his

friends Henry Thornton and Babington soon followed, with all of whom Hannah formed an intimate friendship, and from that time her pen and great influence were enlisted on the side of the Abolitionists.

In 1789 Hannah More's sisters were enabled by the fruits of their unceasing industry to retire from their anxious and laborious employment, and from this date the five Miss Mores divided their time between Cowslip Green and a house at Bath, in Pulteney Street, which they had built for themselves. The union between them was very close, and entire harmony reigned among them during their long lives. Dr. Johnson once made Hannah and Sally More tell him their history; and when they had related how they were born with more desires than guineas; and how as years increased their appetites, the cupboard at home had begun to grow too small to gratify them; and how they had set out to seek their fortunes, and found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into their knowledge-boxes, they happened to find a 'little larning'; and how at last, by giving a little of this 'little larning' to those who had less, they had got a good store of gold in return; he exclaimed with warm approbation, 'I love you both—I love you all five; I will come to Bristol on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses!' His warmth and tenderness were such that the sisters were quite affected by the scene.

The first use the Miss Mores made of their leisure was to establish schools for the instruction of the poor, in the country within twenty miles around Cowslip Green. The ignorance and prejudice which they had to encounter in their charitable enterprise are scarcely credible to this generation; and it is related that the farmers opposed the innovation from patriotic motives, saying that the country in which the ladies were introducing this disturbance had never prospered since religion had been brought into it by the monks of Glastonbury. The difficulty they had also in finding decent teachers was very great; and, as an instance of the state of neglect into which that part of Somersetshire had sunk, Hannah More mentions that there were thirteen adjoining parishes in their neighbourhood without so much as a resident curate among them. The sisters were

largely supplied by their friends with the funds necessary for their arduous undertaking, and Henry Thornton, in particular, seems to have given them an unlimited credit on his purse. In a beautiful letter to Wilberforce, Hannah More describes the opening of one of the schools in a district so notorious for crime and vice that it was nicknamed Botany Bay.

'It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes; three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged; many are thieves, and all ignorant, profane, and vicious beyond belief. When the clergyman, a hard man, who is also the magistrate, saw one hundred and seventy of these creatures, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish in some way, kneeling round us, he burst into tears. I can do them little good, I fear; but the grace of God can do all. Your friend Henry Thornton thought we ought to try.'

Macaulay, as was to be expected, was greatly interested by the work that the Mores were carrying on. Mr. and Mrs. Babington were already upon terms of close intimacy with the sisters, and had visited them several times during their residence at Sidmouth, and Macaulay was quickly admitted by Hannah and Patty More into their innermost circle of friendship, and was a frequent and welcome guest both at Pulteney Street and Cowslip Green. The result was that his feelings soon became strongly interested in a lady who resided under their roof.

Miss Selina Mills, who was born in 1767, was the daughter of a member of the Society of Friends who had been formerly a bookseller in Bristol. Although Mr. and Mrs. Mills belonged to the Quaker persuasion their children were members of the Church of England; and Selina, who had been educated at the school presided over by the Miss Mores, was a great favourite of theirs, and lived almost entirely with them, appearing to have been regarded by them as a sixth sister. She is said to have been extremely pretty and attractive; her temper was sweet, and her disposition retiring and reserved even to timidity. Macaulay soon became attached to her; but unwilling to engage her heart while he had no prospect before him but that of a life spent at Sierra Leone, he determined not to betray his feelings, and to quit England without attempting to draw any avowal from Miss Mills of the state of her affections.

Similar resolutions are often made, and generally made to be

broken, but Macaulay was of an uncommon character, and his sense of duty was unusually strict. There is every appearance of probability that he would have retained his self-command to the end but for the peculiar course of conduct which was adopted by the Miss Mores. He was to sail from Portsmouth in February 1796, and the Chairman and Court of Directors required his almost constant attendance in London till then, that they might consult him upon matters touching the welfare of their Colony, and also that he might, in addition to his other duties, complete the arrangements for the Wesleyan Methodist Mission to the Foulah nation. The Directors had undertaken that this Mission should have a free passage in the *Calypso*, one of their vessels, and should be started in Africa under the auspices of their Governor.

Macaulay, however, was deluged with letters from Hannah More and her sister Patty, insisting that it was a case of imperative necessity for him to make an expedition to take leave of them before so long an absence. He felt that the friendship with which they had honoured him demanded some concession to their reiterated entreaties, and he accordingly arranged to spend a short time at Bath with them. The Babingtons, who were anxious to enjoy as much of his society as possible before his departure, agreed to come up from Sidmouth to meet him at Bath, and proposed then to travel back with him to town, and to stay on at Battersea Rise, where he was living with Thornton and Wilberforce.

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

Bath, January 14, 1796.

DEAR SIR,—I have only two minutes to say that we look forward to the hope of seeing you and Mr. and Mrs. Babington on Monday next with no small pleasure. It would have added very much to our satisfaction could we have secured to ourselves the society of the whole little party under our own roof, but these inhospitable town houses deny one such a pleasant privilege. My merry sister—I need not add that I mean Sally—has been on the scout ever since your letter came to look for lodgings, hitherto with little success, Bath being full crowded running over. The Queen's birthday, however, being luckily that which you have fixed upon for coming, there is little

doubt but many neighbouring apartments will on that day be emptied of their inhabitants, and you may depend on our securing some place of reception for you. At all events you must drive straight hither on Monday. You will, I hope, pass that evening and your following days with us, and we will try that your lodging may be as near us as possible, though perhaps not quite as near as we could wish.

Miss Mills has been busy at work transcribing your *Communicant*. We much approve what you have done, but have ventured to abridge in a few instances. Pray do not forget to bring her previous performance, as I daresay she would be miserable to have it lost, and I must return the manuscript.—I am, in great haste, your obliged and faithful H. MORE.

A circumstance which considerably increased the difficulties of the situation was that it had come to Macaulay's knowledge, shortly before starting for Bath, that Mrs. Hannah More suspected him of a preference for her young friend. He writes about this:—

'The particularity of Thornton's inquiries with respect to the state of my mind after his return from Cowslip Green, convinced me that what I said to Mrs. More on the last occasion of our meeting, rather unguardedly, and into which she herself indeed betrayed me, had led to important conclusions. I never dreamed of any other quarter from which surmises were likely to arise, as I could not suppose that Horne had disregarded my injunctions, or that he could act so imprudently as to suffer sentiments to go abroad as mine, which I told him I had resolved to suppress as unfavourable to my repose. Indeed I had not the vanity to entertain even a hope that Miss Mills regarded me with the smallest preference, nay I greatly mistrusted my being possessed of a common chance of making myself agreeable to her, even with opportunities which I saw were not to be expected. I was exceedingly slow to credit the existence of a reciprocal regard, and even Babington's acute conclusions did not give me any comfortable assurance on this head.'

Macaulay finally decided that, under the special circumstances, the most straightforward course for him now to pursue was to speak frankly to the Miss Mores; and as the time at his disposal was so limited, he took an early opportunity after his arrival in Pulteney Street of requesting Miss Hannah to favour him with a few minutes' conversation on a subject, he said, that concerned him very nearly. 'I think it might be

better not,' she answered, 'for your uneasiness will be, I fear, increased instead of lessened.' She was, however, unable to avoid the interview, for having once broken the ice Macaulay was resolute for an explanation. Hannah More cannot be acquitted of some duplicity in her dealings with him; for actuated by the anxiety she felt to spare pain to her beloved sister Patty, whose jealous affection for Miss Mills would, as she was well aware, brook no rival, she gave him to understand that the object of his regard was entirely indifferent to him, and that her feelings towards him did not exceed the limits of ordinary friendship. Hannah More probably was also strongly influenced by the opinion that the necessity of a residence on the West Coast of Africa, in the event of a marriage with Macaulay, made any engagement with him undesirable for her favourite. She had no opposition, however, to fear, for Macaulay at once acquiesced in the propriety of her decision as soon as he was convinced that any suffering that it entailed would fall upon him and upon him alone. He writes:—

'The colloquy certainly did not lessen my uneasiness. It made me, however, more resolute to make a painful sacrifice of feeling to what I thought at the time to be my duty, namely, to avoid giving Selina any intimation, direct or indirect, of the state of my mind. I afterwards understood that her looks during dinner might have betrayed, even to a superficial observer, that I was not the only person at table whose mind was affected, but I scarce dared to throw a glance that way, and so fearful was I of transgressing the limits I had virtually promised Miss Hannah to observe, that I did not even dare to ask for Selina or to mention her name on coming away. Little did I suppose that the short interval between my quitting the parlour and stepping into the carriage would change the whole course of my views, and would discover to me secrets which, in my then situation, I should never have thought of prying into. I love to dwell on this unexpected occurrence, because, taken in connection with other circumstances, it confirms me in an opinion, founded indeed mainly on other and better grounds, that our first meeting, as well as every subsequent incident in which we had each a share, was under a supreme direction. I was saved from years of perplexity and the most distressing doubts upon a point which more materially than all others affected my temporal happiness.'

The unexpected occurrence alluded to by Macaulay is said

to have been his accidentally seeing Miss Mills in a room downstairs alone and weeping bitterly, having been carefully excluded from the leave-taking in the drawing-room by the strategy of the Miss Mores. The sight of her distress swept away all barriers of prudence. He gave expression to feelings which he had hitherto repressed successfully; and in the surprise and excitement of the moment, she responded with a frankness and warmth which assured him of the regard which he had inspired in her breast. A few moments sufficed to establish a complete understanding between them; and as it was necessary for Macaulay to go off at once to London with the Babingtons, they agreed, after a hurried consultation, that he should return as soon as possible to Bath to break the tidings of the engagement to the sisterhood, as Miss Mills felt quite unequal to facing alone the wrath which she well knew the news would excite.

Macaulay writes:—

'At that time I remember it was almost an hour before I could persuade myself that what I had seen was not some dream, some delusion of the fancy. I was quite overwhelmed with the rapid influx of new reflections, new hopes and fears. I was placed suddenly in a situation of which a few minutes before I had not the most distant expectation, nay, of which I had studiously banished every hope. How much at this time did I owe to Babington and my sister; their more than brotherly tenderness, their affecting sympathy, their soothing concern, and, above all, their heavenly conversation did much to calm the tumult of my thoughts. But the effect of the assurance of Selina's affection was great on my mind and even on my health.'

The Babingtons behaved on this occasion with their usual kindness, and agreed to hasten the day fixed for their return to Sidmouth, so as to visit Bath on their way, and do all that lay in their power to reconcile the Miss Mores to the match. But Patty More, the youngest of the sisters, who had devoted herself to Miss Mills with that vehemence of regard which frequently becomes a torment to its object, had already apparently scented danger; and now the agitation which Macaulay's visit had evidently awakened in the mind of her friend confirmed her suspicions, and she soon contrived to unmask the offender, who was helpless before the indignant questions

poured upon her. Consequently when, in a day or two, Macaulay again presented himself at Pulteney Street in order that he and Miss Mills might make their joint confession, he met with a very different reception from any he had experienced before from the Miss Mores. His account, temperate and guarded as it was, of the stormy scenes he had to face, raised the indignation of Mrs. Babington, whose impetuous nature had not gone through the severe discipline which had subdued her brother's character and from which he had acquired the virtue of infinite patience, and who embraced his cause with passionate sympathy.

Macaulay writes to his sister:—

'In truth I have sometimes been surprised at what I cannot but now think the infatuation of the Miss Mores' conduct, considering what they knew and what they thought, in inviting me, certainly unnecessarily, to their house, and afterwards in insisting that you, Babington, and myself should, as it were, domesticate ourselves with them. I am the more surprised and chagrined at the extraordinary turn which Miss Patty's mind seems to have taken, as there was a warmth in her friendship, and a frankness in her manner which quite charmed me. I asked her once a few questions about Selina, chiefly with a view of discovering from her manner whether she at all suspected the state of my mind. She received my questions with such a repulsive coldness as quite surprised me, and made me soon quit the subject. One thing indeed I regret having said, because it was silly. It was an involuntary expression of surprise that those women who possessed the greatest share of intrinsic worth did not seem to possess that degree of estimation in the eyes of men which they merited. I could have bit my tongue with vexation, but the words were irrevocable.'

Hannah More, however, began soon to recover some sense of what was due to Macaulay, and she endeavoured to mitigate to a certain extent the situation in which he was, and which, in writing to his sister, he says he can only describe by likening it to being placed on tenterhooks. In the face of Miss Patty's determined opposition, Miss Mills may be credited with considerable courage for persisting in acknowledging her preference; but she was sufficiently under the influence of the Miss Mores to reject firmly any idea of accompanying him to Sierra Leone, and to be persuaded to insist upon the engagement being kept secret from her father and her own family. This

concealment was very distasteful to Macaulay; but his time was too short to admit of much leisure for discussion. He accordingly yielded the point, and after taking farewell of his betrothed, left for London, on the 1st of February 1796, in obedience to the wishes of the Court of Directors, having only been absent for four days. He writes:—

'But after all I left Bath far from satisfied with the decision in which I had reluctantly acquiesced. I left it too with an impression, which I strive to combat, that our friends have not dealt kindly and candidly by me, and this makes me a little uneasy. I lay to my own charge no small blame for being so selfish as to admit such an impression, arising probably from nothing else than their having opposed unreasonable wishes of mine.'

The Babingtons, with their accustomed attention to Macaulay's wishes, had already started for Bath, and met him at Marlborough.

TO MISS MILLS.

Marlborough, February 1, 1796, *half-past* 11 *at night.*

MY DEAR SELINA,—I found Babington and my sister expecting my arrival with a most friendly solicitude to know the result of my visit to Bath, and I received their congratulations on my improved looks, and on those prospects of future happiness which are open to me. It was truly grateful to hear friends so dear to me express for you the regard and affection due to a sister. It is their purpose to see you on their way home; and you may rest assured that our secret is safe with them.

Before I close this first letter to you I would once more pour out my heartfelt acknowledgments to God for having indulged me in the wish which lay nearest to my heart, that of finding on your part a return of that love, which has no doubt been a source of some pain and uneasiness, but to which I now look with fond expectations of happiness, which I trust God in his own good time will realise.

It is now near midnight. May kind angels guard your bed; may God be your Father and Jesus your friend; and may you ever remain assured that no distance of time and place shall diminish the love I bear you, the earnest desire I have to contribute to your happiness, and the real and unfeigned attachment which warms the breast of your most affectionate and faithful Z. MACAULAY.

1 *King's Arms Yard, Colenian Street,*[1] *London,*
February 7, 1796, 12 *at night.*

MY DEAR SELINA,—I sit down to write to you at an hour when I am not in any danger of interruption, and would premise that I have no wish to revive a discussion in the issue of which I have acquiesced, however my judgment may have differed from yours. I only wish, for fear of misapprehension, to convey to you the real state of some facts which may reach your ears from another quarter, perhaps a little mutilated. The following is the substance of what I told Babington of our affairs when I met him at Marlborough. I said that you had consented to be mine, but that you had, at the same time, satisfied me that you could give me no hope of your marrying with a view to accompany me to Africa. I added, from myself, that this state of the case did not preclude you from using your discretion in deciding at a future period according to fresh circumstances which might arise, and that therefore the question might be considered in a measure as open. I wish you to say whether I have been accurate in my statement, as I find by a letter from Babington, that in talking over the matter with Mrs. Hannah More, he found she differed materially from him in her view of the case.

I think it right to give you these facts, as it is probable Mrs. Hannah More may take notice of the difference of opinion which existed between her and Babington, and may thereby cause you some uneasiness. We know so little what a day may bring forth to vary the nature of our obligations and the current of our feelings, that unconditional resolutions respecting the exact line of conduct to be pursued at remote periods are as far as possible to be avoided. That you are persuaded your duty now calls you to determine against going to Africa is to me a sufficient reason for your adopting that determination; but if I know anything of Selina Mills, I know that, should she ever be equally persuaded it was her duty to resolve on going to Africa, she would not hesitate a moment.

You will not readily suspect me of wishing to lessen the great obligations we are under to the Miss Mores, or to detract from the singular excellence of their characters. But I cannot help thinking them outrageously violent on several points. Should you at all have made a similar remark, your opinion may be strengthened by knowing mine, and you may be disposed to exercise your judgment even when it opposes theirs. One of the points I allude to is the effect of marriage in narrowing the heart, and hardening it against the impressions of former friendships, whence they draw conclusions hostile to marriage itself.

[1] Mr. Henry Thornton's town house at that time, before he moved to Palace Yard, near the Houses of Parliament.

If we consult history, however, we shall find that however some minds may have attained in the retirement of the cloister an uncommon degree of purity, that no set of men, nor any modes of life, have ever produced examples of ferocious relentless cruelty, of hearts steeled against every tender feeling, equal to what have appeared among monks of the Romish Church. But to return from this digression into which I have been rather surprised, I would mention another point on which they express themselves too strongly, I mean the question I put respecting the propriety of making the state of our affair known to your father. Miss Patty observed, in speaking of it, 'Miss Mills would rather put an end to the affair, I am sure, than mention it to her father.' For my own part I acquiesced in the reasons you assigned for avoiding any communication with him on the subject, and should not have perhaps again spoken of it, had it not afforded me an opportunity of exemplifying what I meant, when I ventured to say, that in some cases there appears in these dear ladies a degree of violence a little unwarrantable. I am sure I have cause to make every allowance for their warmth when I consider that a strong affection for you excites it, and when I consider how prone I myself am to throw the make-weights of strong and hyperbolical expressions into that side of the scale which I am anxious should preponderate. If the violence arising from an ardent mind be a blot in them, how ought a sense of it to humble me, whose ardour in general wastes itself on objects which, compared with those they pursue, are light as air. I fear, Selina, did you know but half the weaknesses under which I groan, that esteem you have expressed for me would quickly vanish. While every person I see around me shows me my deficiency, more especially in the great grace of humility, I still make no progress in increasing my measure of it. Keep in mind that this is one of the things I most stand in need of. Our business is not to estimate our state by our success or by our reputation, but by the soundness of the principles on which we act. While sure that we are walking in the straight and narrow way, though we should seem to have no fruit of our labours, yet we shall not spend our strength in vain. St. Paul laboured, no doubt hoping to succeed. Those who labour for Christ's sake are happy in doing their Lord's will whether they succeed or not. Those who labour for the sake of success become proud of themselves if they meet with it; while, if they fail, or have a less extensive sphere of usefulness assigned them than they think themselves calculated to fill, they become discontented with their lot, and feel disposed after a few struggles to abandon as hopeless the cause they have taken in hand.—Ever yours, Z. MACAULAY.

FROM MRS. BABINGTON.

Sidmouth, February 9, 1796.

DEAR BROTHER,—My anxiety on account of your affair with Miss Mills was not at all more than might have been expected from a sister who dearly loves you; but Mr. Babington's was more singular, for I think it far surpassed mine, though in general he has so great a command over his feelings. He was so disturbed on your account as to quite disturb his sleep and affect his health, and I believe would almost have sacrificed anything to have been able to put matters in a comfortable train for you. He will, I am sure, have great pleasure during your absence in doing anything that he thinks will be likely in the least degree to contribute to the comfort of Miss Mills. I already feel quite the affection of a sister for her. Do desire her to be open with us, and assure her that we shall have real pleasure in being of use to her in any way, and I hope she will spend her summer with us.

She behaved very pleasingly, and with great propriety when we called. At first she was evidently considerably agitated, but very soon recovered herself. I am very glad that you have put her upon her guard with respect to the Miss Mores. I believe them to be very good women, but they certainly see things much too strongly. I cannot think that they have acted with perfect candour in this affair, but I shall be very careful how I say so.

I had a letter from Miss Sykes[1] the other day. She says: 'I was made very happy by observing so great a change in your excellent brother's countenance and appearance yesterday when he was so kind as to call and take leave of me. Highly as I have ever respected him, I think I never prized his worth so much as at that moment. He showed the line that the real Christian will always take; composed on the eve of such a destination; cheerful, though separated from those he most loved; his conduct forcibly told me that the servant of God must prefer the cause of religion to every selfish feeling, and when he left the room I seriously examined my heart whether, if with all the gratitude of which I talk so much, I could have gone and done likewise.'

Mr. —— came hither on Monday last, and before he went away he opened his mind quite about his having some thoughts of making an offer to one of the Miss Heys,[2] which he means to do very soon. He asked me whether I thought Miss

[1] Miss Sykes, an intimate friend of Mrs. Babington, was at this time engaged to Mr. Henry Thornton. Their union proved a very happy one.

[2] Mr. William Hey of Leeds, an eminent surgeon, was an intimate friend of Mr. Wilberforce.

Hey possessed as much of the meek and quiet spirit of which the Scripture speaks, as Miss Rebecca Hey did. I told him I really thought she did. He then said that that would decide him as to whom he should offer himself, for Miss Hey had his affections; but if it had been determined by those who knew a good deal of these ladies that Miss Rebecca Hey was superior to her sister in that respect, he should have thought it his duty to have given the preference to Miss Rebecca. He read to me part of a letter he had just received from Mr. Venn,[1] who said that Mr. Thornton and Miss Sykes were soon to be married, which he believed to be a favourite scheme of Mr. and Mrs. Babington's; but that he must say, the more he thought of it, the more strongly he was convinced that it would be a happy and providential union for both parties.—Your affectionate sister,

JEAN BABINGTON.

TO MISS MILLS.

February 9, 1796, *Midnight.*

MY DEAR SELINA,—The fascination of Mr. Wilberforce's conversation has detained me late to-night, and about an hour ago I received an abrupt intimation that I had to proceed to Portsmouth at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, as the wind was fair. I hasten therefore to tell you that Mr. Thornton insisted upon my passing the day at his house with Miss Sykes. She takes a lively interest in whatever concerns us, and she and Mr. Thornton hope to prevail on you to become their inmate whenever you visit London.

I passed an hour yesterday evening with Miss Horne.[2] 'I am doomed to be a wanderer,' she said, and burst into tears. I was much affected by her visible agitation, and would gladly have known the cause of her distress, but the thing seemed so tender that I feared to touch it, and turned to another topic. Before this took place she had promised to be as secret as the grave on every point in which you are at all implicated.

I sent a few books yesterday by the coach. The sermons on the evidences of Christianity I think useful to put into the hands of any of your doubting inquiring friends. The small hymn-book was my companion in hunger and nakedness and distress. We must no doubt make many allowances for the peculiarities of Methodism; but on the whole, as the frequent marks of approbation will show you, it pleases me much. One of them, beginning, 'Give to the winds thy fears,' has often cheered my mind as I viewed the desolation caused by the

[1] The Rector of Clapham.
[2] Sister of Mr. Horne, formerly Chaplain at Sierra Leone.

French visit. And another, 'God of my life whose gracious power,'[1] scarce ever recurs to my mind without causing it to swell with grateful recollection.

Portsmouth, February 12, 1796.

The weather continues boisterous and the wind unfavourable, so that the prospect of sailing is still distant. This place is certainly a very uncomfortable one for a person who, like me, is fond of retirement. It is so full, in consequence of the return of Captain Christian's fleet, that beds can scarcely be had; and the noise and oaths and blasphemy which issue from every corner are truly shocking. I sometimes send a sigh after the quiet of Pulteney Street; but this is my station, and I ought to be satisfied. I have fortunately met with a Major of Engineers here, who is a friend of mine and a Christian, and he has contributed a little to render the place not unpleasant. It is said of Jacob that he served seven years for Rachel, and that they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her. But how would Jacob have felt if, instead of spending this long interval in his Rachel's company, he had been obliged to pass it at an awful distance from her? Jacob was not called to this, but it becomes us who are, to obey the call with cheerfulness and alacrity.

You ask me to tell you the genuine feelings of my mind on the subject of Africa, and I will expose them without disguise. Were the possession of anything the world deems good brought into competition with Selina Mills, I should reject it without the smallest hesitation. I endeavour, however, to sit so loose, even to that object which is thus dear to me, as to be ready at God's will to give it up; and it is my wish and prayer to be enabled to rejoice in the sacrifice. To say that I see no difficulties in the way of our union would argue blindness, but I have committed my cause to God. I am almost afraid to proceed. I feel on my mind a secret and involuntary dread that God will require me in Africa, and should therefore the path of duty be plainly marked, I hope I shall be enabled to take up my cross and to follow Christ. I would observe that the involuntary feeling I describe has its origin in the fear of losing you, and my judgment tells me there is little probability that my fear will ever be realised. I have uncovered my heart to you.

What a mercy it is that our lot has not been cast among

[1] This noble hymn, written by Charles Wesley, as well as that first mentioned which was translated from the German by John Wesley, is contained in the *Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists*, by the Rev. John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

those who live without hope and without God in the world! This is a sentiment which Portsmouth more forcibly impresses on my mind than any scene I ever beheld. I passed yesterday, however, with tolerable comfort. Major Macbean and I succeeded in adding to our party a young lad, who is a Lieutenant of Engineers, Mr. Stanfield, and who had, together with a respect for religion, a deep dislike to Methodism. He accompanied us to church. Mr. Bradburn is a man of uncommon powers, and I think the preaching had deeply affected his mind. I venture to tell you that I have left a letter for my friend Dr. Winterbottom, whose arrival from Africa is shortly expected. From Winterbottom I was not used to conceal a thought of my heart. I have therefore told him, under strong injunctions of secrecy, of our relation to each other, and I have also requested him, should he visit Bath, to call upon you. Winterbottom has seen me in every different situation in which it is almost possible for a man to be placed; and he certainly knows my interior at least as well as any one, myself excepted. I shall write to you again to-morrow, but I am pestered almost to death with Dr. Coke and his Missionaries.

Portsmouth, February 17, 1796.

If I have occasionally written short letters to you of late, my dear Selina, it is not because you have engrossed a small portion of my thoughts. Were long letters the necessary result of strong attachment, the hours of sleep should be lessened in order to furnish them. But Portsmouth, contrary to my expectation, instead of proving a place of idleness and inaction, has been to me a place of constant hurry and employment. Thus night steals on me unperceived, and weighs down my senses so as to leave me scarce energy enough to take a retrospect of the day, and to solicit for you and myself the protection of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, but guards His people with a watchful eye. With what dull and sleepy bodies are we used to appear before our God!

'And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? or if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil?' If God thus required of the Jews to honour Him with the best, not with the least useful part of their substance, so does He require of us to honour Him not only by yielding Him our best affections, but also our best time, instead of studiously setting that time apart for Him, which from drowsiness or other cause can be applied to nothing else. When we retire to our chambers we generally have two objects in view; the one is to transact some business, such as writing letters, settling accounts, or reading a

favourite book; and when that is done, or when for sleepiness we can no longer attend to our first employment, we turn to the second, which is performing our devotions. It is easy to see with what spirit they will be performed, and how unlikely they are to be productive of any effects. This might no doubt be obviated by reversing the order of the employments, but still with the Jews we wish to be such good economists as to set apart for God the blind and the lame and the sick whom no one will buy—in other words, the time which can no way else be used. I speak feelingly on this point, for it is one of my besetting sins. There is no doubt in the evenings a tempting fitness for particular pursuits. The world is shut out. There is no danger of interruption. All is calm and still and serene. Meanwhile, prayer is forgotten till the heaviness of the eyelids shows it is time to quit the grateful tasks, and to perform the customary tale of devotion. I was so convinced of the impropriety of this mode of proceeding as it respected my own improvement, while at Sierra Leone, that for some time I went without supper that I might have the supper hour, which was an early one, to myself, and be at liberty to devote the more sleepy part of the evening to less grave and less important matters, such as conversation and reading.

I passed some hours to-day in the company of some officers, one of whom swore much. Swearing became the topic of conversation, and he appealed to me whether there was any wickedness in swearing, as it was a practice, he said, which harmed no one. I was glad of the opening, and I fear might have been offensively strong on the subject. He stared, when I told him, among other things, that no man of true politeness would be guilty of swearing, even if he felt no religious restraints. He asked me to explain. 'What would you think of his politeness who should abuse your father to your face, or who should vilify your King whom you served?' The answer was plain and obvious. 'Shall such respect be paid to the feelings of a son, or a servant, merely on the score of politeness, and shall no respect be paid to his feelings, who, regarding God as his Father, is sensibly affected by any disrespect shown Him; and who, regarding Christ as his King, deeply feels any dishonour done to His name? Allowing these feelings to be mere prejudices, yet a man of real politeness will be far from wounding them, especially as he knows that the man who is concerned for God's honour, cannot attempt to vindicate it without exposing him to derision. There is a chance that in every company into which a man falls, there may at least be one man who will be pained by swearing. The man of politeness would not incur even this risk of giving

pain for so paltry a gratification as that of swearing, which of all sins is the least profitable, and to which of all sins there is the least temptation. But let us remember that, while it is thus to be despised for its folly, it is also to be deeply abhorred for its guilt.' He acknowledged it was very bad, and promised to try to swear no more. Whether he keeps his promise or not, he may perhaps think a little more than he used to do on the heinousness of the practice.

I found in the case of my friend Stanfield, as I have done in the case of many others, that the reason which prevented his becoming religious sooner was his not being aware of the necessity of making the Bible the standard of right and wrong. If a man can once be persuaded to make the Bible his rule of acting and judging, he will become a Christian of course. This way of trying common actions seemed to be quite a new thing to Stanfield. How pleasing to see a young man, surrounded by temptations, jeered at by profligate companions, and in danger of offending his superiors, thus opening his mind to the truth and receiving it!

I have found, and transcribe to save postage, Horne's letter. 'Gilbert[1] has just paid his addresses to my sister, and will probably be favoured with her hand in a few weeks. His offer is so unexceptionable, and her situation so unfavourable to religion, that I cannot but give my approbation to the match.'

I go to-morrow on board of Admiral Gardner's ship. Should he give me assurance of remaining here a week, wonder not if you should have a sudden visit. It is a vain hope, I fear.

February 18, 1796.

Having finished the business of the day I sit down to enjoy my Selina's society.

Miss Patty's dislike to marriage appears whimsical. She ought to suspect that the effect she complains of arises from herself. As in your case, for instance, you are aware of the suspicion she entertains of coolness, so I should not wonder if a constraint were thereby produced which would terminate in the very thing she apprehends, namely, some degree of estrangement. But how can Miss Patty argue against marriage as hostile to friendship, when we have so many living testimonies to oppose the opinion. Let us look to the Grants; let us look to Babington: where shall we find a more active benevolence, or hearts more capable of pure and tender friendship? It gives me an unspeakable satisfaction to find that she

[1] The Chaplain with whom Macaulay had made his first voyage to Sierra Leone.

has transferred no portion of her dislike from marriage itself to its advocate. I know very few indeed whose good opinion I am so desirous of retaining as that of our common friends in Pulteney Street, and you may believe that among them, Miss Patty holds a high place in the seat of regard. I certainly feel a greater love for Miss Hannah, and I always think of her with a more lively interest, but I have sometimes imagined that there was in Miss Patty more of that spiritual mindedness which is life and peace.

But it is midnight, and I must quit you for a short time. What a perpetual remembrancer is the midnight hour, not only of that sleep of death on whose approach we shall lay aside these cumbrous bodies, but also of the joyous resurrection which shall follow, when we shall mount on seraph's wings to the mansions of bliss, and there begin a new, an eternal day. I can suppose that if a man were created by the Almighty in the full use of all his faculties, he would naturally conclude when the darkness of night began for the first time to overshadow him, and drowsiness to seize him, that the sun, which a few hours before had shone so resplendent, had for ever set; that the being he had recently received was to be withdrawn, and that he was about to sink into his former state of unconsciousness. What must have been his surprise, however, to contemplate the renovation of universal nature, and to rejoice in every renewed faculty. Hence might he be led to infer that death, no more than sleep, would end him. But blessed for ever be God who has not left us to our own vain conjectures on this point. Life and immortality are brought to light. Earth and heaven shall pass away, but we shall flourish in immortal youth. An unfading crown awaits us, and we shall be in peace, and our joy shall be full, for we shall dwell with God and Christ for ever.

Farewell, my dear Selina, till the arrival of the post to-morrow morning. May the choicest blessings of the heaven above and of the earth beneath be on the heads of you and yours.

Portsmouth, February 21, 1796.

The first motion I made on getting up this morning was to the window, where I found the wind to be west, so that another day seems to be assured to me in Portsmouth. How lightly do the days pass over, and how little is the adverse wind regretted, while I dwell by anticipation on the hour of the post's arrival, which is to bring me fresh marks of your tender regard.

I scarce ever felt purer pleasure than on seeing Mr. Wilber-

force's success in yesterday's paper.[1] May God hasten the period when Africa's chains shall be loosed. Mr. Thornton tells me that on Tuesday se'ennight, unless Parliamentary business should come in the way of great moment, he will be united to Miss Sykes. May the God they serve abundantly bless the union, and make it the beginning of many happy days to both!

I have often felt exactly as you do on reading the experience of eminent saints. I was at one time in very considerable distress from doubts respecting myself, and I was often tempted to believe that I was in a gross delusion in indulging a hope of having at all experienced the mercy of God in Christ. But I discovered that the cause of my disquiet was the not having read the Scriptures with sufficient simplicity. For instance, with respect to the new birth, I supposed it impossible that one born of God should ever feel the propensities which I occasionally felt, as he that is born of God cannot commit sin. I forgot, however, that in the moral, as well as in the natural world, things are progressive. The child newly born has not attained the faculties of youth or manhood, but is as truly alive as he who has. I was also rendered uneasy by not having experienced some impression on my mind to assure me of God's forgiveness, till I saw in His word that the promise of forgiveness was to people of a certain description, and that if I was of that description, all that I had to do was to believe the promise. Often indeed have we to join Paul in his heavy complaint, and to say, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of sin and death?'; but while, like him, we groan to be delivered, let us believe that God in His good time will deliver us.

My success with the swearing gentleman has been more than I supposed. I find he swears no more, and am told by his companions that he has become exceedingly restless and uneasy about that and other matters.

It excites a sort of uneasy sensation when I think that I have now passed eleven days at this place, which might have been appropriated to a more pleasant purpose. But I would not repine. I have been traversing in idea the distance which divides us, but alas, as often as I do so, recollection soon hurries me back, I will not say to despair, but to the *Calypso* Good-night, my Selina. May you be defended from every possible evil, and also from the fear of evil, which I believe is the source of more unhappiness than people are aware of. Once more adieu.

[1] On February 18th Wilberforce carried the First Reading of his Bill to abolish the Slave Trade in a limited time. He says in his diary, 'Surprise and joy in carrying my question. Speaker asked me and Pitt together to come and sup. Pitt delighted with having carried it.'

On board the 'Calypso,' Spithead, February 22, 1796.

I have just been made very happy by a letter from you. You are indeed very good. But I have now little time to answer you. The signal is out for sailing, and we shall soon obey it. I came on board in order to be present yesterday morning at the opening of public worship. Our Chaplain, Mr. Clarke, who pursues the same mode of proceeding as Mr. Jay,[1] preached to about forty people, one-half of whom at least may be said to be truly religious characters. This forms an additional ground of hope and security, seeing that the God who rides on the wings of the wind, and whose voice calms the troubled sea, has so many of His children along with us. They are always safe, having a hiding-place from the storm and a refuge from the tempest.

Let us then draw from the living fountain of waters those streams of consolation which are in the power of faithful and fervent prayer, and to Him may we always commend ourselves and each other. To Him would I now commend you, with an earnest prayer that He would preserve the precious deposit till the day of Christ our Lord.

And now, my beloved Selina, would I bid you a long farewell, assuring you that if I know my own heart, my attachment to you has gained strength from acquaintance, and that I have little fear that time or place will change those sentiments of love, esteem, and affection, with which I am your most affectionate Z. MACAULAY.

[1] A celebrated preacher at Bath.

CHAPTER VI

MISSIONARY DIFFICULTIES

THE wearisome period of detention was now over, and the *Calypso* sailed from Portsmouth on the 23rd of February 1796. Macaulay had looked forward with interest to associating with the band of Missionaries who were placed under his care; but companionship on a sea-voyage is said to be the safest existing criterion of character, and on this occasion the rule held good. He had been harassed, even before quitting Portsmouth, by their constant disputes among themselves and with the other passengers, but now, on better acquaintance with their dispositions, he began to feel serious anxiety as to the results of the expedition. They had been chosen by Dr. Coke, who professed to have exercised great caution in the selection, and whose business in life consisted in the appointment and superintendence of the foreign Missions of the Wesleyan Methodists. He had incurred considerable personal danger in America by the open profession he made of his detestation of slavery; and his high reputation had induced the Directors to confide entirely in his discretion, and to leave the whole responsibility of choosing the Missionaries to him. Dr. Coke's character for discrimination, however, never recovered the blow as far as any of the Directors are concerned.

Macaulay also discovered that Dr. Coke had charged the Missionaries privately with a letter from himself to the King of the Foulah nation, a letter which certainly was never intended to be seen by Macaulay's critical eyes, but which the Missionaries exhibited during the voyage with pardonable exultation. Whatever might be the impression intended to be produced upon the mind of a barbarous Chief, there could be no doubt that the language in which the letter was couched was highly injudicious as regarded its effect upon the messengers to whom it was entrusted, and who were already imbued with absurdly

lofty ideas of their personal importance. Macaulay sends a copy of this letter for Mr. Thornton's information, telling him it will develop the Doctor's character; and especially marks the opening passages couched in inflated language, in which Dr. Coke states that the six friends, who will present the letter to His Majesty, 'will set forth an example of all the virtues and of all the graces, and are qualified to instruct his subjects in all the important arts of Europe.' Their proficiency is described in terms so pompous as to be very ridiculous; and to the account of the eminent attainments of one of the number in surgery and medicine, Macaulay appends a sarcastic annotation, 'Giles attended the London Hospital for one month.' The Doctor continues to relate that he himself, Thomas Coke, goes 'from one end of the world to the other teaching mankind how to be good and happy,' and finally concludes this extraordinary epistle in the following manner:—

'I trust, O King, that my friends will be made a blessing, yea even to Ages yet unborn.

'I have felt confidence, O King, in your clemency and goodness that you will show my friends every degree of kindness, and give them land, and men, and cattle. And I have also full confidence in my friends, that they will always prove worthy of the favours you bestow on them.

'That all blessings may be your portion, O King, shall be the prayer of your willing servant,

'THOMAS COKE,

Minister of the Most High God, and Teacher of the Law of Nations.

'Written in England on the 13th day of February in the year 1796 of the Christian era.'

'Giles, of whom so much is said,' continues Macaulay, 'is, I think, one of the steadiest in his principles. He has been ordained Minister of the Colony, and is certainly more fit for that office than any of the others. He is indolent and inactive, and has been led by the Doctor to expect that he may be supported at Teembo[1] without the labour of his hands. I should have expected more of Giles had not his views been so improperly elevated.

'Yellili was also ordained a preacher by Dr. Coke. I am surprised that even he should have done this, for the man is vain, empty, assuming, and his levity and imprudence are

[1] The capital of the Foulah country.

excessive. On board ship his disputatious temper has disgusted even his associates. The others seem quite inoffensive people, and have conducted themselves in general with great propriety. Their wives are some of them in bad health, and the others very unsuitable to the Mission from their bad tempers.'

Besides the Missionaries there were on board a few persons going out to fill various posts in the Colony, and some mechanics and superior artisans whom Macaulay had been at great pains in collecting, and whom he took out with a view of their instructing the Settlers in useful trades and employments. After a short experience of their behaviour at Sierra Leone he wrote a curious letter to Henry Thornton, with a minute analysis of their characters, some quotations from which may be found interesting.

'On the whole, I have the highest expectations of good from the labours of Mr. Clarke; and if deep and solid piety, sound judgment, unwearied zeal, incessant activity, tempers of kindness and love, and an example in his own conduct of those duties to which he calls others afford a reasonable ground for such expectations, then I am not too sanguine, for they are to be found in Clarke. I should not mention as a defect his provincial dialect so long as he is quite intelligible to the people he addresses, but a worse error is the use of words whose meaning is either not generally understood, or which convey an improper meaning. I join here the whole train of cant words, and far-fetched metaphors, which are so liberally used by the Seceders of Scotland, and from whom Clarke has borrowed them. The sort of expressions I allude to are such as, 'wrestling with God in prayer; giving God no rest in prayers; staying the accursed enmity; when the Spirit of God takes a dealing with a soul; leaping over the mountains of our sins and skipping over the hills of our provocations,' etc., etc. Clarke is remarkably open to correction, and he has already amended this fault a little. He has permitted me to point out words used by him, which are not understood by the people, and I occasionally include one of those phrases, though parting with them is like parting with a right eye.

'Mr. Guest, the surgeon, is exactly the man Mr. Pearson[1] taught us to expect. He is sensible, modest, and obliging. He has contracted one bad habit by being in the army, I mean a habit of indifference, more perhaps in look than in reality. This is clearly a disadvantage in a medical man. His conduct has been exceedingly decorous all along.

[1] An eminent London surgeon.

'Mr. Wilson is the one whose views we were taught to suspect in consequence of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Jones of Edinburgh. While at Portsmouth Mr. Clarke one Sunday forenoon collected the people together for the purpose of worship, and was about to give out one of Watts's psalms to be sung by them. Wilson protested loudly against this, and said he could not conscientiously submit to having any psalms sung except those of the Church of Scotland version. Mr. Clarke, being averse to altercation at such a time, complied with his strange humour. This being mentioned to me, I made a point of being on board the following Sunday, when Mr. Clarke was allowed to give out one of Watts's psalms without any interruption. I thought this a better plan than entering into a discussion with Wilson, as his conduct must have proceeded from ignorance, and as I hoped that the narrow-mindedness thereby produced would wear off as he receded from Scotland.

'But all that I have said to his disadvantage appears to me now to have been the effect of a very limited acquaintance with any but people of the peculiar cast of sentiment of the Seceders in Scotland, who, while they pretend to a contempt of forms, are most singularly bigoted to every petty circumstance, not merely in their creed, but in their mode of worship. With all his defects in this particular, Wilson is a manly, decided character, who is capable of thinking for himself. He has studied the Bible with a most minute attention, and, I fancy, piques himself on this; and though rather a strong Calvinist, has a rooted abhorrence of everything Antinomian. In his ordinary conduct, I mean in doing the business assigned him, which is that of under-storekeeper, he is diligent, expert, and unassuming.

'Mr. Garvin and Mr. Leese afford me nothing very particular to say. In the management of their schools they have not been so successful as is to be wished, owing in some measure to the harshness of their natural tempers, which leads them to prefer severe to kindly measures. But we hope to correct that fault.

'Mr. Hermitage, our master carpenter, is an useful industrious tradesman, and a man of resource and activity, and also of sobriety.

'His assistant, Millar (the husband of the Clapham widow, Mrs. Wilkinson) has been so very sickly as to afford little opportunity of fairly estimating his character. Mr. Dawes had not discovered that tendency to Antinomianism in him which you were led by his letters to suspect. He has manifested a degree of insincerity in this, that he professed to Mr. Dawes his perfect acquiescence in the reasons he gave for advising Mrs.

Dawes against coming, and said he should use the same to Mrs. Wilkinson, whereas in his letters to Mrs. Wilkinson he sneered at Mr. Dawes's want of faith.

'Mr. Bracy, the shipwright, is just the man you might expect to be produced by a dockyard education; rough, but decent enough. His wife is what may be called a notable woman; another Mrs. Bragwell,[1] were she in a similar situation.'

The *Calypso* had made a quick passage, and had reached Freetown on the 18th of March. Macaulay was touched and gratified by the warmth with which he was welcomed by the inhabitants, both white and black. Mr. Watt, whose labours upon the Bullom shore had been very valuable, and whose sense and courage had been a great support to Macaulay during the troubles of 1794, had died; but there were several old friends, besides Mr. Dawes, to greet him, and Mr. Clarke proved a great acquisition in every way. He was a Presbyterian Minister, and well known and highly esteemed in Scotland. The whole of the population of the Colony of every denomination flocked to hear him deliver his first sermon; and Macaulay records that on coming out of church he was surrounded by crowds of persons trying to express their sense of obligation to him for bringing out such a Chaplain. 'To say the truth,' he adds, 'there was some ground for their admiration. I have heard less exceptionable discourses; but I am not sure that I ever heard a discourse more fitted to do good, as well by informing the understanding as by engaging the affections.'

While Macaulay was occupied a few days after his arrival in arranging the departure of the Mission to Teembo, a sudden alarm of another invasion of the French threw the place into an uproar. Three vessels of a suspicious appearance were seen in the offing. But this time the town was on its guard, some preparations for defence were quickly made, and Macaulay went out in a pinnace to reconnoitre. The manœuvres of the strange ships were so peculiar that he was led to conclude that they were really enemies, but on running pretty close, he found that they did not appear to be armed. Reassured by this discovery, he returned at once; and as they had come within cannon shot

[1] Mrs. Bragwell is the wife of the worldly farmer in Mrs. Hannah More's Tract of the *Two Wealthy Farmers*. The character there drawn of her does not inspire in the reader any high idea of Mrs. Bracey's merits.

of Freetown, he gave orders for a gun to be fired at them, which brought them to. They proved to be Americans, and their suspicious movements to be caused by their ignorance of the channel. As soon as the true state of the case was known, the Colonists, who had conveyed their families and goods into the woods, began to return, and order and tranquillity were gradually restored. But for a long time afterwards there are repeated accounts in the journal of similar occurrences which unsettled and distracted the place. 'These alarms,' writes Macaulay, 'are by far the most unpleasant circumstances which attend our present situation. As our defenceless state affords us no good ground of security even against the depredations of a privateer or two, every sail which appears in sight causes no small anxiety till we have made ourselves acquainted with its destination.'

The American captains came on shore, and expressed great concern at the confusion they had occasioned. They had been to Goree, where they said M. Renaud, who will be remembered as the former head of the French slave factory at Gambia Island, continued on the watch for English vessels.

Macaulay was now at liberty to complete his plans for forwarding the different Missionaries to their appointed spheres of action. The fate of the Mission destined for the Foulah nation will be best studied in the pages of the journal which, as has been previously mentioned, he kept for the private information of Mr. Henry Thornton, Chairman of the Sierra Leone Company. As the ship intended for its conveyance was lying off Freetown, quite prepared and in readiness for an immediate voyage, Macaulay decided upon taking advantage of Mr. Dawes's presence in the Colony, and upon availing himself of the opportunity for inspecting Freeport, a branch establishment belonging to the Company upon the Rio Pongo, which had been exceptionally successful owing to the capacity of its manager, and to the manner in which it had been protected against the surrounding slave-dealers by the native Chiefs, who were beginning to feel confidence in the Company's promises. He intended also to visit some of the slave factories along the Pongo River and on the borders of the Foulah country, and to make inquiries with regard to the possible extension of trade.

'*March* 21, 1796.—I am thankful to say that of the seven men

I persuaded to quit their country and friends to follow the fortunes of the Colony, no one has expressed the smallest dissatisfaction at the exchange. But if my colouring was not too high, it is pretty plain that Dr. Coke's must have been so. This morning there was nothing to be heard among the Missionary ladies but doleful lamentations or bitter complaints. To their astonishment Freetown resembled neither London nor Portsmouth; they could find no pastrycooks' shops, nor any gingerbread to buy for their children. Dr. Coke had deceived them; if this was Africa they would go no farther, that they would not. Their husbands were silent; but their looks were sufficiently expressive of chagrin and disappointment. It was with real complacency I reflected that I had always used dissuasives in talking to them, that I had always endeavoured to dash every extravagant hope I observed them indulging, and that I had always coloured my paintings with the most dark and discouraging tints. On my reminding them of my representations, I discovered that they had been taught to expect that I should make it a principle to paint gloomily, merely by way of trying the strength of their resolutions; what I said, therefore, was regarded merely as a sort of bugbear, which they believed to have no existence, and for braving which they should obtain the credit of undaunted courage at a cheap rate.

'*March* 23.—Yellili has caused sad confusion here. On his landing at Freetown a Slave-trader who was standing on the wharf was pointed out to him. The zealous Mr. Yellili immediately accosted him with, "Are you a dealer in slaves?" "Yes," said the man, "I have bought and sold thousands, and hope to do so again." "Then," said Yellili, "depend upon it, you will go to hell." High words ensued, and had it been in any other place than Freetown, Yellili would have had the honour of persecution, for he would at least have been soundly beaten. He had been particularly cautioned against entering on disputes with Mohammedans respecting religion, and he had promised to attend to the caution. Two days after he landed he fell into company with one Mommadoo, a respectable Mohammedan of the Mandingo nation, then on a visit here. They had not conversed long together before Yellili, brandishing his fist, told Mommadoo that Mohammed was a false prophet. Mommadoo got up calmly and left him; but had the same scene taken place in the Foulah country with men of more irascibility than Mommadoo, who happens to be a very gentle man, there is no saying what might have been the consequence. When we took all these circumstances into view in connection with his general conduct, it was deemed expedient to prevent

his going any farther until he had shown that his rashness and inconsideration were in some measure corrected.

'Mr. Clarke preached to-night at David George's Meeting. The old man is quite delighted with him, and has resolved that in future he and his people shall regularly attend him at church.'

'*Thursday, March* 24.—To-day we had a full discussion in Council. The final issue of our deliberation was that Dawes should take the first opportunity of returning to England in order to embark for the South Seas under the auspices of the Missionary Society, and that I should undertake the task of conducting the Missionaries to Teembo. Their wives and children remain here till after the rains. This determination has not proceeded from the intemperance of my zeal, but from a sober conviction on the part of Dawes and myself that it was right for me to go. Had there been any one else in the Colony, now that the speedy return of Dawes to England puts it out of his power to undertake the journey, who was likely to answer, I should not have been very forward in the business. But as it is, there seems to be no other alternative than either abandoning the Mission entirely, or accompanying the Missionaries. We have thought on the whole that it was better to embrace the latter, for although our hopes of extensive good from the present Missionaries be but slender, yet we trust they will cast no stain on the Christian name, and they will, it is to be hoped, conduct themselves without offence.

'In the afternoon we desired the attendance of the Foulah Missionaries, and they all expressed their willingness to go. It appeared to me they were only prevented from retracting by shame, but it would have been unjustifiable to have intimated a suspicion of their sincerity.

'*Friday, March* 25.—It was decided the Missionaries should proceed without delay under my conduct to Teembo. We called them again before us. Giles betrayed that he had not the most distant notion that he should be under the necessity of providing for his subsistence in the Foulah country; and said Dr. Coke had told him the King was to provide the Missionaries with land, cattle, and servants, and that they would be under no necessity of labouring for a subsistence. "But were not," I asked, "the conditions on which you engaged, and to which you subscribed, that you should receive support from the subscribers only during the first three months of your residence in Foulah, after which you were to support yourselves by cultivating the ground or labouring at your respective trades?" "Yes," he replied, "but Dr. Coke said there would be no necessity for the latter expedient; besides, he told me that I should have a liberal provision arising from my situation

as teacher, as the Foulahs would be so desirous of instruction in the English language as to be disposed to pay handsomely for it." I urged, "But all this is not in the bond; besides, the uniform tenor of my conversation contradicted such expectations." "But I could not possibly mistrust Dr. Coke's assurances," he replied; "they were very strong." This opened both to the Missionaries and to us a new view of the state of matters, and we perceived a great accession of coolness to the zeal of the Missionaries. They still, however, expressed themselves ready to attend me to Teembo with the exception of Yellili, whose conduct led to our determination of preventing his going on. He had now set the two parties of Methodists by the ears in consequence of his rash interference. It seemed, therefore, to be equally desirable that he should not remain here as that he should not go to Teembo, and Mr. Clarke was fearful of the trouble he might cause to him. When he expressed a wish therefore of taking his passage to America in a vessel bound hence to that quarter, we strongly encouraged him to do so.

'*March* 30, 1796.—We had agreed to set off to-day at noon for Teembo, and all things were in readiness for that purpose. At ten o'clock Giles came to me seemingly much cast down. "Oh, sir, I do not know what I shall do; every one of the Missionaries declares against going a step farther. The women were so alarmed by what happened yesterday,[1] that they are determined their husbands shall not leave them here exposed to the fury of the enemy." "And what do the husbands say?" "Say, sir? why, in such a case what can a man say? As Christians they were obliged to yield." I directed him to address a letter expressive of their resolution to us. The letter was soon brought. It merely contained a transcript of what Giles had told me. They subjoined a request for a passage back to England in the first vessel. This letter was signed by the four married men only. Giles had withheld his name by way of saving his credit. I observed to him that I supposed from his not choosing to sign the letter that he was still resolved to proceed with me. "Sir, you'll excuse me," said he, a little ashamed; "I have no such intention." "It will be necessary then that you inform the Committee what you mean to do."

'He then stated in a letter that he gave in his reasons for declining, which were that he could not think of proceeding by himself, and that the others having declined, he was obliged to decline also. Thus ended the Foulah Mission, and I think it fortunate that it has so ended. I tremble to think on the difficulties I should have had to encounter had I gone on to

[1] On the previous day one of the frequent alarms of a French attack had occurred.

Teembo with such unstable subjects, and I cannot help being grateful for my escape. The crosses they have already met with are light when compared with those they would have a likelihood of meeting in the Foulah country; and it is so far fortunate that they have been hindered from bringing Christianity into contempt among the Foulahs, as their miserable deficiency in the necessary qualifications for Missionaries, of patience under suffering, and perseverance in the face of danger and in spite of disappointments, leads one to suppose they would have done.

'I should not forget to mention that one ground of bitter complaint with our Missionaries was that there was little or no bread to be had at the Settlement, and yet when they left England, they came away under an engagement to pass their lives in a country where neither wheat nor wheaten bread was ever seen. One who cannot live on rice ought not to turn Missionary.'

Macaulay set sail in the *Ocean* on the 31st of March accompanied by Mr. Witchell, one of the principal officials at Sierra Leone, about whom he writes to Mr. Thornton: 'Witchell is a man of considerable intelligence, and is possessed of zeal and activity. I am not sure that I can more clearly convey to you the state of his religious opinions than that he is a strict but dry Churchman.' The commencement of the voyage was unlucky; a tornado came on, and near the mouth of the Pongo River the vessel ran aground on a sandbank in the dark. Perceiving the lights of a schooner not far off, Macaulay went out at once in a boat to ask for help, but any assistance was refused, and the vessel made off at once in a manner that excited his suspicions. He remarks, 'I found no small consolation in reflecting that we had not our faint-hearted Missionaries on board to perplex us.'

'*Sunday, April* 3.—None of us conceived that it required an able casuist to decide whether it was lawful for us to employ this day in extricating the *Ocean* from its present state of danger. The schooner whose people had acted so brutally last night was still in sight. I again set off with Witchell, and after rowing six or seven miles, we found ourselves alongside. The schooner was manned entirely by native Africans, only one of whom could speak English, and belonged to one Holman, a mulatto Slave-trader in the Rio Pongo. We found that the fear of being kidnapped had caused the shyness they had manifested, and we were ready enough to excuse it when we discovered the cause. They were now proceeding to an American slave-ship which lay a little to the northward, and

on board of which was their master. We prevailed on them, however, when we had convinced them of our belonging to the Company, to return with us to the Rio Pongo, while two of them should go back in our boat to the *Ocean*, in order to pilot her over the bank at high water.

'Accordingly the boat was sent back, and Witchell and I proceeded for the river in the schooner. At noon we entered the river, and found there a small vessel lying at anchor, on the deck of which were placed about thirty poor wretches in chains and perfectly naked. The vessel, I was given to understand, belonged to Lawrence, now residing in the Rio Pongo. I had no sooner hailed her than I perceived the spokesman to be one of our Sierra Leone Settlers, though he did not at once recognise me. My voice, however, was too well known to him. He asked in an altered tone if that was Mr. Macaulay. His confidence instantly forsook him, and I never saw more evident marks of shame and confusion. I forbore any animadversion, and proceeded up the river, which is wide from three-quarters of a mile to a mile at some distance from the sea, and branches off into almost innumerable creeks. By two o'clock we reached Domingee, Mr. Lawrence's place, which is sixteen miles up the river.

'We found Lawrence, who was one of the most respectable Slave-traders on the coast, without shoes or stockings, and with no other dress than a checked shirt and trousers, seated in the middle of a group of natives who were collected together in his house, which was far inferior to the meanest hovel in England. In the surrounding area were about a thousand Foulahs who had come to barter their slaves for European goods. In a retired corner were twenty or thirty slaves in chains, who sat with their eyes fixed on the ground. Lawrence welcomed us with great kindness, for he had experienced many civilities from us.

'*April* 5.—We arrived yesterday at Freeport,[1] and are going to-day to visit the slave factories near.

'*April* 6.—We went down the river again, and about noon got to Bashia, the place formerly occupied by the noted Ormond, and now in the possession of Holman. I felt an involuntary horror at landing at a place which had witnessed such cruelties as Ormond was in almost the daily practice of perpetrating. We found Holman very frank and ingenuous, and Slave-trader as he is, I could not help respecting him. I talked much with him on the enormity of the trade. He said he knew it well,

[1] The name given by Macaulay to the factory belonging to the Company. He praises Cooper, who was at the head of it, 'for maintaining a very becoming dignity among the Slave-traders around.'

and was unhappy in it, but what could he do? He and his family would starve. I had no success in trying to convince him of his obligation to quit it. He would quit it, however, from inclination and a feeling of its inhumanity, if he could do without it. I suggested many expedients, and urged the probability of an abolition. He began to talk seriously of preparing against that event, and I promised him coffee and cotton seeds.

'*Freeport, Sunday, April* 10, 1796.—In the evening a Slave-trader of the name of Tool, who had formerly lived with the noted Ormond, called at Freeport. He had not long been seated when, from the same anxiety to justify themselves which is common to all Slave-traders, he provoked a discussion of the merits of the Slave Trade. He acknowledged that he had heard shocking things of Ormond, but had never himself seen any cruelties practised by him. The worst thing he had seen done by Ormond's orders was the tying a swivel to the back of an unsaleable slave and throwing him into the river. "But he is in hell for that," he said. I was a little surprised by this remark, until I reflected that even Slave-traders have a standard of morality of their own, on their approach to which they comfort themselves with hopes of heaven. For Tool proceeded: "As for myself, I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself with. I pay my debts, and no man can say that Tool has ever injured him." Not willing to concede so much to him, I made a strong representation of the injuries he daily was guilty of to poor Africans. "Would you have me starve? I do no more than others, and rich men too have done. If they are satisfied that they do right, so may I. I am a poor man, and only strive for a livelihood." I showed him in a very strong way how much akin such a conduct was to that of the highwayman, and how such arguments served equally to justify him. He said God did not wish him to starve; if he minded thinking about those sort of things when he should be making trade, poverty would soon overtake him. I asked him what he would do in case Parliament should abolish the trade. He answered briskly, "They dare not do it." Our conversation was interrupted by family worship, and when it was over he got up and made me a low bow. "Sir, I humbly thank you; you have brought back to my mind former times when I knew better things. Sir, it is eight years since I heard a prayer." "What! have you never prayed yourself during that time?" "No, sir, never"; recollecting himself, however, he added, "Yes, when I have been very sick or in great pain, I have sometimes tried to pray." I asked him if he had ever read the Bible, and if he believed it. He said he had been

educated at Christ's Hospital in a religious way, and firmly believed the Bible. I then pointed out to him the dreadful fate which awaited such and such persons, throwing into the characters I drew those particular vices which I had observed in Tool, till he began to look quite aghast. He said he would be glad to have it pointed out to him what he ought to do; he sincerely wished to do what was right. "Give one proof of your sincerity; abandon the Slave Trade." He said he should be glad to do it, but scarce knew how to extricate himself, and wished I would consent to pass a day at his place to give him more light on the subject. He promised to read a Bible if I would send him one, which I certainly will do along with some tracts. He appeared at last much frightened, and turned pale when I told him that this night's conversation might aggravate his punishment in the day of judgment. I have frequently seen such temporary convictions of the enormity of the Slave Trade fastened on the minds of traders, but I never expect them to last. I should not wonder, however, if this man should read his Bible with attention. He assured me with great seriousness that he would. I enlarged a good deal on the advantages he would derive from quitting the Slave Trade, but they seemed to have less effect on him than the evils which would attend his continuing in it.

'Having taken our leave, we set off in the *Providence* for Sierra Leone. Fantimanee[1] accompanied us. His wife took me aside as I was going away, and begged very earnestly that I would take care of him and keep him from getting a new wife at the Camp.[2] She had no objection to any additional number of native wives, but a Camp lady would assume the pre-eminence, and perhaps send her to work in the plantation for her. She therefore begged me to stand her friend, which I promised to do.'

On his return to Freetown he found troubles gathering. One of the Missionaries, a Baptist of the name of Grigg, had gone to his appointed position at Port Logo, and had been welcomed with cordiality by the natives who were desirous of instruction. At first it seemed that all would go well, but under the pretence of studying the language he quitted his post in about a fortnight to return to Freetown, where he remained, obstinately persisting in his neglect of duty, although his health was in perfect condition and he had practically no excuse to give for his conduct. Macaulay at first tried to induce him at

[1] A native Chief who had hospitably entertained Macaulay and his party.
[2] Freetown was known by the name of the Camp among the natives.

any rate to make himself useful with the natives living in the villages near the Settlement; but his efforts to give Grigg any proper occupation were quite useless, and, idle and restless, he now became a source of danger to the more inflammable spirits among the Colonists.

One of the many subjects which interested Macaulay's mind, and is continually referred to in his journal and letters, was a favourite scheme of his friends in England. They had strongly felt the need of literature suitable for circulation among the lower middle and labouring classes, and had given the matter much and anxious consideration. Mrs. Hannah More at last devised the institution of the Cheap Repository Tracts; and her laudable endeavours were warmly seconded by the band of allies who assisted her with their pens, as well as by undertaking the expenses of the venture. She writes to Macaulay early in 1796:—'Mr. Henry Thornton and two or three others have condescended to spend hours with the hawkers[1] to learn the mysteries of their trade, and next month we hope to meet the hawkers on their own ground. Two committees are formed, one in the City and the other in Westminster, by members of Parliament and others for the regular circulation of the Tracts.'

The success of the venture exceeded the most sanguine hopes of its projectors. Above two millions of the Tracts were sold in England during the first year alone, besides a very large number in Ireland. There is no doubt this was principally owing to Mrs. Hannah More's own contributions, which were written in a lively, entertaining style, which soon made the Tracts highly popular. She introduced all kinds of useful knowledge on religious, political, and social subjects, and it may be noted that she scarcely ever produced a story in which some exemplary parish priest did not appear, and appear to advantage. She afterwards republished those tracts of which she was the author in a collected form under the somewhat quaint title of *Stories for Persons in the Middle Ranks of Society and Tales for the Common People*; and some of the best known among these are 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' the 'Two Wealthy Farmers,' and 'Parley the Porter.' In the preface she says that her motive in the publication had been: 'To improve

[1] At that period the pedlars ministered in a great measure to the literary requirements of country districts. Mrs. Martha More writes: 'I have lately bought at the door a translation of Xenophon's *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*.'

the habits and raise the principles of the mass of people at a time when their dangers and temptations, moral and political, were multiplied beyond the example of any period in our history. As an appetite for reading had been increasing among the inferior ranks, it was judged expedient to supply such wholesome aliment as might give a new direction to the public taste, and abate a relish for those corrupt and impious publications which the consequences of the French Revolution have been fatally pouring in on us.'

'*April* 18.—We had this day the Foulah Missionaries before us. Their object in desiring a hearing was that they might have an opportunity of pointing out to us who among them had really caused the failure of the Mission. We had to listen to much unseemly invective, which only served to confirm our former opinion of their absolute unfitness for the office of Missionaries.

'*April* 29.—Witchell, Gray, and myself set off on an excursion to the mountains. My chief object was to fix on an eligible spot for a house on the summit of them, according to the wish expressed by the Directors. In our way we met with a good many coffee-trees, some in blossom.

'On the summit of a hill, quite beyond all the allotments, I marked out a place for a house, and agreed with the Settlers in the neighbourhood to build it without delay, and to clear a few acres of land around it. The discovery of the true coffee in our mountains is a most happy circumstance, and likely to be productive of very important effects.

'The plan of our Sunday-school is that each master shall attend with his own scholars. The business opens with a prayer from one of the masters and concludes in the same way. Mr. Clarke superintends the whole, and when the children have recited their tasks, Mr. Clarke addresses them in a simple, familiar way. We found Garvin and Leese[1] averse to the whole business, and they declined to give their attendance. I signified to them my wish that they should attend with their children, and to this Leese consented, though with great reluctance. Garvin, however, took the opportunity of resigning his situation. I asked him how he meant to employ himself or to subsist. He said he meant to labour among his own flock and to subsist on their bounty for some time, and that in the meantime he should write home for employment as a Missionary from one of the societies lately instituted for that purpose. I

[1] A Baptist preacher. He and Garvin had not been successful in the management of their schools, owing chiefly to the severity they showed to the scholars.

endeavoured to show him the absurdity of relinquishing one situation, and that a situation of usefulness, till he had procured another. From the whole of his conversation I was able to collect that he dreaded the effect of Clarke's superior talents, and that he was impatient of the restraint which would have been on him had he continued a servant of the Company.

'*May* 3.—A delegation from the Hundreders and Tithing-men waited on me. They declared their resolution of rallying round me on Thornton Hill, and dying there to a man before they would submit as before to the insults of the French.

'I had expected some such extravagant boast from them at the first, and was prepared to avail myself of it. I told them I was much pleased with their spirit; that I had already drawn the plan of a battery which they might get about constructing without any further delay; that I should direct the master of the works to furnish them with materials, and should also cause the twelve-pounders which I wished to have mounted to be pointed out to them. They looked a little blank at such a strong proof of their sincerity being required, but it appeared so reasonable and necessary that they could only say they would consult their brethren on it. Another meeting was accordingly called, at which, in compliance with my proposal, it was resolved to give the labour of the Colony, as long as it should be deemed necessary, to the construction of works of defence.

'They seemed to take it for granted that I should give wages to those who laboured on public works, but I undeceived them in this particular, and told them it must be entirely a common business, to which every individual member of the community ought to contribute.

'*May* 4.—Hermitage, the master of the works, acquainted me that the works were at a stand, the people refusing to work till they knew who was to pay them. This was no more than I expected; but as I was resolved not to give way to their unreasonable expectations, I ordered Hermitage to convene them all in the church, that I might have an opportunity of trying the effect of argument and persuasion. Clarke went with me, and opened the meeting with a prayer. I began with telling them the purpose for which we were assembled, namely, that of pointing out to them what they ought to do in the present emergency. I showed them how in every other country the people bear the whole expense of public works, of armies, and of navies. I reminded them of what had been told me by them no longer ago than yesterday, "that they would die rather than yield." I asked whether I was to regard this as an empty boast, or as the expression of their real sentiments. If

they were sincere in expressing a willingness to part with life, they could make few objections to bestowing a little labour in erecting works which would enable them to sell their lives at a dearer rate. I then explained to them very particularly how I thought those who did not give their labour should be made to contribute in money, and how that money ought to be employed and accounted for. I urged them to firmness and unanimity, and promised to stand by them to the last.

'There were now no objections. They all went away quietly to work. Even those who from their uniform opposition to every salutary regulation have gained to the street in which they live the name of Discontented Row, were now foremost in showing their alacrity to comply with my wishes.

'*May* 5.—Having been informed that Grigg, the Baptist Missionary, had been preaching in Garvin's meeting-house on the unlawfulness of resistance, nay, even of self-defence, I thought it right to have some conversation with him on the subject. He acknowledged the charge, and owned at the same time the impropriety and unseasonableness of what he had done. The principle, he held, was nevertheless a sound one. I asked whether he deemed it as essential as adult baptism. He said no. I advised him then to observe the same rule with respect to it which he observed in a Methodist meeting with respect to adult baptism, that is, to say nothing at all about it, and this he promised to do.

'I took a little time to-day to drill our raw Scotchmen, several of whom had never had a gun in their hands before. I thought it necessary that they should know how to load and fire.

'*May* 7.—I visited our battery and found it in a state of great forwardness. Although I was exerting myself as much as possible to put the place into a state of defence, and was animating the Settlers to a vigorous resistance, yet I saw that resistance would be perfectly vain if the French force should prove as great as it was reported to be.

'I took measures for having a flag of truce sent on board the French frigates as soon as they might appear in sight. By sending an intelligent person along with it, I should procure information of their real force, and be thus enabled to act with more decision. At all events I determined to do my utmost to prevent their coming within the range of our guns till they should send a summons, which would afford us time for deliberation, and an opportunity probably of favourable terms. Resistance for any other purpose to the attack of three frigates would be indeed a foolhardy attempt, and I should only have to reproach myself with having been the cause of an evidently

fruitless effusion of blood. I speak now on the supposition of its being such a force as is reported; but even in our present state we should be well able to repel two or three privateers.

'The natives have behaved well, but I should suppose they look wistfully for another visit of the French after the rich booty gained by their first visit.

'David George came to suggest a doubt to me. He said he understood the French were enemies of the Slave Trade in the same way as Mr. Wilberforce. To fight them would be to fight our friends. I told David he owed this ingenious objection to his fears, and pointed out to him how widely different the principles of Mr. Wilberforce and the French were. Besides we had nothing to do with their principles, nor with them, except it was to defend ourselves from depredations, and surely we had no right to call those friends who came to plunder us.

'*Sunday, May* 8.—I enjoyed in an unusual degree the quiet of this returning day, after all the toils and bustle and anxiety of the week. At the Sunday-school we went on well, as usual.

'*May* 9.—About an hour after midnight an express arrived from Bance Island with a letter from Tilley which put an end to my fears. An American schooner had arrived at the Isles de Los from Goree, and brought certain intelligence that there have been no frigates there, and that the only force there is four small privateers commanded by Renaud. I assure you I was not a little thankful for this turn in our affairs.

'*May* 11.—I mentioned on the 28th of April the arrival of an American sloop, Captain Peters. He had anchored very near the wharf, and of course was liable to observation. He had, however, the boldness to buy four slaves, a man and three girls, while in this position. Being informed of it by a native who worked on board of his vessel, I thought it right to institute an inquiry. I accordingly sent Witchell and Gray with an interpreter on board. When Peters understood their errand he appeared dreadfully frightened, and tried to evade their questions, and to mislead them with respect to the individuals. After pointing out slaves several times as those he had bought here, at last he was forced to produce the four in question, who through the interpreter were instantly known to be Sierra Leone people. Their examination was taken down and brought ashore. I sent to King Jammy to know the truth of the facts they had alleged, and had them fully confirmed. One of the four, a man of about thirty years of age, had been sold by the King. Another, a girl of fourteen, was on a visit to one of Signor Domingo's wives, and suspected nothing less than a design to kidnap her. But the Signor could not resist the

temptation of a slave-ship in his neighbourhood, and sold her for a cask of rum. Another girl, Maria, had been at school here and spoke English.

'Having learned all that I could concerning them, I again sent Witchell and Gray on board with a message to Captain Peters that I should be much obliged to him to permit the above-mentioned persons to come ashore. He complied with my request without any hesitation. The poor creatures still appear terrified lest their deliverance should not be a real one. When they were brought up to my house they seemed much agitated, but they immediately recognised me, and Maria, who had been a favourite here with me, lost her fears. Mary Perth, the woman who has the care of our native children, and with whom Maria formerly lived, was directed to take charge of them and clothe them, for they were quite naked.

'*May* 12.—This forenoon the father of one of the girls came to see her, and his meeting with his child was truly affecting. There happened also to come to Mary Perth's a native young woman who in Maria's better days had been used to wait upon her, and who had been her attendant from her birth. She knew Maria had been sold, and had therefore laid aside every hope of seeing her again, but when assured it was Maria, she gave way to joy of the most extravagant kind. Shame on those who would strip these poor creatures of the feelings of humanity and of the claims of brotherhood!

'I think this incident strongly marks the nature of the trade. No crime alleged, no plea of being born in slavery, no debt exists in any of the cases. But how is it possible to reason calmly on a business of such frightful enormity passing immediately before one's eyes! May God stay this dreadful scourge which has given it birth!

'Peters, the man who had those poor creatures in his clutches, is one of the worst and most profligate wretches I have seen even in this country. His language is impure and polluting beyond anything which is commonly heard, and his conduct corresponds to it. What a narrow escape have they had! Can one help deploring the fate of those who are still in his hold, exposed to sustain his tyranny and caprices during the long term of a middle passage, for he has not got above a fourth part of his cargo as yet.

'*May* 13.—About sunrise a message came to me from King Jammy, saying that he was now at the wharf, and wished to see me. I found him lying in a canoe, exceedingly reduced and extenuated. He told me he was on his way to a famous doctor, that he had come to wish me good-bye as he did not expect to get better. He then thanked me warmly for having brought

back his people from the American slave-ship to the day, as he expressed it.

'*Tuesday, May* 17.—The *Eliza* sailed to-day for England; and in her Witchell, Afzelius, a slave captain who had lost his ship, the Foulah Missionaries, and Millar, the carpenter, took their passage.

'Our Missionaries seemed to be much more gay in the prospect of returning than they had been when coming abroad. I was shocked at their insensibility to shame on the occasion. Millar[1] seemed to feel parting with his wife, and he was still more affected by my telling him that I should take care of her. He thanked me with his tears, and I was pleased to perceive that he could weep. Antinomianism had not quite erased natural affection.'

TO MISS MILLS.

Freetown, May 17, 1796.

DEAR SELINA,—That I have frequent opportunities of writing to you is far from being one of the meanest comforts which my situation affords me. The present one is furnished by a vessel bound to Barbados, full of slaves. To secure its safe conveyance I shall inclose it, with some others, to Governor Rickets of Barbados, with a request that he will forward it by the first packet.

Dawes and Winterbottom will come to see you as soon as they arrive in England, and our secret will be safe with them. Dawes is one of the excellent of the earth. With great sweetness of disposition and self-command, he possesses the most unbending principles. For upwards of three years have we acted together, and in that time many difficult cases arose for our decision; yet I am not sure that in the perplexities of consultation or the warmth of discussion, we either uttered an unkind word, or cast an unkind look at each other.

You will be surprised, after saying so much, to hear me declare that I believe I love Winterbottom still more. He certainly is far from having attained the distinguished eminence of Dawes. But there is so much warmth of affection in him, and the expression of it so often bursts from him involuntarily, that one is constrained to love him. Besides, I was accustomed to look up to Dawes for advice and assistance, while Winterbottom, on the contrary, has been in the use of looking to me

[1] Mrs. Millar, a widow, who had been sent out by the Directors as schoolmistress, had married soon after her arrival. She remained at her employment with the full approval of her husband, instead of returning with him to England, where he went for a time to recruit his health. Macaulay says she deserves the commendations given her by her friends at Clapham, and evidently feels praise could go no higher.

for counsel, and you know how naturally a dependence of that sort begets in a degree all the tender feelings of parents to children. He is a man of general science and great professional skill. He is also a serious inquirer after truth; and though his religious principles are by no means so fixed as those of Dawes, he may be fairly reckoned a disciple of Christ. He has four sisters to whom he is so warmly attached, that he would scarce think it too much to drudge all his days in a coal-mine for their sakes.

My health continues good, though I do not find I am as capable of exertion as I used to be. But my time is short, the *Eliza* is about to sail, and after finishing my letters to the Directors, I have again sat down this morning at five o'clock to tell you how deeply I love you, and what a satisfaction it is to me to feel, that though parted from each other so many hundred miles, yet that being one in Christ, we enjoy the privilege of meeting as often as we go into His presence! To this I owe many happy hours. I seldom think on you without having my mind raised from earth to heaven. I know not whether this be intended by what our creed calls the Communion of Saints, but I experience the same feeling in its degree when I think on our friends at Cowslip Green, the Temple, and Battersea Rise. Thus, my dear Selina, do you prove a help to me even here. Thus do you assist me to serve my God better, and to love Him more.—Ever yours,

Z. MACAULAY.

'*May* 20.—On Wednesday last Clarke had gone as usual to visit the Settlers in the country, but he found the doors of all Wilkinson's Methodists shut against him. The general pretence was, "Sir, we are Methodists, we are determined to live and die such, we will not change our religion for anything you can say to us." In vain did Clarke try to show them that he had no wish to make them desert their name or their party. They seemed to think he had some bad design in thus persevering to go about among them.

'*May* 22.—Mr. Clarke preached both in the fore and afternoon from Luke xiv. 23: "Compel them to come in that my house may be filled." He was very careful in pointing out that the only kind of compulsion which Christianity allowed was persuasion; and also, that the object of those who thus compel men ought to be that Christ's house might be filled, not their own party aggrandised. But all his care did not save him from the malignant insinuations of Garvin and Grigg, who said they were sure he would never have used such a text, had he not wished to shut up the Meeting-houses.

'*May* 24.—Mr. Clarke went to-day to the mountains to visit the Settlers who live there. On his way back he was accosted by Isaac Anderson, one of the delegates to the Court of Directors.[1] He made many long and bitter complaints of ill-usage both from the Directors and me. He begged to know whether the Directors had induced the French squadron to come here, and whether it was by their orders that I had given up the place to the French. He had scarce parted with Anderson when he was accosted by another, who, in a very rude style, began to examine him touching his qualifications as a Minister. "Tell me your experience, sir; then I shall know whether you are a man of God. I don't call fine harangues preaching; that won't do for me. Your preaching must agree with what I feel, that's my test; if it does not, then I must know you are wrong." Poor Clarke returned home at night quite worn out with fatigue, and discouraged and mortified by the treatment he had met with, but still determined to persevere in the face of all opposition.

'*May* 25.—I went up this morning to Bance Island, principally with the view of cultivating a good understanding with Mr. Tilley. He was extremely civil, and exerted himself to make everything agreeable to me, by avoiding himself, and discountenancing in others, the swearing and obscenity which in general forms so great a part of the conversation of Slave-traders. He has got two rooms tolerably well fitted up by our carpenters for his own use; but the place where he sits and does business and also dines is highly disgusting. The smell of rum and tobacco, the continual passing to and fro of natives, and the uncouth appearance and still more uncouth conversation of the traders who are met there form altogether a most offensive assemblage. I found a great many of our people at work here repairing the buildings which the French had demolished. Most of his domestics are from Sierra Leone likewise.

'*May* 30.—David George told me that he had learnt from Grigg and Garvin that Mr. Clarke had abused all the black preachers, and that they had been busy in circulating the same report everywhere, so that the minds of the people were alienated from him. He added that he did not believe it himself, and that he had given me the information that Clarke might have an opportunity of wiping away the aspersion. I acquainted Clarke with the report which had spread respecting him, and advised him to take some speedy method of contradicting it. He seemed inclined rather to leave his justification to time; but on my suggesting that the present case was

[1] The Settlers had sent two Delegates to England in 1793, to lay some complaints against the Governor before the Court of Directors.

different from that of a man whose character was aspersed generally, and that a particular fact being alleged, which could easily be disproved, it became his duty to disprove it, he acquiesced, and called a meeting of the preachers, who met him in the evening. Clarke mentioned the purpose for which he called them together, and how anxious he was to give them satisfaction with respect to the falsehood of any reports which might convey an impression of his entertaining for them the smallest disrespect. He had scarce finished when Garvin rose, and, with the utmost indignation, asked him: "And is this all you have called us together for? Your character! Are you a Minister of Christ, and hurt at trifles such as these? I know your drift. It is a scheme to fill your church, but it will not succeed. We do not look on you as our Pastor. You are come here as the Company's Chaplain to dispense the sacraments to us, but we have Ministers of our own." Clarke replied to this with the greatest mildness, saying that his object was to do good if it were in his power; and that, as he thought his usefulness and theirs was impeded by any variance, he had wished to remove that stumbling-block. All the others except Garvin commended him for calling the meeting. Garvin then accused him of wishing to introduce persecution, and said, "I heard of your sermon about 'compel them to come in.'" Clarke here appealed to some of the preachers who had heard that sermon, and who justified him from even hinting that a preference ought to be given to the Church. Garvin then accused him of being supercilious, and said Clarke did not make a companion of him. Clarke observed that he had too much business on his hands to spend any time in company; but that he was always ready to receive visits from Garvin, or from any other person. Clarke's calmness and gentleness quite mortified Garvin, who broke out almost into abuse, and began to relate circumstances which had occurred in conversation at my table on a former occasion in a way to expose Clarke to the dislike of the preachers. Clarke, however, satisfied them on this point also; and all of them, Garvin excepted, allowed that the charge brought against him had been unfounded. David George now got up and said, "The present business is downright malice and envy against one who is an apostle of God to us." Here Garvin interrupted him with fury flashing in his eyes, and there was now some fear that the meeting might have ended tragically, when Clarke interposed, and said it were better now to dissolve the meeting, which he did with prayer. I have deliberated much what in such a case one ought to do. It is grievous to witness such proceedings. But I have thought that it is certainly best to leave the vindication of His own

cause to God, especially as the smallest interference of mine would be construed into persecution, and might tend to mar Clarke's usefulness more than all the malice of his opponents.

'*May* 31.—The man who was lately rescued from the hold of a slave-ship begged permission to return to his native country. He had scarce gone away when it was discovered that some one had made free with my forks and spoons, and suspicion naturally fastened itself on him. He was pursued and overtaken, and my property being found on him, he was brought back. I felt more mortified that the hopes I had indulged of having inspired him with some sense of gratitude had proved groundless, than I should have been at losing the things he stole. On asking a reason for his conduct, he answered with the utmost unconcern that he could not think of going home empty handed: and that he had nothing, while I had too much. He would not be convinced that he had committed a crime: he had only taken what he wanted, and what I could spare. I was quite amused with finding in a savage African the grand principle of the modern refined system of politics.

'*June* 1.—We received intelligence of the death of our friend and neighbour King Jammy.

'*June* 2.—A message came requesting my attendance at King Jammy's funeral. I did not choose to go, and Gray went in my stead with Clarke. They found the natives engaged in talking to the corpse, and in putting a number of questions to it with a view of discovering the authors of his death. In the coffin with the body, which was dressed in his best suit, was put his umbrella, cravats, and all his other finery. The master of the ceremonies then asked Gray to say something to King Jammy, on my behalf, who was his friend, and to pray for him. Gray declined this proposal, but Clarke gladly accepted it, and prayed for a considerable time, not for King Jammy, but for those who were around him.

'*June* 3.—A vessel sailed to-day for Barbados loaded with slaves. I took the occasion to send by it to Governor Rickets some suggestions with respect to the best plan of circulating the Cheap Repository Tracts through his island. I also sent specimens of the Tracts to friends in Barbados and St. Kitts, with letters pointing out their object, and the best mode of circulating them.

'A vessel sailed for the Rio Pongo, and I took the opportunity of sending to the Slave-trader Tool, with whom I had a serious conversation at the factory in the Rio Pongo,[1] some of the most striking of the Tracts and a New Testament.

[1] See page 128.

'*Sunday, June* 5.—Tilley was still with us; indeed I generally urge his stay whenever he visits me; and I sometimes flatter myself that it is in consequence of this that a considerable change in his manners and conversation is evident to all. I took him of course to church, and made a point of his attending the Sunday-school, and I did not fail to call Tilley's attention in a particular manner to the performance of the native children, some of whom had been rescued from the hold of slave-ships, and who therefore furnished a fair specimen of what might be expected from the hundreds he yearly consigns to that state.

'*June* 11.—Captain Ready of the *Isabella* from Liverpool dined with me. He appeared anxious to impress us with a favourable opinion of his humanity, and was therefore very liberal in his censures on slave captains in general, and in his commendations of that benevolence which led to the formation of this Settlement. To strengthen the favourable impression he judged he had made, he told us the following story of himself. "During my voyage last year to the Gold Coast, a girl, who had been pledged for a debt, was sold to me. The girl's mother, unable to brook her loss, came on board with two other children, and begged permission to accompany her daughter. I was quite overcome, and really could not withstand her entreaties, so I permitted them to go. They were above the common run of people, and I paid them great attention, and you cannot conceive, sir, before the voyage was ended, what an affection they all had for me. They loved me as a father, and indeed I could not help feeling something of a father's love for them; and when I came to part with them I felt much, and as for them, they were like to break their hearts. However, I took particular care they should all be sold to one man." The beginning of the story had led me to hope that I should have had one fair act of a slave captain wherewith to gild the gloomy annals of the Slave Trade, nor could I believe for a moment or two that he had brought his tale to a conclusion. Habituated as I have been to African humanity, I was yet in doubt whether I had heard the account he gave with sufficient attention. The assumption of humanity was such a barefaced assumption, that I scarce knew what to say. But Clarke, less used to the peculiar mode which exists on this coast of appreciating the worth of actions, began to set before him the flagitiousness of his conduct, and to remind him of the account he must one day render. Ready appeared quite dismayed by this unlooked-for attack. His colour left him, and he said tremblingly: "Sir, I am but a poor man, and am kept by necessity in this trade. I detest it, but what can a poor man do? In two years more I shall be well to do in the world, and then I intend to give it up and do better."

'I was seized to-day with a violent fever which continued for eight-and-forty hours without a remission.

'*Sunday, June* 19.—I was not so well yet as to venture out. The noted Captain Walker, known by the name of Beau Walker, passed to-day to Bance Island in an American slave-ship of which he is owner. He came on the coast with several vessels under his directions, some of which he had already sent off fully slaved. One of them had taken on board a hundred slaves in the Sherbro, when about a week ago the slaves rose, killed the captain, ran the vessel aground, and made their way ashore. The vessel not being insured, the loss is estimated at near four thousand pounds.

'Clarke lectured in the evening. In his proof of the truth of Scriptures he was ingenious, but far beyond the comprehension of his hearers. This is an error his academic education exposes him to, but he tries to correct it, and I take care to remind him of it whenever I find him soaring out of sight.'

FROM DR. WINTERBOTTOM.

London, June 23, 1796.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Our voyage was a very pleasant one. We arrived at Bristol after a passage of forty-six days. On Saturday Mr. Dawes received a letter from Mr. Thornton desiring us to go to Cowslip Green on Saturday night, and stay the Sunday, in order to attend 'the ladies' on their visit to the schools; but this did not prevent our visit to Miss Mills. Mr. Dawes, in going, said, 'How shall we introduce ourselves, and how will they know who is who? It is rather awkward!' 'Oh, not at all,' I replied; 'they know all about us, you may be sure, and perhaps much more than we do ourselves.' We were received with great kindness, and in a very little time our conversation turned upon Sierra Leone. They all appeared extremely anxious to hear of it; the minutest particular was listened to with pleasure and attention. Miss Selina was very particular with Mr. Dawes and me, separately, in asking how you spend your time and amused yourself, fearing you might at times be dull, and seemed to add with a sigh, 'How happy should I be in some of his anxious moments to soothe his cares!' There is indeed a great deal of kindness and goodness in the whole family, but in Miss Selina there is something so insinuating and soft that I do not wonder at the encomiums I have heard given to her. Her voice is extremely harmonious, and should you ever be low spirited, I think it must have upon you the effect which David's harp had upon Saul. She asked me if I did not think you disposed at times to be gloomy. I told her

that was an observation I had made and mentioned to you, that after breakfast, when engaged in business, your look was so grave as almost to frighten me, and that I had told you of it. I said I believed it was put on, as at those times I could always speak to you on a cheerful subject with the same freedom as usual. I said I thought you far from being inclined to gloom; on the contrary, rather of an opposite cast, though never inclined to a very high flow of spirits. She appeared pleased. We stayed here till nine o'clock at night; indeed I had no wish to stir. We then set off in a post-chaise for Cowslip Green, where we did not arrive till twelve o'clock; when, fearing to disturb the family, we stayed all night at the *Bell*, a little, shabby public-house before you come to Cowslip Green. We went early in the morning to wait upon the ladies, from whom we received a hearty scold for staying in such a vile place. Unfortunately for us, Miss Hannah More was very unwell, so that we could not see her that day. Miss Patty also was not very well, but this did not prevent her going out with us in a post-chaise to visit her little flocks. I recollect what you said of her at Sierra Leone: 'Patty More has the zeal of a seraph.' I did not much attend to it then, but when I saw her speak to the children, instructing and encouraging them, I was struck with the justness of your remark. I never witnessed a more delightful spectacle, it was charming even to distress, my heart felt more than I could express, and had it not been for the most violent efforts, my eyes would have betrayed its feelings. It was indeed a delicious treat; how much did we lament that you had not seen it; every person must be benefited by it, and teachers might here become scholars and profit by it. How can the men have been so blind to Patty More's merits? it ought to have been a national concern, and so much goodness should have been married, even though it had been enforced by Act of Parliament.

The other ladies at Cowslip Green are also very pleasing. Miss More has benevolence seated in her countenance; Sally is cheerful, lively, and engaging; indeed it is a delightful society. We stayed there all night, and could not get away till the following evening. Hannah More still continued sick, but after dinner on Monday was so good as to come down and chat, though evidently much disordered by her asthmatic complaint. We left them with regret, and did not reach Bristol time enough to go to Park Street. We went there the next evening to tea. Miss Selina had a bonnet on the first night, but to-night was so good as to put on a cap, which gave me a very good view of her face. I thought it more lovely than ever. I cannot now enter into particulars; these I will reserve for a better opportunity. Suffice it to say that I have never seen a more amiable, engaging

behaviour than that of Miss Selina, There is so much sweetness in all she says, and so much mildness in all her actions, that the heart of a miser might be warmed to acts of generosity by the spark of goodness which he would catch from her charms.

Remember me, I pray you, to Mr. Clarke, to Gray, and Garvin. This gentleman played me a slippery trick in sending home a letter about me, but I forgive him, as I feel sure it was well meant. I cannot avoid thinking of you sometimes with tears of affection. May you be happy, and may every plan of yours be attended with the blessings you deserve! This is the sincere wish of one who can only offer an unworthy prayer for your success, but who affectionately esteems you.—Ever yours,

W. WINTERBOTTOM.

'*June* 27.—Rodway, one of the Baptist Missionaries, has given me by his conduct reason to think highly of his principles. He has employed himself during the rains in teaching a school at Granville Town on the Company's account. At that place there are two meetings of Methodists, whose preachers sometimes seem to contend which shall bawl the loudest. Some of their expressions, as noticed by him, are curious enough. "May thy word be quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, to cut sin from joint to joint and from marrow to marrow." When praying for their friends, whom they conceive not converted, it is common for them to say, "Lord, take them and shake them over the belly of hell, but do not let them drop in." I was again taken ill with fever to-day.

'*Friday*, *July* 1.—A ship arrived in the river. The captain said he and two other vessels had been attacked by Renaud. He made a shift to escape, the other two were taken. It is surprising that Government does not send a couple of frigates to beat up Renaud's quarters at Goree.

'*Monday*, *July* 4.—I was considerably recruited, but not strong enough to venture to church yesterday. Several irregularities having lately taken place from a power assumed by one or two of the Methodist preachers of marrying, I thought it advisable to make some regulations which might go to prevent the evil. Fearing, however, that this might disturb the quiet of those families, the heads of which had been irregularly contracted, I prefaced the regulation respecting future marriages by a declaration that all previous marriages, however celebrated, should be reputed valid, where bigamy could not be proved on either of the parties. I also drew up some regulations relative to bastards. These being agreed to in Council, were sent to the Hundreders and Tithingmen for their approbation; and after a debate of three or four hours were carried by a large majority.

'*July* 8, 1796.—The law respecting marriages was published

this day. You will see that in the framing of it, I stuck as close to the English Law, as laid down by Judge Blackstone in the 15th Chapter of the 1st Book of his *Commentaries*, as our circumstances would allow. I also avoided any definition of who were persons in holy orders. No sooner had the notice met David George's eye than he began to exclaim most outrageously against it, talked loudly of the violation of their religious rights, and of the call there was to resist such acts even to blood. He came to Clarke to vent his rage. Clarke tried to reason with him, and pointed out to him that the law was not compulsive but declaratory. It declared what it was which by the law of England constituted a legal marriage. David's passions were too violently agitated to attend to reasoning. He then went to some of the most disaffected of the Methodist leaders, who, till he called their attention to the subject, thought little about it.

'*July* 9.—David George and his coadjutors were still busy in calling the attention of the people to the flagrant violation attempted of their religious rights. To-morrow was the day fixed on for carrying into effect their intention of a general and strong remonstrance. But David George, though he had succeeded in stirring up the Methodists, was not equally successful with his own people, who are in general sober-minded and temperate men; and though he laboured all day to give them his own views, he found them backward. The fear of losing his influence over them induced him to reconsider the matter in the evening, and he resolved, by the advice of Cooper, who happened to meet with him, to have some conversation with me before he proceeded further.

'*Sunday, July* 10.—I was far from being well, but both Lowes and Guest being taken ill, and there being three others confined with fever, I was obliged to move about. In the evening, as I returned home, full of anxiety for these young men, I learned that there had been a tumultuary assembly of the Methodists to-day. The people were told by Garvin and Beveshout that their religious rights were now to be taken from them, and that it became them to act a firm part. A letter was then read to them which it was proposed to send to me signed by the names of all present. I felt grieved that a Sunday should have been so employed, and I began to lay my account too with such another disturbance as we had in June 1794, and was of course not quite at ease in the anticipation. On such occasions what I find the greatest cordial to my mind, is a retrospect of the last four years of my life. He who hath delivered us in times past has still the government in His hands. He will deliver us, if He sees fit; if not, submission becomes a duty to be performed, not by constraint, but willingly.

'*July* 11.—David George came to me this morning. He saw the mischief his intemperate conduct was likely to cause; and as he grew more cool he began to tremble at it. I appeared to him as if I were wholly ignorant of what had passed, and welcomed him as usual. In his ordinary lowly strain he told me that his mind had been a little disturbed about my advertisement, and he had now taken the liberty of asking me the real object of it. I told him with great frankness the reasons for it, in the same way as I should have done had I been ignorant of the transactions of the last three days. He said, "You have quite satisfied my mind. I see the Governor is right in what he has done. Some bad people wanted to make me believe you were going to shut our meetings." Having brought him to make this concession, I threw off my reserve. I told him all I knew of his conduct; painted to him how peculiarly flagrant such a conduct was in him, who had occasion, above all men in the place, to know that I was ready at all times to give a reason for my conduct; and concluded with saying that I should charge on his head all the mischief which his intemperance might cause. "The Governor is right," he answered, "but I will not stay to talk with you now. I will make haste down and try to prevent mischief." On going down he found the Methodist preachers met, and talking with much heat and clamour, and Cooper in the midst of them, endeavouring to bring them to a better mind. His endeavours, I believe, would have been in vain, had not David George come in. "I have been up the Hill," says David, "and the Governor has satisfied my mind. Take my advice, and do as I have done; you will repent any hasty step you take. I will have nothing more to do in it. Mr. Macaulay is right; and if you speak to him, you will see he is." Cooper told me that this speech struck them all dumb, and left them nothing to say.

In the course of the forenoon, however, there was another meeting of them, at which Garvin was present. He took pains to persuade them of the propriety of still sending in their remonstrance and succeeded. Beveshout was delighted to present it. This he did with many a low bow, saying he had brought His Excellency a humble and respectful petition from the body of Methodists. There never to be sure was a more barefaced misnomer, as you shall see.

THE INDEPENDENT METHODIST CHURCH OF FREETOWN
TO THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL.

GENTLEMEN,—We have reason to believe that you have entertained no very exalted idea of our loyalty and attachment

to you on several occasions heretofore, and we are sorry that any cause should be given us to conduct ourselves in such a manner, as still to confirm you in your suspicion of us. But when we see our religious rights struck at, all regard for our own character is lost from our view, and our only concern is to persevere in our loyalty and attachment to the Governor of the universe, whose we are and whom we serve. We consider this new law as an encroachment on our religious rights; and as such we not only mean to be inattentive to it, but to influence the minds of all we have to do with against it. Gentlemen, while you blame our fire, you must commend our honesty. We cloak nothing, we tell you openly and sincerely what we mean, and there may a time come when you will acknowledge 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.' We must acknowledge that your advertisement is very disgusting to us, for we are Dissenters, and esteem it our privilege to be so, and as such we consider ourselves a perfect Church, having no need of the assistance of any worldly power to appoint or perform religious ceremonies for us. If persons in holy orders are allowed to marry, we see no reason why our Ministers should not do it. Our meeting-house we count as fit for any religious purpose as the house you call the church. We cannot persuade ourselves that politics and religion have any connection, and therefore think it not right for a Governor of the one to be meddling with the other.—We remain, gentlemen, with respect, your most obedient servants,

(Signed by 128 names).

'Having cast my eye over the letter, I told the bearer of it, with an air of perfect indifference, that he might tell those who had written it that their letter had proceeded wholly on a mistake, marriage not being a religious but a civil ordinance, the regulation of the mode of which was the business of the makers of the Law and not of the preachers of the Gospel; and that their fears of an invasion of their religious rights were altogether groundless. I thought it prudent to say little more then. Mr. Beveshout made a very low bow, thanked me for correcting their mistake, and said his own mind was satisfied, and he should satisfy the minds of the others. 'But,' said he, 'there is another thing we want. We want to have all our officers, Hundreders, Tithingmen, and Sheriffs changed. We want to have a new election.' I made a very short answer to this. I told him that was still less the business of preachers than the other. There should be a new election when I saw fit, which should be when the proper time came, and with this he left me. Thus did this storm blow over, surprising me by

its easy termination still more than by its unreasonable commencement. There has been a Petty Court instituted for the trial of slight offences, such as riotous behaviour in the streets, abusive language, and selling spirits without a licence, which has the power of punishment by fine, imprisonment, and corporal punishment. The business of our Quarterly Court is thus much lessened.

'When the business of the Court was over, I called the attention of a numerous assembly to the letter I had received from the Methodists. I began with stating from Blackstone what the English law said respecting Marriage. This being the case, I said, it was with some surprise that I had read a letter signed by one hundred and twenty-eight of the Settlers, in which they declared it to be their purpose not only to be inattentive to a law published on the subject of marriage, which was further sanctioned by the deliberate vote of their own representatives, but to do their utmost against it. Observing that the minds of my hearers were impressed as I could wish with this plain state of the case, I proceeded to show them, in the strongest terms I could find, the impropriety of such language as was held forth in the letter, and to say that its spirit was that of rebellion itself. The majority of those who had signed it I believed were not aware of this. But however I might acquit them of a criminal intent, I never could acquit them of weakness, inconsideration, and folly.

'In consequence of what I said I had scarce got to Thornton Hill, when numbers of those, whose names I had called over as affixed to the letter, came to me, some protesting that their names were there without their knowledge, others expressing the utmost sorrow for having been led to sign it. They told me that the letter had been read to them, but that they did not understand it; and that Garvin had told them it was merely to say that they were Methodists, and that they meant to continue so. They had said that they had no objection to say so, and accordingly gave in their names, and this was all they knew of the matter.'

FROM THOMAS BABINGTON, ESQ.

Sidmouth, July 20, 1797.

MY DEAR ZACHARY,—I have had several letters from you since I wrote. We have also had the high satisfaction of seeing Miss Mills, who is still with us, and for whom we have the greatest affection and esteem. She has now lived with us near a month, and as we have had no other company in the house, we must have seen a great deal of her in that quiet kind

of intercourse which lays the heart most open, and we have formed a very high opinion of her principles and dispositions, particularly of her ardent desire to improve both under the influence of the Holy Spirit. She is affectionate, candid, strikingly sincere, much more free from excesses and vagaries either in her opinions or feelings than is usual among religious young women, and yet with that sort of variety in her sentiments and life in her manner which makes her a very agreeable companion. If I know her and you, she will, as a wife, both command your esteem and suit your taste in a higher degree than you now suppose, even though most lovers exaggerate a good deal in their opinions of the object of their affections. I have seen no particular marks of vanity in her, notwithstanding what we had heard, and I am sure she is far from deficient in feeling, according to the standard I form to myself of what is desirable in that respect. I have been trying to point out particular faults, but, though all her attainments must be, and visibly are imperfect in their degree, yet I can fix on nothing prominent, except rather too much haste in forming and expressing her opinions, and perhaps they are apt to be too decisive. She certainly is not guilty of obstinacy in retaining them, but listens very candidly to any one who thinks differently. After all, she is not rash and strong in her opinions in any striking degree, and I am uncertain whether this fault in her may not have proceeded almost entirely from female quickness of perception and vivacity, and indeed most women have more of it than Miss Mills. As I said before, she has greatly increased our affection and esteem for her; and even if she had not the very strong claim on us which arises from her connection with you, we should be desirous of a lasting acquaintance and friendship with such a woman. Her understanding is good, and her mind pretty active; she is fond of poetry, but, as I suspect, has not a good taste in it.

You know how sincerely we should rejoice at your alarm about the French proving groundless. The picture you give of what passed in your own mind at the time interested me exceedingly. I heartily wish that on all emergencies I may be employed as you were on the occasion in question in some good degree, in searching after the spiritual advantage God offers me in them! Except this is our main endeavour and practice, we cannot be said to walk by faith, or to have our conversation in Heaven. But on such occasions what a torrent of worldly agitation and anxiety rush on the mind with a force which we have no power of our own to resist, and which the flesh and the Devil would fain persuade us is irresistible! How can those hope to weather the storm who have not made it

their first care in their days of peace and prosperity to secure a friend in the great Pilot, and engage him to take up his abode with them.—Yours affectionately, T. BABINGTON.

'*July* 27.—Mr. Grigg called on me to-day. I told him my purpose of writing to his friends in England respecting him, together with the opinion of his character I had formed. His tone was very high and lofty. His peace should not, he said, be disturbed by anything which prejudice might dictate or malice misrepresent. I told him that I was so far from being prejudiced against him, or from wishing to misrepresent his conduct, that I had taken the measure of sending for himself before I should venture to say anything against him; and that, if the facts which formed the ground of my judgment were disproved, I should feel bound to relinquish the opinion I had formed. I then stated without any comment whatever the facts, and asked him to express whether I was accurate in my statement. He was not content with barely giving his assent to the circumstances I had alleged, but he avowed them, and seemed to glory in them. On the supposition of what he said being true, I asked him to assign a good motive for spreading reports which he knew must create animosities. He boldly replied, that with respect to the means he had used for alienating the people's minds from my measures, he considered it was for the happiness of a community to be divided in political sentiments. I availed myself of this strange position to rally him a little on his rather opposite functions of preacher of the Gospel of peace, and systematic promoter of political differences. I at length really began to pity him, for he appeared himself to be quite confounded with the variety of matter there was against him, and with the extreme folly of the whole of his conduct.

'*July* 29.—Mr. Grigg came this forenoon to know what line of conduct I meant to pursue towards him with respect to salary. I told him that I should continue his salary till an answer could be had from England; when, if not expressly commanded by the Court of Directors to observe a contrary conduct, I should cease to be the medium of conveying protection or support to him as a Missionary. A similar discussion to what we had yesterday took place, but his tone was now widely different. He appeared to be quite overwhelmed with a sense, not of the evil he had done, but of the inconvenience he had brought on himself.

'*July* 30.—Mr. Peterkin[1] brought up some depositions, which had been made before him at the instance of David George, by

[1] The principal clerk in the Secretary's department.

several people, all tending to show how industrious Grigg had been in exciting dissensions in the Colony. I sent for Grigg and read the affidavits to him, and proposed to him the measure of quitting the Colony to save himself all further trouble, and offered him a passage in the next ship to England. His high spirit seemed now completely broken, and he appeared so much an object of compassion that I did all in my power to raise his spirits by directing him to those considerations which I thought he ought to entertain, and to those improvements which might be made of his past imprudence, and of the evils caused thereby.

'*August* 1.—Mr. Garvin called on me to-day to beg that I would furnish him with some means of getting off the Colony. I took the opportunity of questioning him with respect to certain parts of his conduct. He told me, in an exulting tone, that both the Methodist letter and that of the Baptists (which had not been delivered) were in his possession, in the handwriting of the original framers. I am not sure that the law would justify me in what I did on this information, but as I deemed those writings to be of a dangerous and seditious tendency, I thought I should at least have many precedents to bear me out in directing the Marshal to seize and bring before me all Mr. Garvin's papers, which he did, Garvin still present. But after casting an eye over them, it appeared that the papers in question were not among them. Garvin was violently agitated during the whole of this proceeding; and when his papers were returned to him, he made the best of his way home, without waiting for an answer to his request respecting a passage.

'*September* 3.—A little before midnight, hearing the sound of a good many feet moving rapidly towards my house, I started up, and the first words which met my ear were "The French are in the river's mouth." Terror and consternation appeared in the faces of the Settlers. A decent-looking European came forward, and told me that he had been carpenter of the ship *Speedwell* of Liverpool, a slave-ship trading at Cape Mount; that while there, about eleven days ago, two French privateers captured the *Speedwell*, together with the Company's sloop *Ocean*; that there was then in possession of the Frenchmen the ship *Atlantic*, which they had taken a few days before, bound from London to Sierra Leone, having on board letters for me; that yesterday morning the larger privateer, on board of which he was, had called at the Bananas, and there taken a large ship newly arrived from Liverpool; that this morning they had passed Cape Sierra Leone in their way to the Isles de Los, where they expected to take some valuable prizes. That,

as they were crossing the river's mouth, they had met with a trading boat of one of the Settlers, on board of which they put him and seven seamen, giving them their clothes, bedding, and provisions, to carry them to Freetown; that they had refused my brother or his people permission to return, in the hope that the offer of some great reward might tempt them to pilot the vessels into the Rio Pongo; and finally, that there was no intention whatever in the people on board to enter this river, as they apprehended their force to be inadequate to the attack either of this place or Bance Island.

'*September* 4.—I sent Mr. Gray to Bance Island in the morning with the news, and an offer of fifty to a hundred volunteers, if Tilley should think it right to send the *Elizabeth Anderson* in quest of the Frenchmen. Two boats full of English seamen were put on shore to-day here.

'*September* 5.—Mr. Gray returned from Bance Island. Mr. Tilley declined sending the *Elizabeth Anderson*, and gave very sufficient reasons for so doing.

'Being anxious for the letters said to have been on board the *Atlantic*, as well as for the safety of the *Ocean's* people, I resolved on sending a flag of truce to the Isles de Los. The *Providence* was accordingly despatched, and in it Mr. Graham, who voluntarily offered himself for the service. I wrote by him a letter to the French captain, urging the delivery of the *Ocean's* crew, and the private letters found in the *Atlantic*. In case my application should be fruitless, I wrote to my brother, directing him how to act when he got to Goree, and inclosing a few lines to Renaud (to whom both the privateers chiefly belonged), who, I knew, would be disposed to treat him kindly, and to procure, if possible, the letters for me. I likewise despatched a boat to Bance Island, to propose to Mr Tilley the sending a vessel, with the least possible delay, express to Europe, for the purpose of making Government acquainted with the state of jeopardy in which we were, and applying for assistance. In the course of a short time, by arming the prizes now in their possession, the force of the French will be too formidable either for this establishment or Bance Island to resist. His answer, which I received next day, intimated his intention of complying with my proposal as soon as a vessel of his, now in the Sherbro, had returned.

'*September* 6.—The seamen sent ashore from the French privateers began to be noisy and riotous. I caused one of them who was most forward to be apprehended, and proceeded to try him and pass sentence of whipping upon him in a summary way. I offered work to all of them till an opportunity occurred of quitting the Colony, provided they conducted themselves

soberly, hut this was an offer which only one or two accepted.

'*September* 8.—The American, Captain Benson, the same who appeared as my champion when abused by my old friends of Jamaica, and who last year wrote to you, inclosing a newspaper with his vindication of me, arrived in the river from the Gold Coast. He yesterday fell in with the smallest of the two French privateers which was cruising in the entrance of the river, while the larger was somewhere about the Isles de Los. The officers of the privateer breakfasted on board his vessel, but they showed not the most distant intention of paying us a visit ashore. He had been at most of the Forts on the Gold Coast, and among the rest at the Danish Fort of Accra,[1] where cultivation is carrying on at a very spirited rate. The Governor and other officers of that Fort are bound by oath not to deal in slaves, though from their situation they are bound to afford protection to Danish Slave-traders, while the trade is allowed to subsist. He spoke of the Governor and his lady as religious characters; much regard is paid to religion both in public and private, and much is doing in the way of education.

'*September* 9.—In the afternoon Mr. Graham and my brother appeared. When the first congratulations were over they put into my hand a packet superscribed with your hand,[2] and accompanied by a note from the French captain to the following effect:—

'"*Abord de 'L'Africain,' en rade des Isles de Los*
ce 22 fructidor. An 4me.

'"MONSIEUR,—Bien loin de vouloir amener monsieur votre frère à Goree; au contraire je l'ai mené jusquaux Isles de Los, dans l'intention de le renvoyer, car dans le moment que le bateau[3] est arrivé je hatois a l'expédier avec une peniche que je lui ai fait présent.

'"Il est vrai, j'ai visité vos lettres. Vous n'ignorez pas que c'est la loi de la guerre, mais soyez persuadés qu'il n'y a pas aucune de manqué et que c'est tout ce que j'ai pu voir jusq'à présent sauf l'avenir.

'"J'avais l'honneur de remettre votre lettre à M. Renaud, mais c'est les loix de la guerre qui l'obligent à faire ce qu'il a fait. Il y a arrêté abord du bateau[4] deux de vos gens. Soyez persuadés que la première occasion je vous les enverrai. Salut, fraternité. VALENTINE."

[1] By a Convention which came into force on the 1st of January 1868, Accra and other forts on the Coast became British.

[2] It will be remembered that this Journal is addressed to Mr. Henry Thornton.

[3] *Providence.* [4] *Ocean.*

'The letters, as M. Valentine candidly confesses, had all been broke open and read. They were not, however, the less acceptable.

'The intention of the French was to proceed to the Rio Pongo and Rio Nunez, in which are four large slave-ships. They offered my brother the value of fifty slaves, and also a ship, if he would pilot them, but he declined. They made the same offer to several others, but they had not, at the time my brother came away, succeeded in getting one who would undertake the task. Their treatment of their prisoners was uniformly proper, and in some cases generous. They were careful in returning to individuals their private property. When my brother left them they gave him a pinnace worth about fifty pounds sterling, to make up for his loss of a quadrant and some other things which were lost in the hurry of taking possession of the vessel. A good many British seamen have entered on board the privateer, induced by the hope of prize-money. The discipline on board is very lax. All the officers, down to the captains of guns, who on board the *Africain* are twenty-two in number, and almost all blacks, eat at the same table with the captain.

We have now a battery on the eastern extremity with five twelve-pounders, and one on the point beyond the watering-place on the west with the same number. In the centre of the town there is one mounted with two six and a few four-pounders. The guns we have, having had their trunnions broke off by the French, we have been obliged to make use of a very clumsy contrivance for rendering them at all serviceable; and I should think them not likely to stand above half-a-dozen rounds at most.'

TO THOMAS BABINGTON, ESQ.

Freetown, Sept. 28, 1796.

MY DEAR BABINGTON,—I scarce dare to use expressions of sorrow even while my mind reflects on the recent loss we have all sustained in the death of your excellent brother. His joy is full, for he has entered into that of his Lord.

At present my brother is employed in his own department. I have nothing new to say of him, for, though I see a good deal of him, I really know less of his opinions, principles, and private conduct than I do of those of any other servant of the Company. No one speaks freely of Alexander to me, as they will of others, and he himself continues as pertinaciously silent as ever on those points which might lead me to some acquaintance with his views. I often speak at him, and that in a way which I should expect would lead him to think a little; but there is

no speaking to him but in a didactic way, which, with one of my perhaps severe disposition, is a way not likely to do good. I take care, however, not to lose any opportunity of trying to affect his mind with right views. What a comfort it would be to one in my situation to have a person, entitled to affection on other accounts, of such a kindred mind as to encourage an unreserved confidence.

A letter from Miss Mills made me acquainted with the arrival of Dawes and Winterbottom at Bristol. I was pleased to find that she was on the point of accompanying those gentlemen to Sidmouth, where you then were. Had I had the wings of a dove, and a presentiment of the happy assemblage, I think I should have made long stages across the Desert of Sahara to have joined it. Unfortunately before reaching me, Miss Mills's letter had been carefully perused by the captain of the French privateer into whose hands it unluckily fell. In consequence of something she said in it of a vessel sailing for the Bananas, he was induced to call there, which he would not otherwise have done, and was so fortunate as to find at that place a prize worth ten thousand pounds, for which he thanks her.

You will be surprised perhaps to hear that I have not the same earnest wishes to gratify in prevailing on Selina to become an African Missionary that I had while in England. The constant state of irritation and alarm in which we have been kept since May last, and my own frequent indisposition, have rather tended to wean my mind a little from the thoughts of a permanent residence here in a family capacity. I will not venture to say that the situation in which I find myself with respect to her has had no effect on my health of late, but I can say that I have thanked God a thousand times for having crossed my wishes so far as that she should not be here at present, to share all the unpleasantness of our unquiet and restless state.

May God's blessing accompany you and yours at all times. —Believe me to be most affectionately yours,

Z. MACAULAY.

TO MISS MILLS.

October 1, 1796.

MY DEAR SELINA,—I am much pleased with the account you give of the improved state of your own health, and I hope your jaunt to Sidmouth would contribute not a little to confirm it. There is something in the economy of Babington's house which has always the effect on me of producing a tranquil state of mind. Babington's own mind, though uncommonly active, is

always so calm and unruffled, and the beamings of a benevolent heart are always playing so visibly in his countenance, that every one feels a kind of sympathetic effect produced on himself before he is aware. I have never met with any who handles those wounds which sorrow makes on the mind with such skill and tenderness as Babington. He has a peculiar talent of administering consolation to mourners; and even, when he has occasion to convey reproof, he contrives to make the motive of love appear so prominent, that even then is one forced to love him most.

I owe you some account of the particular manner in which I spend my day. I awake from sleep generally as the daylight enters my window, and I almost always get up as soon as I awake. After reflecting for a few seconds on the goodness of God in guarding me during the silent watches of the night, my first care is to run my eye, or perhaps a perspective glass, along the horizon to see whether there be any vessels in the offing. I then proceed to dress, which as I always do it at once for the whole day, employs about half an hour. By the time all this has been done it is generally after six. After my devotions I read a passage in the original Greek Testament in order, comparing it, as far as I am able, critically with our translation and Doddridge's very excellent exposition. Having done this, I consider it for a few minutes in a practical or devotional point of view, and perhaps put into words a few of those desires which the scope of the passage suggests. About five minutes more may be taken up in a general anticipation of the work of the day, and in calling up proper considerations to strengthen me to meet with foreseen difficulties. I make also a point of employing ten to fifteen minutes in casting my eye over the passage which I am to read to my family, and considering whether there be anything peculiar in the state of any of them, or in the state of the place in general, which ought to be noticed in one's prayers. All these things, with occasional interruptions, giving necessary directions, etc., fill up the time till eight o'clock comes, when a bell rings as a signal for all to meet. The time employed in family devotions is seldom more than ten or twelve minutes, for I wish to make it a point that it should not be a wearisome service to any.

At seven in the evening I again generally retire. The first thing I do is to make a few memorandums respecting the occurrences of the day, which I only make very short, to serve me when I have time to write my diary. I then spend about a quarter of an hour in particular intercessions for all whom I am bound to have in my remembrance, and of whom I keep a

list for this very purpose, in whatever part of the world they may be. After this I read a passage in the Greek Testament, and proceed with it exactly as in the morning. The time that is left after this before the bell rings at eight o'clock is employed in bestowing a thought on our family exercises.

In general, however, we do not separate till ten, when I employ a little time in reviewing the actions, trials, and providences of the day, and making suitable addresses respecting them. After which I pass the time till I am disposed to fall asleep, which is seldom sooner than half-past eleven, in reading some amusing book, as history, lives, or travels. A few seconds then serve to commend myself to God, and a few seconds more to make me lose all care and consciousness for the next five or six hours.—Ever yours, Z. MACAULAY.

'*November* 19, 1796.—I called together the Hundreders and Tithingmen to-day, with the view of drawing their attention to the subject of a permanent constitution for the Colony. I acquainted them with the outlines of the one I meant to propose. I told them at the same time that I had no further view at present than to excite attention to so important a subject, but that the final determination with respect to its adoption would be postponed till the new election had taken place in December. One of my chief objects in meeting them was to adopt measures for putting our militia on a respectable footing, a point of the first magnitude in our present state of uncertainty and alarm. I proposed that a Committee of their number should be commissioned to enrol every Settler capable of bearing arms; that the roll being completed, a division should be made of the Settlers into companies of thirty-five men each, that each of these companies should choose a captain, lieutenant, and three sergeants from among themselves; and that the sole appointment of the field-officers should rest with the Commander-in-chief. To these proposals a ready assent was given.

'*November* 30.—Mr. Grigg called on me to beg that I would use my interest in procuring for him a passage to America in a ship shortly to sail from Bance Island.

'I advised him to give up thoughts of America, and to adopt the only line of conduct which I thought became him as a Christian, which was, not to shrink from inquiry, but to return to England, and give his employers the meeting. To this plan Grigg was altogether averse. He could not think of returning to England, he said. Should he fail in procuring a passage to America, he meant to engage himself as a clerk in some slave factory. I remonstrated very strongly against

this strange resolution, and tried to convince him how far better it was to suffer than to sin. But all I could say produced little effect. The more I reflected on this shocking determination of Griggs, the more anxious I was to divert him from it. It occurred to me that the declaimers against Missions would find it a convenient incident for their purpose, that one of the first men who came to Africa's sons, charged with the Gospel of peace, should himself become a dealer in slaves. I begged of Mr. Clarke to call on him in hopes of bringing him to a better mind. Clarke called on him, and though it was only a little after nine in the morning when he called, he found Grigg sipping at a large pint tumbler of rum-and-water. Clarke pressed on him the duty of going to England. "Sir," said Grigg, "what should I do there? I could not live under such a Government. My principles are such that our tyrants would soon have me up. My principles would not allow me to live under our present rulers. A worthy friend of mine, a Baptist Minister, used to pray that God would either chain them or change them, end them or mend them, turn them or burn them; and—would you think it?—so infatuated were his people, that they would not allow him to remain among them."

'*December* 10.—I was a good deal surprised to-day by a piece of information which our Marshal came to communicate. He informed me that York and Peters, two of our most factious characters, have been busying themselves in persuading the people not merely not to choose whites for their representatives, but to prevent whites from voting. Among the many strange insinuations they have used for stirring up the people's mind to what they propose, what seems to have the greatest effect with some, is the pleasure that will arise from retaliating a little on whites the oppressions they were formerly made to endure. I scarce knew how to receive this piece of information. There was something so unique in making a white face a civil disqualification that it really provoked one to laughter.

'*December* 12.—To-morrow being the day of election for Tithingmen I resolved to be out of the way, and accordingly went up to my house in the mountains, which is now finished. It is situated about three miles off; and as a good part of the wood around it is now cut down, we have a view of the sea from it. The air is certainly considerably cooler, particularly in the evenings and mornings, than at Freetown. The mountain is crowned with very deep and lofty woods, almost impervious to the sun's rays. Great numbers of monkeys and squirrels are everywhere to be seen. There are also deer and wild hogs in abundance. Within a quarter of a mile of my house there are no less than two very excellent streams of

fresh water, one of which issues from a rock not above two or three hundred yards off. Here I passed this and the two following days in a way quite suited to my taste, without any interruption but from the kindness of my neighbours, who came to pay me their respects on taking possession of my house. They accompanied their congratulations with some trifling presents of the produce of their farms. My place is considerably beyond any of the Settlers' farms, and I hope it will be a bait to draw many out.

'*December* 15.—On getting to Thornton Hill I found that the election was over. I was far from being satisfied with the issue of it, the individuals chosen being in general the most ignorant and perverse of our Colonists. I had suggested to them the advantages that would accrue to the Colony by the election of some of the whites, of whose superior information it would be well if they availed themselves. This suggestion, however, taken in connection with my intimations respecting a new constitution, was sufficient to rouse their jealousy. When it was known that no European had been elected, some thirty or forty of the Settlers got together and gave three cheers. You see we have just the same passions in Freetown as in London; and, in miniature, the same effects resulting from them.'

TO MISS MILLS.

Saturday Night, February 4, 1797.

I should deem it sacrilege to remain another minute engrossed by the cares of business. O my Selina, in what terms shall I express my sense of the mercies of the past week! But let me tell you your letters have increased my esteem and affection for you in a degree which, beforehand, I should not readily have conceived. They have helped also, I am sure, to humble me. Indeed, Selina, you do not know how unworthy I am of you. 'Lord, lift thou on us the light of thy countenance, and that will put gladness into my heart.' You will be glad to hear that in the main He keeps me from indulging any repining thoughts on account of my want of that sort of society which my taste leads me to prize and to desire. I find a never-failing remedy for any thoughts of this kind in His Word, and thither He has taught me to go for comfort. The sin which most easily besets me is of a different kind from this. It is an impatience of temper, which gives mere trifles that advantage over me which is much less frequently obtained by occurrences of the first importance. This irritability of temper is one of the evils under which I daily and hourly groan. The progress I make in subduing it is so slow, as at times exceedingly to

distress me. Through God's grace, however, I acquire a quicker perception of the evil, and a more importunate desire to be delivered from it. Assist me, my dear Selina, with your prayers, that this thorn may be made to depart from me. I have been stirring myself to watchfulness by various considerations, among the rest by the consideration of the pain I shall feel should my asperity of temper ever dim your eyes with a tear, or cause one painful emotion in that kind, generous bosom, from which it ought to be my earnest and assiduous endeavour to banish every cause of uneasiness and disquiet. I confess, however, that this is not the consideration whereby I am chiefly incited to struggle with this distressing and harassing temptation. No such temper can be admitted into heaven. Such a temper forms no part of the mind which was in Christ. By indulging it I crucify Him afresh; I grieve His Holy Spirit; I cause God, as it were, to hide His face from me. Though often worsted in the fight, I would therefore still encourage myself in the Lord.

I called on a poor European on Monday last who was ill of a consumption, and visibly hastening to the world of spirits. I knew him to have been rather a profligate character, and was not therefore surprised to find him in very considerable alarm and perplexity concerning futurity. I passed about an hour and a half with him, endeavouring to inform his judgment on the points most material to him at present. In this I was a good deal interrupted by the poor man's lamentations. What struck me as the most lamentable proof of the man's ignorance, was that though he was continually reiterating his cries for mercy, and declaring himself a wretched sinner, when I came to ask what were the sins which lay heaviest on his conscience, he said he could not fix on any particular sins. I was at no loss, however, to remind him of numberless particular sins of the commission of which I myself had been a witness. I set them before him with all their aggravations. 'You know not even how to offer up a prayer to God,' I said to him. 'You say you have never prayed, but how often in my hearing have you blasphemed His holy Name, and how often have I rebuked you for it?' He was not backward in acknowledging this and many other sins I mentioned to him, but they had wholly escaped himself. I would gladly have spent more time with him, but I was bound to the mountain, and if I staid much longer, I knew that night would overtake me in the way. I directed his wife to send for Mr. Clarke, and I mounted the hill, ruminating on the poor man's case whom I had just left. What a dream will life appear when we stand, as this man does, on the brink of eternity! I was proceeding along,

indulging in some such train of reflection, heaving a sigh on the recollection of the poor man I had left, and uttering occasionally an ejaculatory note of thanksgiving as I retraced seasons, during which while I was, even in my own apprehensions, sinking into the grave, I presented to the eye of sober reason a spectacle which made his case an enviable one, when I found myself, without being at all able to trace the progress by which I had got there, by one of those magical spells which our lawless imagination amuses itself with forming, stretched on what I conceived to be my own deathbed. 'Why, my Selina, should one tear dim those eyes? Lift them up to yon bright abode where myriads of the blest are surrounding their Redeemer's throne. Is there room for mourning? No, my Selina! There is all love and happiness and joy. But is it Babington I see? My dear friend, you have come in time to close my eyes, and to receive from my hands a precious deposit. Be the protector of my Selina—of my——' Whether it was that I gave an involuntary sob, or what, the little native boy who walked behind carrying my shot-bag, asked me, 'My master, are you tired?' 'No, Jack, I am not tired; what makes you ask?' Before he had time to reply a parcel of humming-birds, whose beautiful plumage reflected the rays of the retiring sun, struck his eye. He pointed them out to me. I levelled my piece with murderous aim, clanged the steel, and flashed destruction. Two of them lay prostrate on the ground. I was at first pleased with my feat, my dexterity, and the prize; but I recollected I had no means of preserving them at my mountain, that before I reached town they would be putrid, and that I should not gain by what I had done even the gratification of an idle curiosity. 'And how do I know,' I reflected, 'but that at this very moment the callow young of those two murdered animals are stretching their little throats to heaven, demanding the food of which I have deprived them, while their shivering limbs in vain expect the genial warmth of their mothers to protect them from the cold?' I was now drawing near my house when I heard a heavy gun, which was soon after succeeded by three more, which put an end to moralising. I halted, and began to think of retracing my steps, but I felt that I should never be able to descend the hill, dark as it would soon be, and fatigued as I felt. The question, however, was soon decided for me, for, as I was doubting what to do, I squeezed my foot so severely between two rocks as to render it a matter of some difficulty to travel the short space that lay between me and Mount Pelier. I got there just as the sun was setting. But in a short time one of my servants came, with a note announcing that four strange sail (one very large) were in the offing.

The next morning, before the day had dawned, I set off and made the best of my way to town, notwithstanding my lameness. I was soon relieved from my fears by seeing the Settlers moving townwards with their goods, which they had conveyed into the woods on the first alarm. On getting to Thornton Hill I found the *Eliza* arrived, with two other ships. It was two in the afternoon before the *Sheerness*, the man-of-war which convoyed them, came to an anchor. Captain Cornwallis and several of his officers came on shore in the evening, and we were much pleased with their manners and behaviour, which were much more sober and polite than one usually finds in men-of-war. It was not till the next day that I was able to get through my private letters. From Babington and my sister I had no less than twelve letters. What an amiable man is Babington! Surely there are few souls on which the lineaments of the divine character are more fairly and deeply drawn. I knew you would like the Babingtons, for I knew you were kindred spirits.

Immersed as I have been in the cares of business, this is the first day for this week past in which I have not been whirled round in the vortex of dissipation. My house was of course open to Cornwallis and his officers; they passed most of their time here, and a number of them were always with me at breakfast and at dinner. But to make up for this I lessened my time in bed to three or four hours. Captain Cornwallis expressed himself as highly pleased with the change that had taken place in our bay since he visited it in 1768. I was particularly pleased with him. Intelligence, courtesy, frankness, and diffidence are a rare assemblage in the character of a naval officer, but yet they are to be found in Captain Cornwallis, who, I understand from his officers, unites great firmness of mind and strictness of discipline with the most exemplary attention to his men and the most engaging affection to his officers. This is pleasant, but there is no mark of religion among them, except their generally abstaining from swearing, out of compliment, I fear, to me.

On February 2nd I went on board the *Sheerness*. In the passage out the *Sheerness* had taken a French privateer, some of the officers and men of which had been at the pillage of this place in 1794. I wished to have seen them, but they carefully avoided me, not showing themselves at all on deck while I remained.

Yesterday Mr. Tilley and another gentleman from Bance Island dined with me to meet some of the officers. After dinner the captain joined us, and we passed the evening in conversation unaided by cards or scandal. I find it very difficult

to support such conversations for a long time together when my mind is much engrossed, as it then was, with important business, but on the whole we showed ourselves a good deal pleased with each other. All this, however, obliged me to work double tides.

Wilberforce has written me largely with his own hand, and, as usual, affectionately. In Henry Thornton I never fail to find the constant friend and faithful adviser. I must now conclude. May your Father and my Father, your God and my God, make you his care. Assure yourself of the love I bear you, for I am with great truth, my dear Selina's most faithful and affectionate,

Z. MACAULAY.

'*February* 4, 1797.—To-day I have been able to apply to business, as the captain of the *Sheerness* and several of his officers went over to the Bullom shore to-day. He deserves great praise for the order and regularity which he maintained among his officers and men while in the harbour. Not an instance of improper or offensive behaviour occurred on shore among them, so far as I have been able to learn, during their stay.

'*February* 8.—Captain Cornwallis dined on shore yesterday with his officers, and to-day, in the evening, he came on shore to take leave, having appointed to-morrow morning at day-break as the time of sailing.

'*February* 13.—I called together the leaders of the different religious societies in this place, among whom was Garvin. After hearing what Mr. Garvin had to say in support of his charges against me, and my replies, the people acknowledged themselves to have been blinded by prejudice and misrepresentation. They begged I would forgive the uneasiness they had been led at different times to cause me. They now saw what kind of man they had confided in. They could not but acknowledge the pains I took with them. They thanked me for my forbearance, and hoped that for the times to come they would better understand their true interests. Garvin, however, maintained that he was right, and that we were all wrong.

'This circumstance in Garvin's conduct, namely, his continuing to maintain that all his allegations were true, led me to consider the propriety of bringing his conduct to the test of a judicial inquiry. He had no doubt lost all his popularity, but the fickleness and caprice of a Sierra Leone mob might soon reinstate him in favour, when he might again bring forward the same allegations to disturb and inflame their minds. I thought it a point of duty therefore to put his allegations to the proof. Having no wish to answer any vindictive purpose, I

judged a Court of Inquiry preferable to any other mode of procedure. This would equally put it in my power to require his absence from the Colony. An acknowledgment on his part that he had acted wrong would have done equally well, but this he was so far from being disposed to make, that he avowed and seemed to glory in what he had done. If he were allowed to pass without notice, the people by degrees would be prevailed on to believe him innocent, and to think that my supineness must have arisen from a dread of the issue of a public inquiry.

'*Wednesday, Feb.* 22.—To-day Garvin's trial came on. The jury found the whole of the charges fully and circumstantially established. On reciting their verdict to Garvin, I told him that from the first I had no thought of instituting a vindictive prosecution, nor did I mean that any specific punishment should now attach to him. All I required was that he should hold himself in readiness to quit by the first ship in which I could procure a passage for him, and that he should immediately give security for his quiet demeanour in the meantime. He thanked me.

'I was exceedingly surprised by the appearance at my house to-day of the lady (the Princess I should say) the offer of whose hand, I mentioned to you, I had been under the painful necessity of ungallantly declining about two years ago. Had I accepted it I should have been terribly cheated, for instead of the delicate girl she then was, she had now become quite an Amazon, masculine in her appearance and gait and stature, and resembling what she had been only in the features of her face. I was afraid she had come to renew her offers, not as formerly by proxy, but in person, or at least that she meant to exact some vengeance for the indignity she had sustained. But my fears were dispelled by a gracious smile which accompanied an intimation that she had come with her husband, on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood.

'An American captain dined with us, and brought with him his surgeon, a Frenchman, a man of pleasing manners and considerable intelligence, who had been driven from St. Domingo by the brigands, with the loss of all his property. From him I had long and shocking details of the cruelties practised in that island. He talked with just horror of the enormities of the Revolution; but I observed in him, as I have also done in every French emigrant I have ever conversed with, that fixed and rooted attachment to their country which makes them grieve for the defeat of her armies, and the capture of her fleets, even while they are cruelly shaken off by her, and bearing arms perhaps against her. "Ah, Monsieur," he said, "c'est encore

ma patrie! puis-je voir des mains étrangères déchirer le sein de ma mère sans être ému. Dépouillé de tous mes biens, et proscrit par des certains scélérats, je ne cesse d'être François. La gloire de la France m'est encore chère comme la vie même." And this sentiment it is which, prevailing universally, fills their armies, nerves their arms, impels their exertions, lightens their sufferings, and leads them, with a kind of frantic, enthusiastic valour, to death or victory, even while the monsters who hold the reins of government are the objects of their daily execrations, and while the souls of many of them weep over those individual misfortunes, as well as that general misery, which those tyrants have induced. The mad, chimerical expectation of being able to impose any foreign yoke on a nation determined to be free and independent has singularly infected the politics of the present reign. But America and France will remain lessons to succeeding ages of what may be done by men, warmed with the love of what they, whether justly or not, deem their liberty; and resolving to pay, not only their property but their lives, should it be necessary, as the price of it. What can an armed nation, actuated by no mercenary views, but fighting "*pour leurs foyers*," possibly want? The ground will yield them corn. The pastures will nourish cattle. The brook will quench their thirst. Their women and their children and their old men will till the soil, and weave the cloth; and in short, to use words of their famous hymn, "*Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.*"

'In the afternoon, when our party had become more compact, an interesting conversation arose on the Slave Trade. I am always eager to embrace such opportunities of fastening conviction on the minds of any, especially when I meet with one who, like my guest, the American captain, has engaged in that trade without previous knowledge or consideration. Captain Knight behaved with modesty and candour, and declared afterwards that had he had the same information, and been pressed with the same arguments six months ago, he should never have bought a slave, and that he was resolved this should be his last voyage. Time will try his sincerity.

'At night I found my fever return with a violence considerably increased by the exertions I had been making during the day, and I passed a very unquiet night.

'*March* 6.—Another American captain dined with me to-day, an odd, but I should suppose rather a common character. I asked him his inducement for running the risk of the severe penalty which, in America, attaches to one who carries slaves to a foreign port. He said the hope of gain. This he thought would justify him in breaking the laws of his country, and in

sharing the horrors of the Slave Trade. I asked him if he did not think the Slave Trade violated the divine command. "Yes," replied he, "that to be sure it does, but then it is only one fault. My good actions will abundantly make up for that, for God is good and just. When I am at home, I do a great deal of good to the poor. That will atone for the Slave Trade." It was not difficult to reply to this. "Aye, aye," said he, "religion is no doubt a very fine invention, and I think it right to uphold it. I say prayers in my family, I have grace always before and after meat, and I go twice to church on a Sunday. But, sir, I am no Methodist, I have no notion of being righteous overmuch. In doing this I do enough to serve God and keep up religion. I have nothing to do but to uphold the Church. As for my conduct, God has given me common sense and reason to direct me." There are many in the world who are afraid to speak so plainly, whose principles, I fear, are radically and fundamentally the same as those of this poor American.

'*March* 13.—The Company's schooner *Thornton*, commanded by my brother, sailed for the Rio Pongo. Garvin took his departure from the Colony in it, in order to go on board an American ship which had agreed to take him from the Rio Pongo, the Company paying his passage. He was very poor; and as well to relieve his distress, as to convince him that I owed him no grudge for what he had done, I gave him a little money besides.

'Grigg also came to take leave of me. He had procured a passage in the American vessel which was to take Garvin, and was now bound to the Rio Pongo to join him. I gave him many good advices with respect to his future conduct; but I fear to little purpose. He said he thought it not required of a Christian to forgive his enemies till they had first asked forgiveness; and even if it were required he thought it impossible for a man to forgive and love one he knew to be his enemy. What could be expected from a Mission conducted by a man who could even talk so unscripturally?

'*March* 17, 1797.—The American ship, in which was the French surgeon I spoke of, sailed last night. During his stay he paid me frequent visits, and afforded me of course an opportunity of contemplating a little the present French character. There appears in it such a total abandonment of principle as leaves scarce room to question that the misfortunes which have come upon them are dispensations of retributive justice. I really think that my friend forms a specimen far above mediocrity, not only with respect to manners and intelligence, but also morals; but even he allowed that he knew no other measure for this conduct than interest, natural feeling,

and penal law; and he asserted his absolute disbelief of any higher principle being to be found in any individual; all pretence to it, in his opinion, being art and hypocrisy. As for the Bible, he did not believe a word of it. As for the moral government of God, it was a fine subject of declamation for divines and priests, but, for his part, he did not believe that even any of those moral attributes belonged to Him which was alleged. They said God was wise and good and just; but he could see no trace either of wisdom, of goodness, or of justice in any of his dispensations. Had He been what some would represent Him, could He have suffered Robespierre, Victor Hugues,[1] and such men to fatten on the blood and spoil of innocents, as they had done, or would He have allowed such misfortunes to come on him who had done nothing to deserve them? Would He not have punished in some penal way the above-named monsters? He even complained that God did not assert a control over men's wills, and did not banish moral and natural evil from the world, and said their existence was to him a satisfactory proof of what he alleged. How shocking! Surely a people in such a case (and I fear with that part of the French called Royalists as well as with the Revolutionists, these are too prevailing sentiments) were ripe for the fate they have met with. There was no encountering such bold impieties and horrid blasphemies by calm argument. I was like to have got a little warm at one time, but the story of Abraham occurred to me. "Have I borne with him these hundred years, and couldst not thou bear with him one day?" I was not, however, quite silent, but on the contrary exposed the rashness of his assertions, and the unreasonableness of his sentiments, as much as his levity would permit. Conviction was not to be expected. I gained, however, one point which I had had in view, a knowledge of the prevailing opinions among the French emigrants on the important article of religion.

'*March* 23.—I was confined to my bed to-day with fever when towards sunset a man came running up the Hill in great haste, and told us that Renaud was off the Cape. Immediately afterwards M. Balthazar from the Isles de Los, and Captain Mills, of the *Sally*, a Liverpool slave-ship, entered the room, and confirmed the unwelcome intelligence. On the 18th Renaud arrived at the Isles de Los with two privateers, one (formerly the *Bell*) mounting twenty-two six- and nine-pounders, and upwards of two hundred men, and the other

[1] The Frenchman must have had some personal grudge against Victor Hugues, who seems scarcely to deserve the company in which he is placed. He had been public prosecutor at Brest, and had afterwards been appointed to some command in the West Indies, where, during the year 1794, he was successful more than once against the English.

twelve guns and one hundred and twenty men. He had fallen in with, and taken, the day before, a schooner which had sailed from this place about the same time with my brother in the *Thornton*, who of course must narrowly have missed being taken. The *Sally* lay at the Isles de Los, ready to sail for the West Indies with three hundred slaves on board. Renaud was so well pleased with this prize that he made Captain Mills a present of ten slaves. Some one was so officious as to tell him my brother had passed only two days before to go to the Rio Pongo, and had it not been for Renaud himself, who opposed the measure, saying that he did not wish to meet with him, the crews of the privateers would have followed the *Thornton*. They said that this day they had seen him within a few leagues of our Settlement; and this account was corroborated by the appearance of the privateers in the offing. They seemed to be standing towards the southward under easy sail, and might be about seven or eight leagues off. This was no time to be ill; indeed I had forgot that I had been so. I judged the chances were against his visiting us; as he must have known, that with his force, he had nothing to gain but hard blows by coming here. Besides, I knew his real object was not fighting, but taking prizes. We had no vessels in the harbour to tempt him, and as for making good a landing, he was by no means ignorant of the insufficiency of his force. No precaution, however, was neglected for preventing surprise. The captains of companies had their stations assigned them; the guns on the batteries were shotted, signals of alarm appointed, and triple guards mounted during the night. This being done, I went to rest as quietly as if M. Renaud had been a thousand miles off. I knew exactly the enemy's force, so that I could calculate to a certainty, humanly speaking, on the means we possessed of repelling it. This calculation turning considerably in our favour, set my mind of course at ease with respect to the final issue of an attack; while I trust I felt confident on another ground, namely, that the Lord Jehovah would be our shield and buckler. I made a speech on the subject to our military men, in which, according to art, was mixed up a little warmth of expression, a little vehemence of gesture, and a *quantum sufficit* of such words as wives, children, liberties, laws, religion, and lives. They all pretended to feel very brave.

'I am well acquainted with Renaud. He lived in this river for some time, and used to be often with us; and even since the war began we did him many kind offices, supplying him and his people with provisions when almost starving. He is, I am pretty sure, personally attached to us, and grateful for our kindnesses; but the capture of our vessels, if they fall in his

way, is what he cannot avoid. He has himself, I think, no wish to distress us, and it will not be without great reluctance that he will be compelled to visit us in a hostile way. But he is not himself master of his motions; these depending in no small degree on his officers and crew. Should it so chance that I were to fall into his hands, he would be proud to render me civilities; but who can calculate the mischiefs a disorderly rabble of French sailors, turned loose on the town, would perpetrate? In their present lawless state, the endeavours of their officers would do little to restrain them.

'Jones, the schoolmaster, was buried to-day. Jones left behind him an only son, about twelve years of age, whom I have taken to live with myself, his mother being dead also.

'*March* 25.—Though I shook off the fever last night very suddenly, yet it proved only a temporary deliverance, for this evening it returned with increased violence. Early in the afternoon Mr. Gray came hastily into the room and told me that there was a large ship in the offing. The abruptness of his manner agitated my nerves a good deal, though I have no claim to the character of nervous. I directed the alarm signal to be made, which served to collect in a very short space of time a considerable number of men. As the vessel approached I discovered Captain Buckle on deck, which caused scarce a smaller degree of agitation than if it had been a French frigate. He was not long in coming ashore and mounting the hill, and he came loaded with letters. I quite forgot all this time that I was a sick man, till at length I found myself quite exhausted, and unable to proceed even in reading my letters. On getting to bed I became more composed, and as I lay quite awake all night, I had an opportunity before the morning of looking over my letters, which afforded me abundant materials for the most consolatory reflections.'

TO MISS MILLS

Sunday, March 26, 1797.

MY DEAR SELINA,—I have already pretty fully stated to you the history of the last month in a letter which I sent off to you, and which occupied nearly all the time I had to spare last Sunday from public and private despatches. I deem it no profanation of the day to have thus employed it. The employment did not tend to divert my thoughts from those things which ought on this day to occupy them. I found I could not conscientiously have given a single hour of another day to this work; so pressing was the call of business! Will this apologise

for me, or do you think I require an apology? I remember Miss Sykes being exceedingly captious with Mr. Thornton for having disturbed her devotions by sending proposals of marriage to her on a Sunday morning. But she was not implacable.

I have rather a long, and a very kind letter from Mr Thornton. I hear from him that the complaints of the Court of Directors have subsided in consequence of our letters by Buckle. He adds a paragraph, for which I feel truly grateful, and in which, without charging myself in this particular instance with an excess of vanity, I may take pleasure. 'Your conduct is used to give us all satisfaction, and the pains you so evidently take will, I trust, by the blessing of God, be of essential use to the Colony. I do not recollect anything I have to animadvert upon; if I did I would do it very freely.' From Henry Thornton this is a measure of commendation which one is not favoured with every day, though I ought to deduct something for the softening influence of domestic society. He adds: 'And now I will only add my hearty wishes and prayers that God may render you a blessing to Africa; and, if he please, that you may return to much usefulness and comfort in your native country. My lot is certainly a most happy one, and my choice of an associate for life I have been directed in by a most gracious Providence. May you be directed in this of all things by the same direct hand. I hope the letters you receive from Babington and other friends will afford you no small comfort, and I sometimes regret that I am so much confined to matters of my business in my letters to you.' I have also a letter from Wilberforce, which breathes as usual a very hearty affection.

Dr. Ryland of Bristol has written me a very kind letter, in which he expresses his obligations to me and his disapprobation of Grigg's conduct, in a very satisfying way. But a letter from the Rev. John Newton convinces me that no small effect has been produced in the minds of the Baptists by what Grigg has written; and that Dr. Ryland himself, notwithstanding the strain of his letter, is strongly tinctured with prejudice. There certainly never was any calumny more groundless and unmerited than that by which they would represent me as aiming at conformity, and meditating the persecution of sectaries. You will like the following extracts from Newton's letter:—
'More than two-and-forty years have elapsed since I saw the coast of Africa; but the remembrance of what passed there is always with me. I believe in all these years, a single day has seldom passed, scarcely a single hour, when I have not revisited in spirit the scenes of my wickedness and misery. How often

have I wandered upon the land of your bays barefoot and hungry, full of envy and malice, and despised, yea pitied by the very slaves. Now I live in peace, have many friends, and a name, which deserved above all others to be written in the dust, is regarded by the Lord's people! What I suffered in the black man's country was of no apparent benefit at the time.'

Seeing a large ship in the offing, I despatched a boat, from whose motions I learned that the stranger was friendly, and as I was going down to my little school, the messenger met me with a large packet of letters, which had left Liverpool at the same time with your last, but by a different ship. I could not of course expect any from you, but I received one from Babington, whose letters are always cordials to me; nor was it less acceptable at this time for containing much faithful admonition and kind reproof. How much ground have I for thankfulness that in him I have found a friend, who is at once the tender and affectionate brother and the faithful monitor.

> Still may the righteous when I stray
> Smite and reprove my wandering way!
> Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
> Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
> When I behold them 'prest with grief
> I 'll cry to heaven for their relief,
> And by my warm petitions prove
> How much I prize their faithful love.

I am exceedingly thankful for the accounts he sends me of my sister; but he speaks in terms of your health which have excited some uneasiness. I earnestly hope that your visit to Leicestershire may have produced some change in your health. There is a balm in the society one enjoys under Babington's roof, which wonderfully composes the mind, and the influence of the mind on our state of health is very considerable.

I much fear you are harassed, and what you tell me of Miss Patty has afflicted me a good deal. I am exceedingly perplexed in forming any rational hypothesis on the subject, and sincerely partake of all your distress on account of it. No dart pierces so deep as that which is shot from 'hard unkindness' altered eye which mocks the tear it forced to flow.' But I would particularly request as much information with respect to the real or supposed improprieties in my procedure as you could fairly give me. You need not fear hurting my feelings by this exposition, nor I think need you fear weakening thereby the charities I owe Miss Patty.

I have been particularly pleased, and I hope edified, by your present of Leighton's Sermons. Your observations on him appear to me extremely just and appropriate. Mr. Thornton

observed to me, 'It is rather surprising that I, who have passed smoothly through life, should be a Calvinist, and that you, who of almost all men I know seem most to have been under a superior and controlling direction, should not be one.' But in truth I believe we are equally Calvinists. We may differ in our mode of enouncing the same opinion, but I am well persuaded that two men were never better agreed in the view of what may be deemed essential doctrines than he and I are. On the same ground I feel myself united in sentiment with Leighton. We may differ in our phraseology; we may severally dread the use of particular terms which are become by use and example familiar to the mouth of the other. But avaunt all distinctions of names and parties! We are brethren. We should all, I believe, be equally agreed that without holiness no man can see the Lord.

You ask me if I like Thomson. It is a question which brings to my mind the days of ancient times,[1] when with him I used to skim the gay spring, fly through the blaze of summer, sweep over the bending fields in autumn, and tread the pure virgin snows. I would not say with him 'myself as pure.' But many years have passed since I have been obliged almost to abjure the society of poets, for they consumed too much of my time. Without any design of doing so, I remember to have committed to my memory all Thomson's Spring, the greatest part of his Winter, and most of the striking pages in his Summer and Autumn.

I am indeed sensible of my defects, and my sins constitute a black list. But it affords me truly a hope that these evil tempers are on the wane, even whilst I myself feel their pressure more sensibly, that Henry Thornton, Babington, Horne, Dawes, and Winterbottom are disposed to give me credit for my endeavours to lessen their influence; and that between those with whom I have been domesticated, and myself, I do not know that there has for one hour subsisted a coolness or misunderstanding, since I have been to this place. I used to be frank with Dawes on this subject; and to this I believe in part was owing the total exclusion of every particle of jealousy from our intercourse, which otherwise my too forward zeal, and the strength of my manner, either in recommending or opposing particular measures, might have excited. I shrink at times from the recollection of the forwardness with which I used to obtrude remarks, and hazard opinions, or propose measures, when in company with such men as Thornton, Wilberforce, Gisborne, and others, for I am sensible that with such men diffidence in an especial manner became me. In this, however,

[1] See p. 10.

I must lay a good part of the blame on manner and habit; for I really at no time ever forgot myself so far as not to feel my inferiority to them. I have sometimes wondered at retaining any share of the friendly regard of men, to whom, from the contrast it forms to their modest and insinuating mode of urging opinions, assumption must appear in colours particularly glaring. The diffidence which would become me in Pulteney Street, at Battersea Rise, or Yoxall Lodge, would not, I allow, quite suit the meridian of Freetown. There strong language and a decided and often peremptory tone are absolutely necessary. Unfortunately we are not masters of our habits. It is a saying as old as Horace, that change of climate changes not the constitution of the mind, however it may that of the body. But I trust we know what will, and that this and every high thing in us which exalts itself against the knowledge of God, shall be subjected through grace to the obedience of the Cross.—Ever yours affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

'*April* 29.—In the afternoon I observed a small schooner come into the harbour, which from its size I concluded to be one of the small craft which trade about the rivers around us, but happening to take the spy-glass in my hand, I was struck at seeing none on board but whites; and casting my eye to the landing-place, I was still more surprised to see two men already on shore, who from their dress and looks appeared to be Europeans. Perceiving them encumbered with packets of various kinds, my hopes were naturally excited when the gentlemen entered, and making their bow, told me in such broad Scotch as made me stare, "We 've come frae Scoatland, sir."

'Before I had made up my mind in what style it was best to reply to this laconic introduction, which the strangers seemed to think sufficient to entitle them to a cordial shake by the hand at the least, they presented me with a letter from the Secretary of the Glasgow Missionary Society, which announced them to be Missionaries come out under their auspices. After bidding them welcome, my first inquiry was for letters. I have only heard of the descent in Wales[1] by your letter. When I combine this event and the probability of its being followed by similar ones, with the state of public credit at home, I am forced to have recourse to the thought "that the great Shepherd reigns" to dissipate the uneasy anticipations excited thereby.

'*June* 3.—The *Duke of Buccleuch*, with a load of slaves, came

[1] This refers to an expedition sent out from Brest which landed fourteen hundred soldiers near Fishguard in February 1797. A large body of men, with Lord Cawdor at their head, collected to oppose the invasion, and finally the Frenchmen surrendered to them.

down from Bance Island in her way to Jamaica. Mr. Tilley had taken his passage on board, as there was no likelihood of a direct conveyance to England for some time. He came ashore along with Mr. Richards, whom he has constituted agent in his absence, and took leave of us. This was the first opportunity of sending letters direct to Jamaica since my arrival. I embraced it to transmit a good many of the Tracts and one of the Reports to that island. This last will excite, I doubt not, a good deal of curiosity, especially as in a letter accompanying it I have avowed myself a competent witness to almost all the horrid facts related in it.

'Our Missionaries continue to study the Timmancy language, and are attempting the translation into it of various useful productions, containing the principia of religious knowledge. This will assist them much, until they shall have made such progress as to be able to discourse freely without the intervention of an interpreter; and till then one cannot expect any striking appearances of benefit, as discourses held through the medium of interpreters who do not themselves feel the importance of the truths they communicate must necessarily be feeble, indistinct, and inefficacious. The first preternatural gift bestowed on the primitive preachers of Christianity was that of tongues, and I think we may safely say that till we have used the natural means now in our power for the acquisition of the same faculty, namely, that of being understood by the people we address, no effect is to be expected from the unwearied labours of the most zealous Missionaries.'

CHAPTER VII

WAR AND RUMOURS OF WAR

August 8.—I had long suspected, and I was this day confirmed in my suspicion, that the Settlers were gradually contracting a more friendly disposition to the Slave Trade. At this moment there are two in the Rio Nunez, and three in the Rio Pongo, who are actually engaged in it; to say nothing of the number who, without carrying on a Slave Trade on their own account, are employed in the service of Slave-traders, and thus are aiding and abetting in carrying it on. Mr. Lawrence, of the Rio Pongo, who arrived here to-day, assured me that a Settler living at present in the Rio Pongo had lately offered him a prime slave, which, however, he refused to buy. I shall have an eye to this Settler on his return, as well as to all others against whom I can find legal evidence.

'*September* 16.—News reached us of the capture of the Danish brig the *Tabby*, Captain Webb, bound from London to this river, by the Goree cruisers. She was taken on the 18th July within twenty or thirty leagues of the Cape, and was carried to Goree. Webb and his passengers had got to the Isles de Los.

'*September* 28.—Understanding that Captain Webb had passed up to Bance Island, my anxiety for intelligence led me to pay that place a visit to-day. I learned from him a variety of particulars, to which till then I had been a stranger, as the mutiny in the Navy,[1] the failure of Mr. Wilberforce's motion for Abolition, the prospect of peace between the Emperor and the French, etc. etc. I learned also with no small concern that a large packet of letters addressed to me, which were in Webb's charge, were on his capture thrown into the sea.

'Webb had been carried to Goree, where he had continued for near two months without meeting any opportunity of coming hither, till at length an American Slave-trader who lives at the Isles de Los, of the name of Macleod, came there, and bought the *Ocean*, formerly the property of the Company, in which he gave Webb a passage. Webb reported Goree to

[1] The mutiny at the Nore in May 1797.

be in a very ruinous state, the gun-carriages rotten, the garrison reduced to five or six men, and the inhabitants very little disposed to resistance.

'I found the *Ocean*, late the Company's vessel, at Bance Island. I thought it right to demand her formally of Macleod, who refused to give her up. I asked Mr. Richards for permission to take her, but he was averse from my doing it there. Macleod, understanding what it was I purposed, got off in the night, and made the best of his way to the Isles de Los. I believe I should have been quite justified in taking possession of her, as the Company's property.

'*September* 30.—On my return to Freetown yesterday I caused a small but strong battery to be erected, within a few yards of which, and quite out of reach of shot from the sea, there was placed a furnace for heating shot. We tried it, and found it to answer beyond expectation. A twelve-pound ball was thoroughly heated in seven or eight minutes, and a dozen more might have been heated at the same time.

'From several quarters at the same time I was informed that very violent counsels had been taken by the disaffected Settlers, and that a deputation had been to King Tirama to solicit his help. I had also a moral assurance that what happened to-day was only preparatory to a measure, which a few had fondly cherished hopes of bringing about since the foundation of the Colony, namely, that of throwing off the jurisdiction of the Company's servants, and constituting one of their own number a kind of Dictator, who, assisted by a council, should rule them after the manner of the natives round about us. One man came to me, and told me he had reason to think an attempt was meditated against the powder magazine. So many distinct notices coming from different quarters, and agreeing so well with each other, I thought it would be faulty supineness to defer the measures necessary for preventing a surprise. The Europeans and about fifty of the Settlers were made acquainted with a private signal for repairing to Thornton Hill, where they would constitute a force far more than sufficient to repel any rash attempt which the disaffected might make. It was for occasions like the present that I judged it absolutely necessary to have some spare room in the Government House, and a strong fence round it. The one will serve for a kind of barracks, and the other for a barricade.

'*October* 2.—Having considered it better to prevent the commission of any act of violence than to punish it afterwards, I gave a public notification of my having heard rumours of intended violence, and of my determination to punish with the utmost rigour those who might unhappily be found engaged in

perpetrating it. I caused it also to be made known that though no capital punishment had hitherto been inflicted here, yet that if one house was burnt I should undoubtedly cause those found guilty of the crime to undergo the sentence of the law, hanging. Indeed I had fully made up my mind as to the propriety of this measure, in case they had proceeded to execute their threats. "Salus Populi suprema lex est" is a maxim which will no doubt admit of certain qualifications; but if protecting those under my charge from lawless violence be a duty incumbent on me to perform, whatever may be the risks, then I conceive in the present case I should be justified in running the risk of holding up my hand at the Old Bailey. If capital punishments be justifiable, then there is no argument which can be adduced in support of them in such a country as England, where they possess so many other ways of ridding themselves of dangerous inmates, which would not apply with much more force to Sierra Leone, when men should begin, in the most wanton and unprovoked manner, to burn the houses and commit acts of violence on the persons of peaceable citizens; and this as a prelude to the casting off all subordination, and overturning the Government under which they live. Whether my reasoning on this point were right or wrong, the notification to which it gave birth produced the desired effect, and saved me the unpleasant necessity of reducing my reasoning to practice. A face of loyalty was spread over the place for a few days; all intention of violence was disavowed by all; and even the threats which had been used were alleged to have been uttered sportively. As long as the mischief was prevented, I did not think it necessary to enter further into the business.

'*October* 24, 1797.—It is with no small regret I have to note that Mr. Hood, who quitted the Company's Service a few days ago, on pretence of his wishes to engage in a trade of rice, has joined himself to a Slave-trader in the Camarancas.

'I gave notice to all the native chiefs that in case the French were to attack us, it would be absolutely necessary for their people to keep at a distance, as if I saw them pressing into the town as formerly for plunder, I should fire on them from the Hill. They allowed the propriety of my doing so, and promised to issue the necessary cautions to their people.

'You have heard of the noted Beau Walker, an English Slave-trader of these parts. He arrived at the Isles de Los lately in an American brig, being bound to Cape Mount for slaves. He had scarce arrived at the last place, when, exercising his usual barbarities on his officers and crew, they were provoked to conspire against him. As he lay on one of the hencoops, a seaman came up and struck him on the breast with

a handspike, but the blow being ill directed did not produce its intended effect, and Walker springing up would soon have sacrificed the mutineer to his fury, had not a boy at the helm, pulling a pistol from his breast, shot him dead on the spot. His body was immediately thrown overboard. Thus ended Walker's career; an end worthy of such a life. The vessel left Cape Mount, and it is supposed has gone for the Brazils or South Seas. There could not possibly have been a more inhuman monster.'

FROM MRS. HANNAH MORE.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 8, 1797.

DEAR SIR,— . . . I have not seen Selina lately, but I suppose she told you that Mr. Wilberforce brought his bride down here almost directly after their marriage. He was resolved to make her set out with an act of humility by bringing her to pass her bridal Sunday at my cottage and at my schools. She is a pretty, pleasing, pious young woman, and I hope will make him happy. His admirable book[1] has already reached the fourth edition, and thank God has made its way into the houses of many who probably never read a serious book before. May it find its way into their hearts also, and may the same Spirit which guided the writer accompany the reader!

I have been in expectation of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton here, but the arrival of the Sierra Leone ship, an unexpected visit from old Mr. Sykes, and, above all, the necessity of Mr. Henry's sea-bathing, will I fancy operate together to prevent their coming. They have a sweet little girl,[2] and Mrs. Thornton makes an admirable wife. He as usual overworks himself, and is not, I think, very stout, though certainly very happy.

I suppose I must not neglect to say a word of Cheap Repository. It has gone on very well indeed, and the bound volumes have had an extensive sale. I lately had a large order from Philadelphia for Tracts from a Mr. Cobbett.[3] He

[1] *Practical View of the Prevailing System of Professed Christians contrasted with Real Christianity.*

[2] Miss Marianne Thornton, whose abilities, wit, and charm of conversation were the delight of all who were admitted to the privilege of her friendship during her long life. She died in 1887.

[3] Hannah More received in 1800 a very civil letter from William Cobbett, dated from Pall Mall, in which he tells her of the uncommon success in America of the Tracts, and assures her of his intention to pay her a visit at Bath. She writes upon the back of Cobbett's letter, 'This flatterer, on coming to England, joined Mr. Bere's party and became my mortal enemy.'

says that among the clubs, societies, and institutions, which have abounded in America, not one has been attempted for the instruction of the common people. He is resolved to make this trial if he can get support.—I am, dear sir, your very sincere friend,
H. MORE.

TO MISS MILLS.

October 20, 1797.

MY DEAREST SELINA,—Before the sun had risen this morning I was told a strange gentleman in the hall wished to see me, and found a Liverpool captain I had formerly known. I little expected the good fortune which awaited me, for he put into my hands a letter from you.

You ask me to lay down some rules for you for curing wandering thoughts. Now really you have imposed upon me a difficult task. My plan for fixing my attention in reading the Scriptures is generally to read them in the Greek, with the help of a dictionary. I was for a long time particularly prone to this wandering during sermon. My plan for curing it was to note down with a pencil the more striking observations which fell from the minister, as well as the outlines of the discourse. For Clarke's sake I have also made it my custom to note down oddities of expression, defects in pronunciation and grammar, or looseness of argument, and thus made my critical humour subservient to the purpose of fixing my attention. But during public prayers I had not the same resource, and here it was that my propensity to wander gave me the most annoyance. I have knelt down with, as I thought, a strong resolution of keeping my mind fixed, and on rising have found to my mortification and sorrow that I had arranged the whole plan of an important trading expedition, drawn up an able reply to some objections that had been made to our proceedings, fought a battle with M. Renaud's two privateers and sunk one of them, or enjoyed the delights of a meeting with you in Park Street, while I ought to have been employed in mourning over sin, pleading for pardon, or pouring out prayers and intercessions for all men. For this unfortunate deviation from the right way I have as yet found no remedy which immediately applies, except what is the general remedy for all cases of wandering, namely, frequent and earnest ejaculation and renewed watchfulness.

Wandering of thought during hours of retirement is another and very grievous evil. I am quite a peripatetic, and on principle; for I invariably derive a greater fixedness of mind to any object which I wish to contemplate from a few turns

across the room, than from repeated efforts of the mind, unaccompanied by such motion. Do I wish at a time when my mind is perplexed to fix my mind on God, I can only do it to my satisfaction walking, pronouncing at the same time distinctly my thoughts as they arise, but not of course audibly.

But does any particular circumstance, not in itself sinful, press with force on my mind, such as a dreaded attack, the perverse opposition of particular people, the thoughts suggested by letters from friends, as from yourself, I often find it even useful to give way in a degree, and to make those precise points the subjects of meditation and prayer. Does a fear respecting you arise, I mingle with my anticipation prayers that my mind may be strengthened to meet even this imaginary ill should it arise. Do I witness a feeling of impatience arising in my mind on the view of the length of time we are likely still to be apart, and of the obstacles to our meeting, I check it by glancing at the Herculean labour which still awaits me of removing those defects which might make our meeting less auspicious. But after all my plans and contrivances and efforts, I find myself still the same dependent, inefficient being who of himself can do nothing. Do not complain of disappointment if you find my remarks puerile and inadequate. I was myself expecting from you some aid on this point, and if I have gone into trifling details, I show at least my willingness to comply with your injunctions by putting down what at present occurs to me on the subject of them.

Babington's letter was from Clifton, and highly gratifying and consolatory. Mr. Thornton's, in which were only eight lines, was long enough to give me the satisfaction of knowing that he had nothing particularly to blame: a negative, but from Henry Thornton no mean praise. I had a perfect recollection of Miss Hannah More's wishes on the point to which you refer, but when I was in England I barely mentioned them to Mr. Thornton, and for this I had several reasons. His own mind was in a most tumultuary state at the time, and even when talking to him on serious business he would all at once interrupt the conversation by proposing some question, or entering into some details respecting Miss Sykes. It was with difficulty I could get him to fix his attention for above a few minutes at a time to my own affairs, which then, as you may remember, pressed for a prompt decision.

You mention Horne's uneasy state of mind. Poor fellow, his sensibilities are of too exquisite a kind. They may properly be termed morbid. As he often says in his own defence, there is no arguing against feeling, and if a man feels himself unhappy, he is unhappy. Yet surely the causes of Horne's

unhappiness are of a kind which requires an imagination, sanguine as his own, to magnify into objects of moment. The two banes of his peace are Missions and the Calvinistic spirit of his parish. With the ardent spirit of a Xavier he traverses the plains of Hindostan, or ranges through the wilds of Africa, the harbinger of peace and joy to millions. He sees their eyes, streaming tears of gratitude, raised to Heaven. He sees them bend the adoring knee in the name of Jesus. His rapt fancy changes in an instant the very face of nature. The wilderness is changed into a fruitful field. He looks upwards. He sees the happy millions who surround the throne striking a bolder, a more joyful note, as his success is announced. 'Hallelujah, these my children were dead and are alive, these your brethren were lost and are found.' The door opens, his wife and his child enter; he starts from his reverie. He finds himself held by a chain which he cannot break. And all his brilliant prospects vanish into air! His mind immediately reverts to Sierra Leone; and shame, regret, and dejection seize him.

An extract from one of his own letters to me when I was last in England will show you I do not colour too highly. I had been urging him to come and spend a few days with me at Henry Thornton's house at Battersea Rise. In his answer he declines the invitation. 'I fear,' says he, 'if I did come the pleasure would hardly pay the pain. I wish to be more indifferent to Missions. I fear everything which can nurse a passion which has been to me the source of much sorrow. What anguish filled the Carthaginian chief when, after passing Alps and Apennines, he was compelled to leave the City of the Seven Hills? I do not compare the men, but the disappointment and shame of defeat. O how was my soul rooted to that rocky burning shore! What struggles had I before I could persuade myself to leave it! My heart bleeds while I call up past scenes. Rejoiced as I was to see you, you had hardly turned your back upon me, when I fell into a train of reflection which for a fortnight unfitted me for everything. A painful consciousness would, like a worm, feed on the joy I should otherwise experience in the society of Mr. Thornton and yourself. Pardon me, then, if I decline your invitation; you would be sorry to see me again attempt to roll a stone which has already crushed me in pieces.'

A vessel sailed to-day for Rhode Island, by which I took occasion to send specimens of all the Repository Tracts to a very worthy correspondent of mine in that quarter, Dr. Hopkins, an independent clergyman, holding, however, some peculiar notions which have given rise to a new sect among the Independents called Hopkinsonians.

You are acquainted, I make no doubt, with Scott's[1] essays. They are indeed excellent. The first is one of the most pithy vindications of revealed religion I have met with. I read it last Sunday for the benefit of our doubting gentlemen, and I hope not without effect.

You lament my wanting some congenial minds here. I feel the want, no doubt, in a considerable degree, but I should have felt it much more, had I not such a resource when I stand in need of relaxation as writing to you and thinking upon you. Clarke is indeed a valuable associate in many respects, and we perfectly understand each other, but he is not calculated to supply the place of such a man as Dawes. On the contrary, I have much to do in regulating his measures, and in yielding him counsel, while those points in which I require the aid of a confidential friend are rather out of his line. My brother, I hope, begins to acquire some small tincture of prudence. It is somewhat singular that all the reproofs I have had occasion from time to time to give him, all the animadversion, remonstrance, and expostulation I have used with him, all the various discussions I have endeavoured by every means to introduce, have never had the effect either of provoking him to forego his plan of studied silence with respect to all points of conduct, or of diminishing the good-humour and freedom with which he is always disposed to enter on any other subject. He always lives with me when he is in the Colony. The intelligence of those young men here, in whom from similarity of principles I might be disposed to confide, is by no means extensive. It also requires that a man should have a stronger mind than ordinary to be selected by his superior as exclusively worthy of an unlimited confidence. On the whole I manage tolerably well, and for the most part feel my mind not greatly disposed to murmurings at my lot. The most absolute peace reigns in my family; there I meet with scarce anything to disturb me. We really eat our bread in quietness, and my will is generally the law to all within our pales. This compensates for much of the disquiet I otherwise meet with, and proves to me a great and continual ground of thankfulness.—Ever yours,

Z. MACAULAY.

'*December* 1.—In the evening one of our pinnaces, which I had sent out for intelligence, brought me a packet of letters from you dated the 15th of September. The pinnace, in going to the Isles de Los, had been chased for four hours by the French brig, but escaped by dint of sailing. Just as it got to

[1] The Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the *Commentary on the Bible.*

the Isles de Los, the *President*, the salt vessel by which your packet came, arrived, and the pinnace left the Islands again before the privateer came up. We have since learnt that the *President* proceeded almost immediately to the Rio Nunez, whither she was bound, in hopes of being before the privateer, but she was overtaken and captured.

'I sent for the newly arrived Missionaries, and was glad to find in them some symptoms of a disposition to mutual conciliation. It was not, however, without much unpleasant altercation among themselves that they were at length brought to pass an act of oblivion.

'*December* 12.—To my astonishment and grief, Mr. Campbell, the Missionary at Rokelle, came to-day to beg that I would separate him from his associate, Henderson, as their tempers did not agree. He said that Henderson was too forward, considering the difference of age between them, in contradicting and opposing him. I spoke to him with great earnestness on his duty, which was to bear with his failings, and to set him an example of gentleness, courtesy, and moderation. He confessed at last that he himself might have been much in fault, and expressed his resolution of following the lines I had pointed out to him.

'I have been exceedingly struck of late with the circumstance that the quarrels which arise among men, especially among religious people, have their origin, not in any important difference of opinion, but in something which, when decided, is of no moment, either with a view to this world or the next; or in some awkwardness or impropriety of behaviour in which there is nothing sinful, and which therefore we ought meekly to bear with, and, however unpleasant it may be to us, accustom ourselves to regard it as a part of that cross we are cheerfully to take up. By such a conduct an influence is likely to be retained over the party which would not otherwise be had.

'*December* 14.—I took occasion to talk with Henderson, the Missionary, on the conduct he ought to observe to his associate, and was particularly pleased with his ingenuousness. He was much affected by my admonitions, and took them quite as he ought. It was plain that anything he had done to displease his companion arose not from intention, but from the heedlessness of youth and inexperience, and ought by him to have been borne with all the tenderness of a parent. I afterwards saw them together, and brought about, I hope, a solid agreement and a clear understanding between them.

'*Sunday, December* 17.—Mr. Clarke being absent, one of the Missionaries preached in the forenoon, and another in the afternoon, and both gave us discourses as little applicable to

their hearers as could well be imagined. One gave us proofs for a future judgment, and reasons for it drawn from moral and physical analogies which might have answered in a debating club of would-be philosophers; and the other entered into a critical analysis of the Greek text of the third chapter of the Ephesians. What a needful grace is propriety!

'In the *Eliza* there came from St. Thomas on the line a nice little horse, on which I sometimes ride out; though my time is so much occupied as to allow me too little of this, my favourite exercise. I think if I could enjoy more of it, it would contribute much to my health.

'*Sunday, December* 24.—In the morning Mr Clarke returned from the Rio Pongo, and reported that it would be impossible to proceed immediately to the Foulah country, on account of some existing disputes between the Foulahs and the Susees. I was not sorry for this hindrance, as I had previously made up my mind as to the propriety of a separation between the Missionaries taking place.

'I considered that men who could so shamefully fall out by the way as they had done, and who, by strife and contention, could so openly wound their Saviour's cause, were not likely to succeed in a Mission so important and so delicate as that to Teembo.

'*December* 26.—I sent to-day for the Missionaries, and I was more grieved than surprised to find that their former dissensions had revived. One said he could not go on a Mission with such a brother, because that brother did not show him respect enough. It was objected to another that he wanted manners, for he would sometimes lean over the table, and sometimes wear his hat in the house. One man observed that, for his own part, he had no notion of doing acts of service and kindness to his brethren without a return of service being made him. I opened the Bible and read to him in the sixth chapter of Luke from the twenty-seventh verse. "Oh, but," said he, "he is as much bound to serve me as I am to serve him." In short, such unseemly discordance, such childish grounds of difference, I had never before been a witness of in any rational creatures. Our meeting ended with my declaring the necessity of a separation, and assigning different stations to them. I thought it best that they should go out two and two, and to this they acceded; and we managed so to pair them that none were joined together between whom there had been quarrels. What renders the conduct of these men more to be lamented is that they are men of considerable attainments in religion. They have knowledge, courage, and zeal; but then they want, I much fear, the charity which never

faileth. How true it is that one may give his goods to feed the poor and his body to be burned, and yet want that love which can alone stamp intrinsic value on the sacrifice!

'*December* 30.—I had all the white ladies in the Colony dining with me, Mrs. Millar, and Mrs. and Miss Campbell. Mrs. Millar is really in her line a valuable person, and she behaves with great propriety. Mrs. Campbell is a hard-featured woman, with a hideous Scotch twang, full as superstitious as any native of Africa. She amused us with a story of some fairies who used to be very serviceable to her grandmother, and also with a particular account of a certain being, the race of which she fears is now extinct, who, when she was a little girl, used to come during the night while all were asleep, and that regularly, and sweep the house and do many other menial offices. To this extraordinary being, who had the appearance of a little old man, who never spoke, though he ate heartily of what might be put in his way, she gave the name of a Brownie. The daughter I had hoped would supply Mrs. Millar's place, and she really seems a well-disposed girl, but her change of situation, I fear, has had an inauspicious effect on her, and rather filled her with vain thoughts. However, I hope to find her corrigible. You will easily suppose that the strange conversation of his wife must have been painful to poor Campbell, who is a man of sense; but he bore it with wondrous good-humour.

'*January* 1, 1798.—A very thick haze in the morning about half-past six. I heard several guns fired in such a way as convinced me of their being signals of distress. Having answered them, I despatched a boat to the place from which the sound came, for we could see nothing. At three in the afternoon the boat returned with a naval lieutenant in it, and brought me a letter from Captain Ball of the frigate *Dædalus*, saying his ship was aground, and begging immediate help.

'I lost no time in despatching all the boats we could muster to Captain Ball's help; and about midnight I received the welcome intelligence of his having got off without sustaining any material damage. He had, however, been obliged to throw twenty-four of his guns overboard.

'*January* 2.—I filled the barge with fresh provisions and fruit. I set off in the morning for the *Dædalus*, and was very gladly welcomed by Captain Ball. He is an old friend of Mr. Dawes, and was with him at Botany Bay. He is quite the seaman; possessed of some abilities, great courage, and great professional skill, but his mind little improved by culture.

'*January* 4.—The *Hornet* sloop-of-war arrived to-day with several prizes which Captain Nash had taken, among the rest

the Company's sloop *Ocean*, in which my brother had been taken in August 1796. Our harbour was now full of vessels. Two men-of-war, and two large privateers, with about eight or ten other vessels of different descriptions, formed a *coup d'œil* to which for these two years past we have been rather unaccustomed. But all this increased my troubles, absolutely calling off my attention from preparing the *Eliza's* despatches, in which I had been engaging very busily. From this time to the end of the month I scarcely had it in my power to command one day which was not much broken in upon.

'*January* 6.—I was engaged almost all yesterday in taking depositions relative to the prizes brought in. To-day King Tom, attended by a great concourse of natives, came to bring a palaver against me. The captains of the men-of-war attended from curiosity. The King, after expatiating as usual on his power and greatness, went on to say that he saw I was a bad man, and hurt the country. I begged to know what I had done. He said I had spoiled the price of everything in the country, and I must alter all that and give the old price. This I refused to do, and told him, in short, that I should comply with none of his demands. Whether the presence of the captains, or of so many of his own people, made him suppose his consequence hurt by this refusal, or what else might be the cause I know not, but he now got very angry, and said that I and all the people in the place must decamp instantly. I smiled at this, and told him he might act as he pleased. This gave such violent offence, that the King and all his courtiers got up and went away without my using any effort to stop them. Captains Ball and Nash, who were present, were quite alarmed, and began to ask what assistance they should render me. However, I made them quite easy on that head by assuring them that a great deal more would be said before they ventured to attack Thornton Hill.

'*January* 11.—I was alarmed this forenoon by the sudden appearance in my room of Captains Ball and Nash, with marks of the utmost trepidation in their look and manner. Captain Ball had in his hand letters for me, which, in his eagerness for intelligence, he had opened and read. The letters were from Jackson at the Isles de Los, and their contents were doubtless alarming. A French privateer with a Spanish commission had come on the 9th to the Isles de Los. Her force was fourteen guns and a hundred and seventeen men, and she was prepared with stink-pots for boarding. From one of the officers on board, Jackson learnt that a squadron followed this privateer, consisting of a frigate, an armed ship of twenty-eight guns, and an armed brig of eighteen, and was daily

expected at the Isles de Los. There was nothing, it is true, very alarming to Ball in this news had he had his guns, but as yet he had only recovered six of those he threw overboard. I suggested, however, that it was probable the French officer had thrown out the above intelligence only to embarrass Captain Ball, or at least that the amount was much exaggerated. I proposed to send a boat to the Isles de Los for further news, and that the *Hornet* and *Ellis* should go out to prevent the above privateer from getting to leeward and destroying the trade there, as was plainly her intention. Captain Ball adopted my suggestion, only that he declined sending the *Ellis*, which I was very sorry for, as by one vessel going straight to the Isles de Los, while the other ran to the westward, the privateer must certainly have been intercepted. The *Hornet* went out next morning.

'*January* 20, 1798.—The *Hornet* sloop-of-war returned to-day from her cruise in pursuit of the Spanish privateer without having been so fortunate as to come up with her. This was what I dreaded, and I had therefore made several instances to Captain Ball to alter his order, but Captain Ball did not see the matter in the same light, and the privateer, as might have been expected, escaped.

'Mr. Jackson of the Isles de Los called on me to-day in great wrath. He had met with Captain Ball on the wharf, who accused him and his partner Powell of being traitors, and of conveying intelligence to the French, and threatened to carry them both prisoners to England. Captain Ball doubtless was far too violent on the occasion, and Jackson had a right to complain that no proof was brought forward to support so injurious a charge, but at the same time there is little room left to doubt that the charge is a true one. Their factory is the continual rendezvous of the French privateers, who religiously respect their property; and their principles are too well known to permit a suspicion to arise that a sense of duty to their country would stand in competition with their interest.

'The purpose of Jackson's visit was to request that I would vindicate his character. I plainly told him that it was somewhat extraordinary that he should expect such a vindication from me; for even supposing that I had nothing to allege which might be personally to his disadvantage, yet was he not the partner of a man, Powell, who, though an Englishman, had despatched Mariner, then under his orders, to pilot the French to Sierra Leone, and had afterwards shared with Mariner in the plunder of this place; and who, in sending a craft to the Scarcies, and thence to the Bananas, to convey the news of a French squadron being at the Isles de Los, had taken the

friendly measure of directing the master of the craft by all means to avoid this river, lest we should be prepared to ward off the danger? I reminded Jackson further of his own conduct, while the French were at the Isles de Los, in resisting the solicitations of several Englishmen to send us intelligence of the danger which awaited us.

'*January* 25.—This morning the *Eliza* sailed, and with her the *Dædalus* and *Hornet*, and the slave-ship the *Quaker*.

'*January* 26.—The day being clear we had a distant view of the ships, and were surprised by the return of the *Hornet*. Captain Nash came in the evening and told me his sailing had been countermanded by Captain Ball, who desired him to return to port and wait the *Dædalus*.

'*Sunday*, *January* 28.—Captain Nash and some of his officers dining with me yesterday, it was agreed that the ship's company should come to church to-day. Accordingly all the seamen who could be spared from duty, headed by the captain and most of the officers, were present, while Mr. Clarke preached from "Hearken unto me, ye stout-hearted."[1] The sermon was quite appropriate, and the seamen seemed to listen with deep attention. There was something peculiarly affecting in seeing so many stubborn knees bending at the throne of grace. The thought occurs that God may peradventure now bow their still more stubborn hearts under his yoke. God grant that some poor lost sheep coming up this day to the house of prayer may have found the way of return to the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul!

'*January* 29.—Some resolutions of the Hundreders and Tithingmen were brought up to me for approbation. One respected the forming two Chambers, one to consist of the Hundreders and the other of the Tithingmen; another respected the appointment of a Committee to wait on me in order to consult about the regulations it might seem advisable to adopt for the general good. To both of these I signified my consent.

'*January* 31—The sale of prizes which took place yesterday had drawn a good many traders from different parts. The *Ocean* was bought by Jackson of the Isles de Los, and the schooner *Prosperity* was bought for the Company.

'*Sunday*, *February* 4.—Captain Nash, his officers, and crew attended divine service, which indeed they have made a point of doing regularly; and Mr. Clarke and I had availed ourselves of the very friendly intercourse which subsisted between us and the men-of-war to distribute among the seamen Bibles, Testaments, and Cheap Repository Tracts; and both captains had

[1] Isaiah xlvi. 12.

encouraged Mr. Clarke's visits on board ship, who gladly embraced the opportunity of giving the seamen religious advice and instruction.

'*February* 7.—Captain Ball put into my hands a letter he had received from Jackson at the Isles de Los, in which, by way of revenging the supposed injuries I had done him, he revived the obsolete charge of my assisting the French with provisions and stores to fit out privateers for sea; and informed him, as a proof of it, that I was extremely popular at Goree, a fact I was before a stranger to. Captain Ball had known Mr. Dawes, who governed here at the time alluded to by Jackson, very intimately. He might have harboured some doubt of me, who was a stranger to him; but he was too well acquainted with Dawes's undeviating rectitude and unbending firmness of principle to harbour a single doubt on the subject after perceiving, from documents I placed in his hands, that he was the principal party in the transactions alluded to; which indeed, notwithstanding the exaggerated representation which the enemies of the Colony have made of them from time to time, were barely common offices of humanity, such as furnishing Renaud occasionally with a little wine and medicine for his sick; and once, when he and his people were much distressed, with two casks of port. Captain Ball made rather a sharp reply to Jackson's letter, telling him that he had left it with me.

'*Thursday, February* 8, 1798.—The captains being desirous to visit Bance Island before their departure, I took them up to-day in my barge, and Mr. Richards, as might be expected, exerted himself to do them honour. While Richards and I were engaged together the captains found their way to the slave-yard, the horrors of which they contemplated for some time. On their return, they both told me that the view of human wretchedness there exhibited surpassed any notion they had previously formed of it. Captain Ball said that the sight of the poor creatures penned up, and lying about on the ground, naked, waiting a market, while their countenances exhibited blank despair or marked dejection, was to him of all sights he had ever witnessed the most shocking. The impression which it had made on his mind was so strong, that he seemed to be under some uneasiness till he had given vent to his indignation. Accordingly, no sooner had Richards given as a toast an honourable and speedy termination of the war, than Ball cried, "Come, let us drink the speedy termination of a still more enormous evil, the Slave Trade." Richards opened his mouth to say something of an extenuating nature, but Ball stopt him by observing with some vehemence, "What can any man of common feeling allege in its behalf? It is indeed a cursed

trade. I pray God (turning to me) that your friends' labours to abolish it may at length meet the success they deserve."

'*April* 8.—I mean to use my influence with King Tom to lead him to employ his captives in cultivation, and to try to attach them to him by benefits; whereby his power and also his wealth would be much promoted.

'I received the intelligence that Mr. Jackson of the Isles de Los had been drowned a few days ago, with about thirty slaves who were with him, in a craft which overset on the Rio Pongo bar. He had been up that river, and procured the slaves from the factories there. The slaves were chained, and could make no effort to save their lives.

'*April* 20.—This morning the appearance of a man-of-war boat, with a midshipman on board, relieved us from the alarm of yesterday, and we found the vessel seen yesterday was the *Pearl* frigate, Captain Ballard, bound hither, and having Mr. Ludlam[1] on board. Captain Ballard had with him a small Spanish brig which he had captured off Teneriffe.

'*Sunday, April* 22.—While I was employed with our Sunday-school in the morning, a person came to give me a very important piece of intelligence. He said that on Friday morning he had seen some large vessels, one or two of which seemed to have Spanish colours, standing in to the Isles de Los. They appeared five in number, and three of them seemed to be large fighting ships. I went to meet Captain Ballard, who with all his crew was on the way to church, and gave him the information I had received. He immediately resolved on going out with the tide in the afternoon, and trying the enemy's strength. We had nearly all the people belonging to the *Pearl* in church; and I was in great hopes when Clarke gave out his text, "God is Love," to have heard a heart-affecting discourse. Conceive my mortification then at hearing a laboured proof from reason without any practical application; the whole so ornamented with allusions to classical authors, and so interspersed with the names of Roman and Greek writers, as to give it more the air of a prize dissertation than of an evangelical sermon. Mr. Ludlam, as well as myself, was miserably disappointed.

'I have been labouring a good deal to counteract this false taste in Clarke; but I have begun to fear that the only effect produced is one, natural enough where the workings of corrupt nature are allowed any play, I mean a greater leaning to the forbidden indulgence. His attachment to a style far removed from simplicity I noticed some time ago. I soon perceived that it exceedingly interfered with his usefulness, and I enter-

[1] Mr. Ludlam had been sent out by the Chairman with the view of his being trained to succeed as Governor of the Colony at some future period.

tained considerable hopes that that consideration alone would have given weight to my friendly suggestions on the subject. He has been so far, however, from seeing the matter in the same light as myself, that from the same principle perhaps which Arminianises our friend Horne, he has rather wandered farther from simplicity. I have forborne, however, for some time past to urge him on the point, in the hope that his own good sense and piety, both of which he possesses in no common measure, will lead him to adopt another plan.

'After service Captain Ballard arranged with me certain signals whereby I should know exactly the issue of his cruise. He then set about unmooring the frigate, but it took so much time, that he was obliged to defer going out till the next day.

'*April* 23.—The *Pearl* sailed to-day for the Isles de Los, I furnishing Captain Ballard with a pilot. Judging that little time was to be lost in taking measures for preserving the Company's property and securing the place, I called together some of the Hundreders and Tithingmen, and proposed that the whole body of the Colonists should be summoned to give their labour to strengthening and repairing our works. They were unanimous in acceding to my proposal. In company with Mr. Ludlam I took a view of our different constructions for defence, and as far as our inexperience would permit, we devised expedients for more effectually securing ourselves and annoying the enemy. I at the same time advised all our vessels in the river to be loaded with the most valuable part of the Company's property, and to be in readiness to proceed up the river. Our books and papers were packed up, and part sent on board, and part to the mountains.

'*April* 26.—I was much pleased to find the people engage with cheerfulness and alacrity every day in repairing the batteries.

'About noon the *Pearl* hove in sight, and as soon as I could distinguish her signals, I had the pain to read that the enemy's force was superior to hers. I made the alarm signal in order to collect the people, and immediately went on board. On Tuesday afternoon the *Pearl* made the Isles de Los, and discovered at Factory Island a large vessel. It was plain she could put to sea at a moment's warning. This circumstance decided Captain Ballard to prefer the channel between Crawford's Island and Factory Island, although there lay directly in his way no less than five vessels, because from their situation, however superior they might be to him in metal, he saw they could not prevent his escape. He had disguised his ship so as to be taken for a Guineaman, and the bait seemed at first to take, for a little armed brig came out to meet him, but soon put

back. He was now within a mile and a half of them, and could perceive the bustle and confusion to be very great. They began to fire at the *Pearl* very fast, but without doing him any damage. Their force appeared to him then to be two large frigates, and an armed brig with two merchantmen or transports. The tide and the wind would not admit of his retiring, so that he took the resolution of going on. The *Pearl* was doubtless at this time in rather a perilous situation. The breeze was very gentle so that she would have been exposed to a heavy fire on both sides from two frigates, both superior in size, while the other large ship, which had already got under weigh from Factory Island, would probably be in time to block up the passage and prevent her escape. Captain Ballard pushed on, reserving his fire till he found himself fairly between the enemy's ships, when he began to play upon them from both sides. He was agreeably surprised to find that the vessel on his right hand, which he had taken for a frigate, and which, even when alongside, had every appearance of one, did not return a gun, which led him to conclude that it must be a frigate converted into a transport. The frigate on his left hand, which mounted forty-four guns, kept up meanwhile a constant fire, without doing, however, any further damage to the *Pearl* than carrying away a topgallant yard, and dismounting one of the quarter-deck guns. One man only was wounded, and that slightly. Could Captain Ballard have ventured to stay a little longer, he thought himself that he must have carried this frigate, but his uncertainty with respect to her consort's force, and the certainty that, were he to remain even half an hour longer where he was, he should be completely cut off from a retreat, decided him not to expose His Majesty's ship to so imminent a hazard. He accordingly pushed on in order to clear the channel before the other vessel intercepted him, and this he effected; after which he steered his course for this place.

'On the news there appeared many marks of consternation in the place. So expeditious were the people that before seven o'clock at night I believe there was little of the Settlers' property left in town. I thought it unnecessary to interrupt them in this work; but when it was over they came in considerable numbers, and before midnight had dragged a heavy twelve-pounder to the spot on Wansey Hill on which I meant to place it by the captain's advice.

'Mr. Richards of Bance Island being here to-day, I concerted with him the measures requisite for securing the *Naimbanna*, *Prosperity*, and other craft, in one of the creeks beyond Bance Island.

'Captain Ballard put into my hands his Spanish prize, requesting me to dispose of it for him, which I agreed to do. He was so obliging as to exchange with me for various articles a St. Jago bull and two English rams, with the view of improving our breed.

'*April 27.*—The *Pearl* sailed this morning for Cape Coast Castle in order to join the *Sheerness.* The propriety of the measure could not be disputed, but her departure threw a momentary damp over all our minds. We now felt, however, more strongly than before the necessity for vigorous exertion, as we should have to fight our own battle. The Settlers agreed to give their labour towards fortifying the town.

'It may indeed fairly be asked why works of defence should be delayed to the hour of danger. But the inertness of our Colonists requires the presence of danger to rouse it into exertion, and it is of such occasions that I have been obliged to avail myself all along, in order to carry into effect any of those measures which I have thought likely to add to our security from hostile attacks.

'*Sunday, April 29.*—We thought ourselves justified in continuing our military preparations to-day, though they were somewhat interrupted by a tornado, accompanied with heavy rain, which continued to fall for a considerable time. This circumstance, however, did not prevent the muster which I had meditated. When the people had assembled, I gave them a simple statement of the danger which threatened them, and pointed out the considerations which should unite them in repelling it. They all seemed determined to make "Liberty or Death" their motto. This was too favourable a moment to lose. I ordered them out under their respective captains, and fixed them to their stations, which were taken very readily, and without a murmur. Before they separated in order to go to the stations allotted to them, a step I thought necessary in order to prevent future misunderstanding, I appointed them to meet at four in the afternoon in church. They met accordingly, when Mr. Clarke preached a sermon to them suited to the occasion.

'In the evening I had a letter from Mr. Richards, which relieved me from a considerable portion of my anxiety. It stated that by a letter from Mr. Powell of the Isles de Los he had learned that two French forty-fours and two Spanish merchantmen had arrived there in want of provisions and water, and without any purpose of injuring the settlements on the Coast; that the *Mutine* brig was also arrived there from Goree, manned by whites, and it was her intention to send every black belonging to Sierra Leone or Bance Island, who might be taken,

to Goree, till all the blacks taken by the *Hornet* should be delivered up.'

TO MISS MILLS.

May 5, 1798.

MY DEAR SELINA,—When I wrote to you by the *Eliza* I had a hope that before this time I should have diminished the distance which separates us. God has seen it right to frustrate that hope, and it is mine to exercise submission. The arrival of Mr. Ludlam has doubtless served in some degree to clear the way for my return; but the prospect is still too indistinct for me to say precisely when it will be practicable to enter upon it. Mr. Ludlam looks very young, and it is requisite he should be known before he can have the credit he deserves. This will take some time. Left alone, he would be without any adviser, who, possessing local knowledge, would be likely to reason on his principles. His constitution is as yet untried. In short, the probable event would be that before I had well put foot on English ground I should be forced again to quit it, in order to remedy, if possible, the confusion which would arise. After weighing all these considerations, I make no doubt you will think with me that the necessity of my continuing here during the rains, that is, till next October, is as absolute as the obligations of duty can make it.

I pray you, Selina, not to suffer the present state of our affairs to deject your spirits. The circumstance of the French squadron being near us, I really regard, as far as I am personally concerned, as an affair of very trivial moment, not so big with personal danger as one of my slight fevers. On the subject of my return, I feel, I hope, some measure of resignation, nor shall I venture to indulge complaint, but you may depend on it that my stay will not be prolonged beyond the period to which of necessity it must. May God Almighty bless you, and keep you, and cause the light of His countenance to shine upon you!

I must tell you that some years ago I had a strong impression that much of religion consisted in a contempt of money, and I had formed a secret purpose of never laying any by. Some such singularity is very frequent in one's outset in a religious course. I have known some to imagine that they were dead to the world because the decencies of dress were beneath their notice; others to make laughter a sin, because our Saviour was never known to laugh; and others to derive much self-complacency from having drawn on them the stare of an irreligious company by asking for themselves God's blessing on their meat, in silence perhaps, but with a motion of the eyes to

heaven, and a position of their hands, extremely unnecessary at any time, and certainly not likely to promote God's glory at such a time. Much of this proceeds from ignorance, and much from vanity. No one command of God is given to the exclusion of another. And if the Bible tells us 'To do good and to communicate, forget not,' and again, 'Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven,' it also says, 'Occupy till I come,' 'If any provide not for his own he denieth the faith.' Money, no doubt, is a valuable talent; but it is chiefly valuable not simply on account of the portion of human distress which its bare distribution can alleviate, but on account of that influence it gives the possessor, and which one who is clothed with rags, however favoured of Heaven, in the nature of things cannot attain. There is a greater risk indeed of inclining to selfishness than to too profuse a charity.

You will have heard what a dreadful conflagration took place last month in our little town. The extent of the mischief was very great. The piercing shrieks of some women soon waked me to it, and I lost no time in repairing to the spot to try to check the course of the flames, but their fury was so great that little could be done. I went round in the afternoon to visit all the sufferers.

On one of the evenings on which Captain Ball called upon me, I was engaged with my little fry. I debated with myself for a few seconds whether I should continue the work of instruction, and I resolved in the affirmative. Having welcomed my guest, I went on as usual, though not without some embarrassment. I must confess myself but too subject to the influence of a certain false shame, which makes me shrink from the imputation of a weak mind, which all those are apt to connect with religion who themselves are wholly indifferent to it. I got so far the better of it, however, at this time as to comment a little on the commandments as we proceeded, and on some on which I should not have had courage to have spoken directly to my naval friend, with a good deal of point. Although what I said was quite lowered down to the capacity of our little natives, yet Ball must have experienced a sensation as if what was said was said to him, for he began in the course of the evening after our work was done to notice the many unpropitious circumstances which had attended him in his way through life. Both Clarke and I availed ourselves of this unexpected turn in the conversation to represent in as delicate a way as we could the advantages those had over others who were masters of themselves, and the inefficacy of every admonition to duty from one who lived in the neglect of duties equally plain. Ball shook his head, and observed that no one could

manage seamen without swearing and violence. I instanced Gambier. He could have no objection to the instance, but he added, 'As for myself, it would be vain to think of altering established habits. What so many years have confirmed is not likely to yield to a few efforts, which, while they disquieted, would prove wholly unavailing. God is merciful, and will weigh against those innoxious deviations from His laws one's honesty and uprightness, one's generosity, benevolence, and charity.'

Miss Campbell, whom I mentioned to you on a former occasion, opened her school a short time back. She showed some very striking marks of a vain mind, which I hoped, however, might be corrected, and only flowed from the inconsideration of youth. I had therefore some very serious conversation both with herself and her father, in which I plainly stated my reasons of hesitation. The young lady did not altogether relish my plain, but, I am sure, friendly expostulation, and though I was exceedingly careful in avoiding every expression whch might imply that I aimed at anything more than a pardonable want of acquaintance with the world, she observed quite in heroics 'that innocence itself could not be safe here.' I had hinted, however, that my objections were conscientious ones, and my remarks were therefore entertained at least with seriousness. The young woman, I trust, possesses at bottom good sense and piety, though both are somewhat warped by a change of circumstances which leads her to think it necessary to affect a style of dress and manners ill according with one educated in her humble sphere. There are besides proprieties of character to maintain, which scarce admit of being defined, and which peculiarly require to be attended to by those who have the task of forming the morals of others, in which Miss Campbell was not an adept; but on this head, though I felt much, yet I had nothing to say. There would have been something strangely anomalous in a lecture from me on the proprieties!

A few days' reflection at length convinced Miss Campbell that I had spoken the language of truth and friendship; and after several colloquies, it was at last agreed that she should undertake a school of females, under the express condition of following Mr. Clarke's suggestions and mine. She had by this time got rid of her monstrous misshapen dress, which had for some time set all the young women in the church agaping, and reverted to the use of plain and simple attire, and her lowly looks were, I hope, no fallacious indication of a humbled mind. Now that I have mentioned dress I really cannot resist the propension I feel to pay you a compliment on your very just taste in that article. I have always admired it, and been

pleased with it, not because I lay particular weight on external appearance, but because I insensibly attach to it the idea of a well-ordered mind. I must say that you were the only person I met who could so follow the reigning mode as to avoid singularity, and yet preserve the grace it was so much calculated to outrage.

'Hollefear,'[1] says my brother Aulay, 'does not like the thought of your leaving Africa; and if you should come home to take a wife, he wishes you would take her back with you.' You probably know Hollefear by this time, and should you be at the Temple in July, you are likely to see him there. I shall make at present no comment on his opinion, which I doubt not proceeds, as all his opinions do, on some grounds at least meriting discussion. By the time I come home the point will have probably been fully debated, and I shall have only to listen to the result. For my own part I shall be ready enough to follow where duty may call me. But indeed I can at present see no ground for supposing that I have an exclusive call to Africa; and circumstances must strangely alter before I entirely abandon all hope of living one day at home.—Believe me, ever yours truly and affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

'*May* 6.—Faul, whom I have mentioned before, came to tell me what he knew about the French commodore who had questioned him closely about this place. He was particularly inquisitive about our means of heating shot; and the information given him on that head seemed to have more influence in determining him, if possible, toward coming hither, than anything else that was told him. He also wished to know from Faul, in whom, being a German, he seemed to put some confidence, whether I was likely to permit him to take water at Sierra Leone without molestation. He seemed much inclined to send a flag of truce to know my mind, and was probably only diverted from it by his engagement with the *Pearl*. Faul informed me that the *Pearl* was at first taken for a Guineaman; and on her being discovered to be a frigate, very great confusion ensued, most of the men being ashore. The *Pearl's* shot damaged the frigate, and killed three of her people, and wounded four. One of the Spanish galleons received three shot betwixt wind and water, and in a few minutes there were three feet water in the hold. The captain of the galleon called out to strike the colours, but neither he nor any of his crew had the

[1] Mr. Hollefear, a frequent and welcome visitor at the Temple, was a Leicestershire clergyman, much respected by his neighbours, but of somewhat eccentric views. He had a great idea of only using home-grown articles of consumption, and even his clothes were supposed to be made from the wool of his own sheep.

courage to venture on deck to do it. On board this vessel were fifteen thousand dollars in specie. The commodore said that had he had two more broadsides he too must have struck.

'Taking the whole of Faul's information into consideration, I judged it of sufficient importance to transmit without delay to Commodore Cornwallis at Cape Coast. I accordingly ordered the *Prosperity* to be got ready for that purpose.

'The Settlers were again at work to-day, but as everything which I deemed essential to our security had now been done, and as every hour was a matter of great importance to farmers engaged in putting in their crops, I called together the captains, and after expressing my satisfaction with their conduct and that of those under their command, and desiring them to accept my acknowledgments, gave directions for all to return to the pursuit of their private business. This notice seemed very agreeable to them.

'The *Hope* being about to sail, I delivered the despatches to Captain Holford, with directions to sink them if pursued by an enemy.

'*May* 12.—We had a muster this afternoon of the Militia for the purpose of exercising the great guns.

'*Sunday, May* 13.—I thought I had cause this morning to congratulate myself on our having been engaged as we were yesterday afternoon, for at daylight to-day I saw three sails in the offing on a line with the Isles de Los, but at a very considerable distance. Clarke being still ill, I was obliged to officiate to-day. I had just begun the service when my servant came to announce to me his having seen two more vessels, making a squadron of five sail. I was startled by the intelligence, but made shift to proceed without betraying emotion. After service I gave the alarm and beat to quarters, and the notice was obeyed with considerable alacrity, and I despatched a canoe to Bance Island with the news.

'During the day I was a good deal disquieted, as I always am when many things press for decision, but before evening, every arrangement having been taken which appeared necessary, I recovered my composure, and even felt a considerable flow of spirits; and I was glad to observe that, notwithstanding our firm persuasion that to-morrow we should have no bloodless battle to fight, there was an uncommon degree of cheerfulness diffused among us. At lying down I commended myself and all under my charge, as well as all who were dear to me, to His care who fills all space present throughout; and having enjoyed a very sound and refreshing sleep, I got up at two in the morning to watch the motions of the expected squadron with a night-glass, and to prepare for the combat.

'*May* 14.—I was somewhat surprised, though certainly it was agreeably, to be able on the return of day to see nothing of the enemy. In the afternoon, however, I was not a little pleased to learn by a craft from the Isles de Los that they had quitted that place on the 11th, bound to Europe. It must no doubt have been the French squadron which we saw yesterday.

'*Sunday, May* 20.—Mr. Ludlam I hope is sincerely well disposed to religion. He is a man of an acute, discerning mind, and is fond of discussions. I find use now for all my logic, which for these two years past has been rusting for want of employment.

'*Sunday, May* 27.—Mr. Clarke being still very poorly, I was obliged to officiate, a duty which I never fail to feel unpleasant on account of my having to stand up as the mouth of a congregation in their intercourse with the throne of grace. I have been in the habit of accounting public prayer a more solemn exercise than public instruction, and one which ought to be appropriated still more exclusively to the priesthood. Certainly not less attention is due to the ordering our conversation aright in addressing God than in addressing men, and on this ground chiefly I would disapprove of those completely extemporaneous effusions which one often hears in public, and in which every one present is compelled at least to appear to join.

'I received a packet of letters left for me at Cape Coast Castle, which gave me the melancholy news of the *Calypso's* capture, and of the death of Messrs. Guest and Symonds. I felt poor Guest's loss very acutely. I had to feel too for the Colony, at the commencement of a rainy season, deprived of his professional skill and attention.

'The *Calypso* was taken in the month of February by the same privateer which the *Hornet* sloop-of-war had pursued in vain. When taken, the captain, Guest, and the crew were taken on board the privateer, where their living was wretched and their accommodation also very bad. At last they were put into a boat and sent to Cape Coast Castle. On getting to Cape Coast they were allowed to stay in the Castle, but their situation there must have been very uncomfortable, as I find Guest was obliged to make shift with half of Symonds's apartment, who at the time was ill of dysentery. As might be expected, Guest grew so ill that, contrary to his first plan which was to wait a conveyance to Sierra Leone, he went on board the schooner which Buckle commanded and which was to depart in two days for England. But before the two days had expired Guest breathed his last. Buckle speaks very feelingly of the whole affair, and states how eagerly Guest longed to have been but back at Freetown during his illness. Buckle writes me

that he had my packets for you and Babington still in his custody, and that he should not fail, on getting to England, to see them properly forwarded.

'*Sunday, June* 10.—Captain Ballard passed the greatest part of the day with us, and listened very attentively to our examination of the native children at night. Ballard is a particular friend of Captain Bedford, who I found had been furnishing him with tracts. I made up large parcels both for him and Commodore Cornwallis, which they thankfully accepted, and promised to distribute after they had themselves read one of each kind, in order to ascertain their probable tendency. Not only the seamen, but their commanders may thus receive a word of seasonable exhortation.

'*May* 30.—I must give you some account of the progress of our African Missions.

'On the Bullom shore matters have not gone on prosperously, for without the least shadow of opposition from the natives, the Missionaries, Capp and Russell, quarrelled with each other. They even went so far upon one occasion as to make a native chief the umpire of their differences. Much good was not to be expected of such a Mission, and I therefore separated them. In a conversation I had with Capp a few days ago I found out that his sole reason for engaging at first in the Mission was an impression that he ought to go, a certainty that he would be uneasy if he did not go. I am not a little surprised that the Missionary Society should be satisfied with such a reason. He did not previously ascertain that it was his duty on any one Scripture ground; he had not considered whether he had the qualifications and the temper requisite, and without which it never could be a duty; but he felt an impulse! We hear of a Paul who required, with all the aid of supernatural gifts, three years' training for his work; but modern apostles deem such discipline as this a quenching of the spirit. Of the carnal spirit which possesses them I own it would be; at least it would serve to discover to others the spirit they were of.

'I must confess myself one of those who see no sufficient ground for believing that the cast of men at present employed as Missionaries are calculated to produce important or extensive effects. When I see Missionaries formed under some such self-denying discipline as that of the Moravians, or from those classes of men who may be supposed to possess sober yet elevated views, humble yet enlarged minds, I shall think the set time at hand. It is not among mechanics we are to look for men of this last description. In a subordination to these, mechanics might indeed be useful, but otherwise the name and office of Missionary only serves to unhinge their minds. And

one who would scarce be chosen to instruct a parish school is sent forth as the apostle of Africa. Experience, perhaps dear bought, will convince the Missionary Societies of the absolute need of an efficient control.

'*June* 9.—Being somewhat disengaged I paid a visit to the mountains on the 7th, and had the satisfaction to find my farm flourishing. My stay, however, was considerably shortened by the appearance of two large sail in the farther verge of the horizon. I made haste down, and I made the signal for a general muster, which was obeyed, and guards were mounted on all the batteries. I continued up all night watching with a night-glass for the appearance of the ships, and keeping the men on duty on the alert. About two in the morning there was an unusual bustle down by the river-side, which appeared at length to have been caused by a boat being perceived rowing close inshore with muffled oars, as if playing the spy. Those on board at first refused any reply; but a few muskets being pointed at them, they sung out very lustily, "We are British friends, let us land." They immediately were allowed to land, and I was happy in a few minutes after to shake hands with the master of the *Pearl*. He brought me a letter from Commodore Cornwallis announcing his arrival with the *Pearl* in the hope of finding the French here, and that he had ordered the master to be put ashore in order to find me out in the woods, where he supposed I was with my people, and make known to me his plan of operations, in which he begged me to co-operate. The boat, after landing the master and taking a peep at the enemy's position, was to have gone back instantly to the ships. I despatched the master with a few lines, and having got my barge ready, set off about four in the morning to communicate with the commodore. I had to pull not less than eight leagues before I got on board the *Sheerness*, which was about double the distance I had expected. I found the two captains friendly in the extreme, but much chagrined at not having had an opportunity of further testifying their regard by delivering us from French marauders.

'Scarce was this over when two native chiefs appeared from King Tirama, demanding of me in positive terms the delivery of about twenty fugitive slaves whom they alleged to be harboured in the Colony. The commodore, Captain Ballard, and the officers of both ships being to dine with me, I was obliged to plead for a delay before I could give an answer, and backing my entreaty with a few bottles of wine, I obtained my wish.

'*June* 18.—The *Sheerness* sailed to-day for England, but just before the commodore weighed anchor I received intelligence

which I communicated to him, of a large French frigate having been at Cape Mount about three weeks ago, having previously captured a good many prizes, slave-ships.

'*June* 22.—A letter from King Tom came to say that he had just received news of war being talked of against this place, and that he would therefore advise us to be on our guard. I replied rather coldly that I was always on my guard, but I did not believe Tirama or his people cared so little for themselves as to trouble the Settlement. In truth the letter proceeded, I believe, from his own fears of an attack from King Tirama; in which case it would be particularly advantageous to him to involve us in his quarrel. I gave him to understand that I knew how the matter stood; that he was not to expect any active assistance from me; but that either he or his people, fleeing from oppression, would be sure to find a safe asylum here. All these reports succeeding each other with such rapidity led me to a more than customary watchfulness; and in such circumstances one whose thoughts are at all directed Godward will be made to learn what is meant by a life of faith. At night one goes to rest in that kind of uncertainty (for all attacks in this country are by night) which leads to a more hearty and spiritual resignation of oneself to God, than if no degree of danger existed. In the morning one feels in a more lively manner the renewed mercy of a spared life and continued comforts.'

About this time Mr. Robert Haldane, whose name was well known in religious circles in Scotland, authorised a friend to request Macaulay to obtain and despatch to Edinburgh thirty or forty native boys and girls, with the view of their being educated there, to return later to Africa as Missionaries. Mr. Haldane offered to make himself responsible for the necessary funds being forthcoming. This letter was received by Macaulay during the summer of 1798; and in his reply, which reached Mr. Haldane the following October, he approved the proposal with certain modifications. He considered that the scheme deserved a trial, and might possibly present a solution of the difficulties caused by the continual illness and mortality among the European Missionaries. But he stated it as essential in his opinion that the children should be kept for some time under his own care and supervision, so that by personal acquaintance with their characters he should be qualified to select from among them those who were best fitted for their future destination. He also stipulated that they should remain

at Sierra Leone until the time came for his own return, and make the voyage to England with him, as otherwise he could not be responsible for their welfare to their families. The children, who were already placed with Macaulay by their friends for education, belonged to the households of different Chiefs, and this circumstance he considered would contribute materially to the success of the scheme, as the interest of the Chiefs in each district would at once be enlisted in favour of Missionaries who stood in such a close relation to them.

TO MISS MILLS.

June 16, 1798.

MY DEAR SELINA,—Ballard, when he came up, put into my hands a very large parcel of letters and newspapers, which one of his lieutenants had got out of a vessel he had boarded on entering the river.

Your letter is dated the 28th October 1797, and gives a most interesting account of the incidents which occurred during your visit to Mrs. Wilberforce at Bath. Your estimate of the characters of those of your party whom I know appears to be very just; though I own in drawing a comparison between Thornton and Wilberforce, in my own mind, the former, whether justly or not I will not venture to say, has always carried away the palm. In point of talents, doubtless, there is a splendour about Wilberforce which quite eclipses the other; but then the soundness of Thornton's judgment, and the extreme considerateness and painful scrutiny with which he is accustomed to view every subject that requires his decision, serves as a counterbalance. Wilberforce's benevolence may be more ardent, and the style of his devotion more elevated and fervent; but in the practice of self-denying duties, and in the habitual enforcement of that suggestion not to confer with flesh and blood, I must think Henry Thornton his superior. Wilberforce has stronger and more lively views of the beauties of holiness and of the Saviour's love; but Thornton has a more uniform and abiding impression of his accountableness to God for every moment of his time, and for every word he utters. Wilberforce's active love flies immediately to the relief of an object in distress, and gives almost instinctively. Thornton's consideration leads him to weigh the best mode of imparting relief so as to raise no false hopes, and to produce no future unhappiness, and to join, if possible, the interests of eternity to those of time. That both possess all the good qualities above alluded to in an eminent

degree, when compared with other men, is certain; but I was only viewing them in comparison with each other.

Your account of your conference with Mr. Thornton is highly characteristic in its commencement, and the warmth of affection towards me which he betrayed may seem somewhat out of character, yet I know it to have been only a relaxation of that restraint which he thinks it a duty habitually to cultivate with respect to the expression of his feelings. He wishes at no time to give praise unnecessarily, or without seeing some specific good end to be answered by it, knowing that in the main it is hurtful. He wishes at no time to utter a needless expression of regard, not knowing what expectations it may excite which he is unable to fulfil, and knowing that when an opportunity of doing a real service occurs, its worth will not be diminished by the want of previous promises. I do feel satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having in any degree the regard and favourable opinion of such men. But I feel at the same time no circumstance so humbling as the contrast which my own heart, and my life as to its moving principle in too many instances, forms, to what they are pleased to think of me. Thornton speaks of my industry; while I feel sloth and procrastination besetting sins. He speaks of my integrity; while every day and hour I feel vanity and other bad tempers warping me to insincerity. He speaks of my necessary qualifications; while I know and God knows how miserably poor and defective I am, and how little I merit commendation, even for those parts of my conduct which may have the most splendid exterior. Alas! it is not praise we want, it is pardon.

The circumstance which chiefly excited in me a sigh on the thought of quitting Sierra Leone was the necessity of abandoning the native children, whom God, in mercy to them I would fain hope, had placed under my care, to the precarious chance of meeting one who would care for their spiritual interests. This did cause me many anxious moments. God has now made my way even in this respect plain. The same vessel which brought me the letter I am answering brought me one which announced the formation of a plan, and the institution of a sufficient fund, for the education of thirty or forty African boys and girls; and gave me a commission to collect and bring home with me to that number. I am sure I ought to be ashamed of ever distrusting the love of God. This tie being loosed, I see nothing now to damp the happiness of my return, nor any obstacles to it, but the want of a convenient opportunity of transporting myself to your shores.

Mrs. Thornton is certainly not proud, but she has ever been silent and reserved for a woman. Her understanding is strong;

and the peculiar circumstances of her life having led her much to seek retirement and solitude, she is little attentive to those minutenesses in conduct which so irresistibly captivate one when, as in Mrs. Hannah More, they are the accompaniments of a cultivated understanding and a superior genius. Mrs Thornton is seen most to advantage in discussions which call forth the powers of her mind, and she then seldom fails to manifest great delicacy of discrimination and accuracy of thinking. She is certainly lively and vivid in her conceptions, and possesses a degree of sensibility which may be called morbid. This would have rendered her a very unfit companion for Mr. Wilberforce, whose extreme vivacity and rapidity both of thought and action certainly require no small firmness of nerve. Of Mrs. Wilberforce I can say nothing but that I am disposed to esteem and love her highly, not only as being worthy of possessing Wilberforce's affections, but on account of the affecting proofs she gives of attachment to you, and the mutual confidence which subsists between you.

You speak of my health. It is on the whole at present as good as I have a right to expect. I feel by no means the same capacity for bodily exertion as I did when I last arrived here, but I think I shall be likely to regain it now that my employments are in themselves much less harassing and fatiguing than formerly, and that they are shared by Mr. Ludlam. I have begun to relinquish in his favour all the details of business, as well to relieve myself as to render him familiar with them. My employments are thus a good deal more to my taste. I spend several hours every day in reading, chiefly Greek and Latin. One advantage in any case I am sure to derive from it, and which justifies to my own mind the applying my time thus: I mean the being able to study the original Scriptures, at least of the New Testament, for myself. Besides, as much of the useful knowledge to be derived from history in general is to be derived from Xenophon and Livy, as from modern historians.—Yours affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

'*June* 25.—My preparations for the sailing of the *Santa Margarita* were interrupted by the arrival of the Chiefs, this being the day I had appointed for hearing the claims preferred for the restitution of certain fugitive slaves. The first claim which came to be discussed was that of Pa Wamba for the family of which I have made frequent mention, consisting of the mother and three sons. Being myself clearly of opinion that we are bound to have no share in African injustice, you will not wonder that I should have formed a previous determination on no account to deliver up these fugitives. The

declaration of this principle I thought it prudent to defer till it became necessary, on the ground that it would be wrong to risk our peace, unless the obligation to do so were urgent and evident. I professed therefore my readiness to listen to the reasonings of both parties, and to do what in the issue appeared to be just.

'Pa Wamba stated his case; and then one of the young men stood up to advocate the cause of himself, his mother and brothers. I then delivered my mind on the affair, which was that Pa Wamba had certainly no claim on the people in question. King Tom allowed I was right, and Pa Wamba explicitly relinquished all right or title to the fugitives. The other claims were postponed to a future day.

'*Tuesday, July* 3.—To-day I was employed in cutting up some young cinnamon-trees into slips with a view of propagating that valuable plant. I made upwards of five hundred cuttings, which were distributed among all our farmers, and if they take root, I doubt not will prove a lasting benefit to the Colony.

'Mr. Grieg the Missionary came hither to-day, for the purpose of recruiting his strength, which had been reduced in the Rio Pongo by several severe attacks of fever. The accounts he gave of the progress of the Mission were very comfortable. The most perfect harmony subsisted between him and his associate. The natives were kind beyond expectation, and even the Slave-traders seemed to vie with each other in doing them kindnesses.

'Grieg brought me news still more interesting. While at the Isles de Los an American vessel brought an account that the importation of slaves into Savannah, the only port which had been left open for them, had been prohibited; and thus that the American Slave Trade was in fact put an end to. At the same time arrived a vessel from Liverpool announcing that the British Parliament had abolished the Slave Trade between Goree and Cape Palmas, and that Admiral Nelson had destroyed a hundred and seventy-five gunboats. The rage of the Slave-traders at the Isles de Los, which was almost exclusively directed against this place, according to Grieg, was not to be described. They swore that in three months Sierra Leone should be in ashes, and that such a fate would be merited by our misrepresentations. Such expressions, however, may cause them some inconvenience if my friend Ball, or some captain equally well disposed, should visit us again, as I should certainly state, and that officially, the danger to us of the Slave-traders systematically exasperating the natives against the Colony, by attributing wholly to our interested efforts the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the

extinction of the usual resources of supplying themselves with European goods.

'*August* 4.—On this and two or three preceding days various reports reached me of the ill intentions of King Tirama towards us on account of our refusal to deliver up the fugitive slaves who had taken refuge in the Colony. One of their plans, as reported to me, and if executed with boldness, might certainly have effected our complete destruction. The plan was that a number of native Chiefs, with only their usual attendants, should visit me on a pretence of settling some affair, however trivial; that should they find me off my guard, they were then to stab me and those who were with me, seize the magazine and the arms, and make a signal previously agreed on, on which all the natives dispersed in the Colony were to repair to the hill and arm; that the plunder and massacre were then to begin, but that the latter should cease when they had sufficiently thinned our numbers to render us no longer formidable. In this way the safety of their own and other native children in my house would be secured. There was something certainly very diabolical in this plan. As I was ruminating a little on the subject, Tirama's deputy made his appearance, and announced the arrival of the King and his head men at Signor Domingo's town, and his intention of being with me without delay. Two things on this occasion served a little to increase my suspicions of there being at least some ground for the reports of the day. One was that this journey of the King's and a numerous attendance had been made in the worst weather I had seen. The rain had been falling in torrents for some days, and had not yet intermitted. The other was, that the real pretence for this unexpected visit, whatever it might be, was quite concealed, and the reason alleged for it was my request, a request I had never made, to see the King as soon as possible. I denied in the strongest terms having sent for Tirama, affirming that I had no reason on account of which I could have a desire to see him; and if I had, I should have chosen less unfavourable weather than the present for its adjustment. Banna, the King's deputy, boldly affirmed that I had sent for the King, and that he himself at his last visit had received a message from me to that purpose. This was as impudent an assertion as I had ever heard, and his persisting in it determined me the more strongly to be on my guard. Had he made his assertion good, the consequence would have been that I should have been obliged, on pain of an open breach, to have received without scruple, and to have entertained with profusion, Tirama and all his attendants; and in such a case the laws of hospitality would not have admitted of the vigilance which the case seemed to require. But

fortunately Banna spoke English so indifferently as to be generally under the necessity of using an interpreter always in matters of business. The interpreter employed on that occasion could recollect no such message, so that he was obliged, however reluctantly, to give up the point. I now excused myself from receiving the King's visit till Monday. This seemed a very mortifying circumstance, and innumerable pretences were used with a view of changing my mind. But I was fixed. I had engagements for the day, Mr. Richards from Bance Island being with me; this was Saturday, the day was already far gone; on Sunday we received no visits and did no business. At last he left me, evidently chagrined, but carrying with him a present of wine to sweeten the disappointment.

'*Sunday, August* 5.—While I was engaged in catechising my family in the evening a number of people arrived from the country, and made their appearance before me with faces full of alarm. I guessed their business, and resolved not to interrupt my work for it. When it was over, they all began with open mouth to relate their apprehensions of Tirama's hostile intentions, and solicited arms and ammunition to be distributed, without waiting even for the close of the Sabbath. I positively refused to take one step which might wear the appearance of hostility; saying to them that we were safe as long as we suspected danger, but if any of them wanted arms and ammunition the stores would be open in the morning, and they might buy. The Settlers, knowing the advantage they would derive in case of any serious dispute with their governors from being in possession of well-appointed arms, have never failed to make exertions on such occasions as the present for obtaining them. My policy, however, has as uniformly been to retain the arms and ammunition in my own power, until a moment of common danger no longer renders their distribution unsafe; giving them a permission, however, of which few have availed themselves, a buy if they chose from the Company's stores.

'*August* 6, 1798.—On the present occasion it would appear that their fears were serious, for this morning no less than twenty guns were bought at the store. This being reported to the King had the effect I expected; and he declined coming to see me himself, but some of his head men waited on me with a letter from him wishing to know my reason for arming the Settlers on the news of his coming, and demanding the fugitive slaves. I made a suitable reply to this letter, in consequence of which his Majesty changed his mind, and promised me a visit the next morning.

'*August* 8.—Tirama came with a numerous attendance; also King Tom and Signor Domingo. Being uncertain what share

of credit was justly due to the reports I had heard of their designs, I thought it right to take such measures of precaution as would necessarily render them abortive. After a deal of mere compliments had passed, I proceeded to discuss the charges in the letter. I justified the measure of arming the Settlers, even if I had had recourse to it, on the ground of my uncertainty as to the friendliness of the intentions of my Timmaney neighbours. This insinuation naturally produced the question I wished, namely, what cause I had to entertain the slightest doubt of the amiable intentions of those around me? To this I gave a more explicit answer than they expected or wished. I called on King Tom to say whether he had not assured me that Tirama's intentions were hostile to us. I also appealed to Signor Domingo whether he had not told me the same of King Tom, and that the latter's purpose of hurting us had been defeated by Tirama's good-will. To this they were forced reluctantly to assent.

'I then proceeded to answer the demand for the fugitive slaves. I disclaimed any wish of enticing or of retaining fugitives, and this they all gave me credit for; but I positively refused to interfere actively in the apprehension, with the view of reducing them to their former slavery, of individuals whose only crime was that they had escaped from slavery. I pressed strongly for a reply, requesting them either to answer what I had said, or to allow that I had reason on my side; but each succeeding request served only to multiply evasions. At length we parted, heartily tired of each other, without bringing any one point for which we had met to a conclusion.

'*August* 27.—I had been rather surprised at finding the belief in witchcraft and other Satanic influences to prevail among the religious part of our Europeans. I thought it a point of too much moment to pass unnoticed, considering the deplorable effects of superstitious notions around us. I began with exactly ascertaining the state of opinions among us on this point. Ludlam and myself were of one mind, namely, that there was room to doubt whether supernatural knowledge or supernatural powers were ever conveyed by the devil, allowing the fullest weight to the mentions made of witchcraft in the Bible; and that there were the highest moral probabilities that no such knowledge was now conveyed by him. You will observe that our definition of witchcraft was "knowledge or power which could not be attained but by supernatural means communicated by the devil." Mr. Clarke, Mr. Grieg the Missionary, and Mr. Wilson were of a contrary opinion, the latter particularly, who alleged facts of which he had been an eye-witness in support of it. Mr. Brunton, another Missionary,

a man of much thought and sound judgment, seemed rather to incline to us, though he hesitated in going our length. The rest had thought little on the subject. The discussion continued for some days; and though we did not succeed in proving that witchcraft had never existed, which indeed we did not insist very much upon, yet we fully succeeded in doing away the notion that in the trials and pretended charms of the natives there was anything more than trick, sleight of hand, and the powerful spell of superstitious fears. Even Wilson was convinced he had been too credulous. I deemed this a very important victory, particularly as it was gained without the least acrimony, and was yielded apparently from real conviction.

'Brunton, whom I have once or twice mentioned, has become a highly interesting character; his mind is well exercised, he is acute, and at the same time temperate. He possesses a cool head, and a warm heart, great modesty and great firmness. He is a scholar, has read much and thought more. He is married, and has left a wife, an amiable woman, I understand, and three children in Scotland, that he might preach the gospel in Africa. The few months his health allowed him to stay among the Susees, he was successful in gaining the good-will and confidence of the natives. Since his return hither he has not enjoyed three days of uninterrupted health; and yet his cheerfulness has never forsook him, nor has he uttered a desponding expression. When able to mount the hill, he forms one of our party; and his candour and moderation, joined to his other valuable qualities, render him particularly useful in the many discussions we fall into. In the religious opinions of all of us there are shades of difference; but in our opinions of what is essential in religion, the affections, dispositions, tempers, and practice which become the Christian, we are all pretty well agreed.

'*September* 14.—One of our craft arrived from the Rio Pongo to-day, bringing, to the general alarm of the Settlement, two of her crew, natives, ill of the smallpox. They had already been carried to King Tom's town before I was aware of the circumstance, but I lost no time in sending a formal notification to him of the danger of their remaining there, and a strong request that he would resign them to my disposal. He very thankfully complied; and they were immediately removed by water to the house on Thomson Bay farm, which stands near half a mile removed from any other dwelling. A few more afterwards arrived in the same state, and were disposed of the same way. They all recovered but one; and the infection spread no farther. I was very much inclined to inoculate all the native

children who were with me; but our only medical man, Mr. Lowes, had never before seen a smallpox patient, and was therefore very unfit to undertake such an experiment. I visited the patients frequently, and supplied them with everything needful. King Tom and almost all the natives expressed much satisfaction with what we had done, for their dread of this disease is strong and general.

'*Sunday, October* 21.—Mr. Clarke's health has been declining some time. The freedom of my remonstrances on his over-exertions hurt him a good deal. On October the 7th he administered the Sacrament and preached for the last time. The next day he was very ill; and his maladies seem to set all Lowes's skill at defiance.

'Just as I had finished dinner and was about returning to church, the arrival of my brother and Mr. Gray was announced. I had only time to welcome them, and to order them some refreshment, when the bell summoned me away. After service I had leisure to hear their adventures, and to read the few letters they brought me.

'*October* 26.—My brother and I went on board the *Dawes* on the 24th in the view of visiting Cape Mesurado, and making some purchases there which might be beneficial to the Colony. I had it likewise in view to have a few days' uninterrupted talk with him about Rothley Temple and Cowslip Green, which proved a very rich gratification. We got to the Turtle Islands, and at daylight to-day saw a ship which proved to be the *Diana*, Captain Hume, bound to the West Indies with slaves. I wrote to you by her. Captain Hume had been very kind to my brother and Mr. Gray in their late desolate situation, and I gave him in token of acknowledgment a thirty gallon cask of wine. There being no wind we dined on board the *Diana*, Captain Hume, by way of vindicating his humanity, telling us stories the while of what he had witnessed in the Slave Trade. "One voyage," said he, "a very fine woman was left with me by her husband as a pledge for some goods he had taken. Some one intimating to her that her husband did not mean to redeem her, 'When I certainly know that to be the case I shall die,' said she. Accordingly, when by the vessel's going from the coast she was assured that the suspicion was but too well founded, she shut her eyes and expired almost instantly. I had thirty-three more pawns on board that voyage whom I was obliged to carry off, as their relations did not choose to redeem them, every one of whom went off one after another without a complaint or groan or any symptom of illness, but a settled gloom in their countenances and a loathing of food. When I see any now falling into the same way, out of humanity to them

I flog them, and it is a remedy which I have never known to fail."

'*October* 29.—To-day we came to an anchor off the mouth of the river Gallinas, near where John Newton had formerly had his factory, a very pleasant river, full of small islands not more than a hundred yards in diameter. The traders, of whom there are four or five, have each his own island, where he lives quite separate from the other traders and from the natives.

'*November* 3.—While at Cape Mesurado, I went over one day to a town about six miles off, where a King Peter lived. He knew my brother very well. The Chiefs were all assembled in a very neat Palaver house in their best clothes, seated on clean mats, except King Peter, who was elevated on a chair, and had altogether a very majestic air. A jar of wine I carried with me gave me a right to make a long speech respecting the Sierra Leone Company, with which King Peter was so pleased that he agreed to send a son of his with me for education. In my way back I met with a very large alligator, which I was in the act of shooting, when stopped by my guide, who told me that was King Peter's Devil.

'*November* 10.—We reached the Turtle Islands on the 6th, where we were very successful in catching fish during a calm. The next evening we got home, when I found Clarke so ill as to afford little room to expect any amendment. He had moved out to Mr. Gray's villa, where I visited him as soon as I could. He was very low-spirited, and seemed very uneasy in the prospect of his dissolution. I endeavoured to comfort him and to raise his spirits, and proposed to him taking a passage to the West Indies, and thence to England, as the only resource now left, and as such he eagerly embraced it. I immediately arranged to send him along with my brother to Cape Mesurado, where a vessel was about to sail for Barbados.

'*November* 24.—Two days ago I set sail in the *Prosperity* on business. To-day I visited in the barge Fantimanee's town, where Mr. Grieg the Missionary resides, and by setting off from Freeport at two in the morning I got there about eight. Mr. Grieg is quite reconciled to his present state of seclusion. The people seem to like him, and to listen to him, for he talks the language very intelligibly. After arranging several matters with Grieg respecting his Mission, I left about noon, and reached a trader's of the name of Pendleton in time to fulfil an engagement to dine with him. The benefit I should have derived from this refreshment was quite lost from perceiving, in the number of attendant wives, a girl on whose education I myself had bestowed much pains, and who had promised better things. I attacked Pendleton, as soon as I had a fit opportunity, on his

way of life. He pretended to acknowledge the truth and propriety of all I said to him, but added, "As for Jane, she is better with me than with most, for I give her leave to read her Bible every day." I was more successful in making an impression on poor Jane, with whom I contrived to have a few minutes' talk. She shed tears very abundantly, expressed her dislike of her situation, into which she had been forced by her mistress, and sighed for Sierra Leone again.

'On the other side of the river where a trader named Holman lived, I found two girls who had also been with me at Sierra Leone, and whom I was highly pleased to find on the whole improving. Holman, who is their stepfather, paid them, I found, great attention, and instructed them daily in reading. I was very agreeably surprised to see them both come in in the evening, and, kneeling down, say the prayer they had been accustomed to use at Sierra Leone, after which Holman catechised them, receiving very distinct answers, and gave them both a blessing. There appeared something very hopeful in all this; and yet Holman is a Slave-trader and dissolute in his manners. Nor was what I saw done merely on account of my being present, but I found it was the uniform practice. I staid at Holman's till past midnight, when, the tide answering, I set off for Freeport, and arrived there before daylight.

'*November* 26.—I set off for the Rio Nunez, visiting in my way a branch of the Rio Pongo where I had never yet been, and paying my respects to the traders who live there. At one of these factories I saw the very man who had been employed by Ormond, of famous memory, to drown his unsaleable slaves; and thus obtained the most unquestionable proof, from a quarter not likely to be partial to us, of the truth of that part of our report which had been most strenuously disputed by Slave-traders.

'*November* 27.—Cooper accompanied me to the Rio Nunez. Just as we had cleared the Rio Pongo bar and had got out into the open sea, we descried three sail in the offing, but fortunately were not near enough to be spoken to by them. We afterwards found them to be a squadron of French privateers cruising under Renaud, which visited the Isles de Los and captured there two Danish Guineamen.

'*December* 7.—Just as we had got over the bar, we met the *Dawes* coming in from Sierra Leone. She had had a narrow escape from the French, having been within half a gunshot of them, and escaping by dint of superior sailing into one of the adjacent rivers, where she lay till news were brought of the coast being clear. My letters acquainted me with my brother having gone off in the ship *Maria* for the West Indies, but that poor Clarke, to whom the captain would on no consideration give a passage,

had returned to Freetown in a state of great weakness and mental derangement, and in a few days had breathed his last. The people, who while he lived had neglected and vilified him, were very forward in showing their respect for his memory; and the Methodists particularly set apart a day for pronouncing his eulogy, and mourning his loss. In their orations they extolled him to the very skies, saying they had now lost their father, their best friend. What a strange jumble of inconsistencies is man!

'My fears of the French being at an end I returned to Freeport, to settle some affairs which my hurry had made me postpone.

'*December* 8.—Having settled my business at the factory and taken my leave of the chief, to whom we are indebted for the quiet and security in which Cooper lives among so many inimical traders, I again directed my course homeward, being the more anxious to shorten my absence as I felt symptoms of approaching illness.

'*December* 10.—I called at the Isles de Los, when Mr. Powell informed me that Renaud knew of my being out, and expressed a strong desire to see me, not to plunder me, but to convince me, as he said, of his remembrance of our ancient friendship and mutual good offices. I, however, was quite satisfied to want this additional proof of his regard.

'I had, as I feared, a smart attack of fever, which incommoded me the more, on account of a heavy rain which fell during the night, and which penetrated my bed and bedding, so that I could not enjoy the rest which at such a time is so much wanted.

'*December* 11.—Freetown being in sight in the morning I got into the barge, and was soon pulled ashore. Considering the danger to health from travelling in this country, and the inconveniences and evils of many kinds which are likely to result from the absence of the head of a family, my late excursions seem to require some apology. It was an object to see with my own eyes the place which I might recommend for the establishment desired; besides all which, I was very desirous of leaving my coadjutors as much as I could to themselves while I was yet near them, and at hand to help them.

'In going to the northward, besides those motives which were common to both excursions, I had a further view of examining into the state of Freeport Factory; of personally recommending Grieg the Missionary to the friendship and protection of Fantimanee and the neighbouring chiefs; of preparing the minds of the chiefs for the expected abolition; of doing away the unfavourable impressions which, from the present scarcity of European goods, the Slave-traders tried to give them of us as

the cause of that scarcity; of marking the effect which the expectation of the abolition produced on the minds of the traders themselves. I further wished to induce the native chiefs to a willingness to send their own children to Freetown, or to England, for education as they grew up. In all these objects I pretty well succeeded.

'*Sunday, December*, 23.—Mr. Brunton, whom I have prevailed on to officiate as Chaplain, preached to-day. There came letters from Mr. Garvin to several of the Methodist preachers. They were dated from Virginia, where he endeavours to procure a livelihood by teaching a school. He strongly exhorted those to whom he wrote to value the very superior blessings they enjoy at Sierra Leone to what any blacks in America have, which marks in him an improved spirit.

'*January* 8, 1799.—A vessel arrived from Tobago by which I learned the death of Commodore Cornwallis on his way hence to the West Indies. How vain are any schemes of happiness which man can form! He was to have been married on getting to England.

'*February* 4.—For some months past we had been kept on the alert by frequent reports of the designs of the natives against the Settlement. The bare possibility of danger arising from these rumours rendered the same precautions necessary which a time of real and known danger would have required. No doubt existed as to the point to which their attack, if made, would be directed, namely, Thornton Hill. A strict guard was therefore kept there, and I myself had placed within my reach as I lay in bed, arms, from which I could have fired upwards of a hundred and fifty buckshot in half a minute. Under my window I had a carriage gun ready primed, wherewith to make an alarm signal, and a light burning constantly in my room with a match beside it. I took all these precautions, more because I thought it my duty to do so, than because I entertained any serious fears of a hostile visit. On the contrary, I laboured to discourage any such disquieting reports, and to persuade the Settlers to a disbelief of them. At length it was confidently told us that all the other causes of discontent which the natives had against us had been blown into a flame by the news of the expected abolition, and the absolute dearth of European goods both at the Settlement and everywhere else on the coast, which Slave-traders took pains to convince them were owing to us; and that all the Chiefs had combined their strength for our extirpation. I saw no greater reason for believing this report than any of the former; and to satisfy my own mind, as well as to cultivate a good understanding with those Chiefs, and to cure the fears of the Settlers, I

resolved on paying them a visit. I found them wherever I went extremely friendly, and dreaming of nothing less than of war. I laboured to confirm them in their peaceful and friendly intentions; and I hope did not labour in vain. This excursion occupied the whole week. I spent a little time with Tilley[1] at Bance Island both in going and returning. He pretends to have no fear that the partial abolition will take place. He cannot speak of the measure with patience, and lays the whole blame of the Bill to my account, which I told him greatly honoured me; and labours so to represent it, saying my reports and unfair statements have been the means. I called for proof. He mentioned the remarks respecting the Mandingo country in the first report to be altogether the reverse of fact, to which Richards, who had lived there three years, assented. But they were not a little surprised when I proved to them that Richards himself had been my author. However, I expressed my readiness to alter anything which better information might show to be wrong. I urged him strongly to point out any other inaccuracies in my report, but he replied that he did not recollect that there were any others; than which, considering all things, a stronger testimony could not be given of its authenticity.

'I found them all a good deal hurt at the mention in the last report, which I have not yet seen, of Captain Walker's having murdered a seaman at Bance Island; and they insinuated that the relation was a breach of private confidence. "What!" I replied, "the disclosure of murder!" They were silent.

'*Sunday, February* 10.—The *Ellis*, Captain Soutar, arrived from Liverpool, bringing a few newspapers, but no letters. I found from Captain Soutar that my letter to Governor Rickets, about the free French blacks he had on board, was effectual for preventing their being sold, as was Soutar's intention. They were all sent to the Admiral at Martinique.'

Seeing no prospect whatever of a direct passage to England, Macaulay had just come to the resolution of going home by the West Indies, when, on the very day that he was about to make the necessary arrangements, a sloop-of-war, the *Fairy*, with two other vessels, came to an anchor at the Settlement. With the captain of one of these, the brig *Mary*, he agreed for the freight of the ship to London on the Company's account, and for his own and the native children's passage. On the 4th of April 1799 he set sail from Sierra Leone under the convoy of the *Fairy*, and reached Plymouth after a passage of forty-eight days.

[1] Mr. Tilley had arrived from England on the 26th of January.

CHAPTER VIII

RETURN TO ENGLAND AND MARRIAGE

THE session of 1799 was as usual a very busy one for the supporters of Abolition. They had, after long and careful consultation, concocted a measure for confining the Slave Trade within certain limits on the coast of Africa; and in the month of March Henry Thornton brought it forward in the House of Commons. The Bill survived the difficulties caused by reluctant friends and determined adversaries, and on the 2nd of May passed successfully through the Lower House; but only to meet with severe opposition in the House of Lords, where the struggle over it was prolonged till the 5th of July, when it was defeated on the second reading. During this period Mr. Wilberforce and his friends watched daily over the interests of the Bill; selecting with great care the witnesses who were to be examined at the bar of the House, and consulting incessantly with the counsel whom they employed.

One of these was Mr. James Stephen, whose name has a familiar sound to all who are acquainted with the history of the hundred years which have elapsed since 1799. His descendants, several of whom have borne his own baptismal name, have distinguished themselves by singular gifts and powers of mind in many varied walks of life; in literature, at the bar, in colonial politics, and in India. Mr. Stephen himself was a brilliant and versatile man, full of enthusiasm and energy. He studied law, and was called to the bar in England; after which he went out to the West Indies, where he had relations residing in St. Christopher, who were able to promise him a good opening for practice. The vessel in which he sailed touched at Barbados; and some instances of brutality shown to slaves, of which he was an accidental witness while on shore there, shocked him to such a degree that he made a solemn vow never to have anything to do with slavery, and kept his vow in spite of every

temptation to the contrary and the advantages which offered themselves to him afterwards.

In the winter of 1788 he visited England, and made acquaintance with Mr. Wilberforce, who quickly perceived the capacity of his new friend, and endeavoured to enlist him in the band of allies. But although Stephen's generous sympathies were all against the continuance of the misery inflicted by the Slave Trade, he had a wife and a family of young children dependent upon his exertions; and his sense of duty to them was sufficiently strong to restrain him from a public advocacy of Abolition while still practising at the West Indian bar, where already the sacrifices he had made to his sentiments had entailed upon him very considerable losses.

But his position at St. Christopher had practically become untenable; and in 1794 he severed his connection with the West Indian bar, and returned to England, where he began to appear at the Prize Appeal Court of the Privy Council, and where his talents secured him, before long, the leading business. He now openly identified himself with the cause of Abolition. His ardour and knowledge of the subject made his aid to it quite invaluable, and it is amusing to find Mr. Wilberforce writing meekly in his diary in 1798: 'Stephen frankly and kindly reproving me for not pleading the cause of the slaves watchfully enough, and guarding it in the case of Trinidad, and Spain's late proposals. I doubt. Pitt promises repeal of the proclamation for trade in Spanish colonies.'

Mr. Wilberforce's warm affection for Pitt rendered him sensitive on the score of attacks upon the great minister. His feelings were shared in a large measure by Henry Thornton, who was a personal friend of Pitt's, and were at any rate religiously respected by the rest of the band; but Mr. Stephen, coming fresh into the contest, had no misgivings to impede his utterance. When, notwithstanding an earnest appeal from him, couched in terms which reflected unreservedly on Pitt's apparent assent to a plan for the forcible removal of Creole slaves from their homes in the older islands in order to undertake the unhealthy labour of clearing new lands which had been vacated by the removal of the Carib tribes after the insurrection in St. Vincent and the conquest of Trinidad, Mr. Wilberforce still hesitated about proceeding to make a public attack upon the

minister, his answer called forth a really awful denunciation from Mr. Stephen.

'I still clearly think,' he wrote, 'that you have been improperly silent; and that when you see the Government loading the bloody altars of commerce, the idol of this Carthage, with an increase of human victims, and building new altars for the same execrable purpose while the sword of Almighty vengeance seems uplifted over us for that very offence, you are bound by the situation wherein you have placed yourself to cry aloud against it. You are even the rather bound to do so because those high-priests of Moloch, Lord Liverpool and Mr. Dundas, are your political, and Mr. Pitt also your private friends.'

Considering that Mr. Wilberforce had already succeeded by earnest remonstrances with Pitt in obtaining the rescinding of the objectionable proclamation, his answer to this passionate letter may be termed angelic. It is too long to quote, but the gentleness and humility which mark it go far to explain the tenderness of affection with which even the failings of Wilberforce were regarded by those around him. Mr. Stephen's vehement zeal, though directed against himself, seemed to him only matter for admiration; and the tie between the two men, so dissimilar and yet so closely in sympathy, was further cemented when in the year 1800 Mr. Stephen, who had become a widower, married Mr. Wilberforce's only sister, Mrs. Clarke, the widow of Dr. Clarke, vicar of Trinity Church, Hull.

In the midst of the excitement among his friends about the Slave Limitation Bill, Macaulay arrived at Portsmouth; and leaving his precious cargo of young Africans to go round by sea, landed there himself, and hurried direct to London in order to make the necessary arrangements for their reception. When their comfort should have been secured he hoped to be at liberty to visit his betrothed, in whose company he had only spent two days since their engagement took place in January 1796, and to seeing whom he was naturally looking forward with eager anticipation. His health too had broken down entirely for the time, his strong nerves had been shattered by the strain of unceasing work in a bad climate, and he longed with feverish anxiety for a period of entire rest and relaxation.

But all through his life Macaulay's fate was seldom propitious to the indulgence of his personal wishes, and his surprise

and mortification were extreme when, upon his arrival from Portsmouth at Battersea Rise on Thursday the 23rd of May, he was immediately informed by Mr. Wilberforce and Henry Thornton that his presence in London would be for some time to come absolutely indispensable, and that they had undertaken for him that he should appear at the bar of the House of Lords to give evidence on the following Tuesday. Macaulay's habitual patience seems to have failed him upon this occasion, for his friends had the unwonted task of bringing argument to bear upon him to induce him to fulfil his duty, and they were compelled to reiterate their assurances that, upon his evidence, the fate of the Bill would probably depend. They told him that Lord Grenville, who was making every exertion in his power to support it, had already mentioned in the House of Lords that Mr. Macaulay would appear on the 28th of May; and they reminded him that the time was already too short for the necessary preparation. Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Thornton had done all that could be done to make the business easier. Upon receiving intelligence of the arrival of the *Fairy* with her convoy, they had engaged the counsel whom they employed to be in readiness to receive Macaulay's instructions and brief, and for this it was imperative that he should go to town early the next morning. The interval that remained before his examination must necessarily be spent in hard work, so as to employ to the best advantage the abundant materials which his intimate knowledge of the subject would furnish.

The conversation was cut short by Macaulay's increasing indisposition. A sharp attack of African fever came on, and his weakness was so great that he was obliged to retire at once to his bed, quite unequal to the exertion of talking or holding a pen, and the next morning he had the greatest difficulty in keeping the appointment which had been arranged. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the letter which he sent the next day to Miss Mills should be more querulous in its tone than any other which has come down from him; and from some expressions which he employs in it, and in one or two letters which immediately follow, it is clear that he felt considerable uneasiness as to the effect upon her mind which the delay of his visit would have. It could scarcely be expected that she would take the same view of public duty which the

small band of devoted men did of whose number Macaulay formed one, and it would have been natural that she should consider her own claims upon his time paramount at such a moment. He ends his first letter to her rather pathetically, by saying that his mind is somewhat off its hinge, and that he will not therefore say more at that time from the coffee-house where he had snatched a few minutes, in the midst of his harassing business, to step in to write to her.

As might have been expected, on the Saturday Macaulay was entirely prostrated by fever. At Battersea Rise he was surrounded with every attention and comfort that care and affection could bestow, but his mind was ill at ease. He writes to Miss Mills: 'Do not, I pray you, think unkindly of me, but consider that in what I have done, I have had, next to that of God, your approbation in view. I have acted as I believe you would have advised me to act had you had an opportunity of giving me your advice; and though the sacrifice I have made to duty may seem trivial in the statement, yet I am sure, if it were to be estimated by the pain it has occasioned to me, it would possess no mean magnitude.'

Mr. Thornton was much concerned about the situation, and wrote most kindly to Miss Mills, pressing her to come and stay at Battersea Rise. But Mrs. Thornton was ill and confined to her room; and Miss Mills, whose disposition was retiring and reserved almost to a fault, shrank from coming alone for a first visit to the busy and hospitable house where she was still an entire stranger to the host and hostess, and declined the invitation. She wrote, however, very kindly and affectionately to Macaulay, and thus relieved his mind of much of the anxiety which was weighing upon it; so that he felt now able to devote his thoughts to the serious work before him. On Tuesday the 28th of May, he was summoned to the bar of the House of Lords to be sworn.

TO MISS MILLS.

Battersea Rise, June 1, 1799.

MY DEAR SELINA,—Yesterday I was obliged against my will to omit writing. I thought my examination might have come on, and there was much still to prepare. I purposed indeed to have written to you from Mr. Wilberforce's house in

town,[1] but on getting there I found the House of Lords already assembled, and our attendance of course requisite. The whole evening was consumed in examining our adversaries' witnesses, who were very ably cross-examined by Lord Grenville. Their evidence was very paltry, and indicated strongly a determination of making everything they said, if possible, bend to their interests.

When I first appeared before their Lordships, the Duke of Clarence was pleased to distinguish me by several significant nods. Babington stood near him for some time, and found him extremely warm against the Bill. It is shocking that so young a man, under no bias of interest, should be so earnest for the continuance of the Slave Trade, and especially now its horrors are confessed by all. The public attention seems much awakened by the present question, so that there cannot be a more favourable time for making the impression one wishes on the minds of the Lords and of the nation in general.

This day and Monday will be wholly employed by me in further instructions to our counsel. Our chief friends in the House are the Chancellor, Lords Grenville, Holland, Spencer, Carlisle, Auckland, and the Bishops of London and Rochester. Our chief enemies are the Duke of Clarence and the other royal Dukes, Lords Thurlow, Westmoreland, and Kinnoul.

I breakfasted this morning in Mrs. Thornton's room, and had the pleasure of seeing her much better than when I last visited her chamber. Little Marianne is a delightful creature, and prattles charmingly.

On Wednesday my black children got to Clapham in good health, and excited no small admiration among our friends, who account them a highly favourable specimen of African youth. Mrs. More, who is still an inmate of Battersea Rise, began to catechise one of them a little, and was much pleased with his ready answers, though I find on an examination which I instituted this morning that they have rather lost ground during our separation. They live about a mile hence in the village of Clapham. I have been to the Smallpox Hospital[2] to arrange for their all being sent thither for inoculation.

What abundant cause have we to bless that God by whose aid we still live, I trust, to praise Him; whose healing touch hath raised our heads from the bed of sickness; whose guiding hand hath made a path for us through the waters; and whose protecting care hath delivered us from the hands of our enemies, proving better to us than all our vain and faithless fears would

[1] 'Dawes and Macaulay dined with me. Then House of Lords, Slave Limitation Bill.' Wilberforce's Diary, May 31, 1799.

[2] At St. Pancras.

permit us to expect. We were chased in the latitude of thirty degrees for thirty-two hours, the privateer for a great part of that time having been within three miles of us. I expected to be taken, in which case there was cause to fear all my children would have been carried to South America, and sold. This would have been a trying dispensation indeed, from which God in mercy saved me. I had resolved on accompanying them, if it were to the farthest corner of the earth, provided no entreaty or remonstrance could prevent our separation. In this way I should either have a chance of recovering them by representations to French or Spanish Governors abroad; or, knowing their exact place, by applications to their courts at home. It was a time to put them in mind of Joseph's story, which I failed not to do.

I dined at Wilberforce's yesterday, but have as yet had little opportunity of seeing much of his lady's mind. Her exterior indicates great sweetness of temper, considerable humility, and a mind rather highly embellished than strongly cultivated. But I repeat that I have not at all had the means of judging.

My cough is still troublesome; but if our work in the House of Peers were over, I should have that time to nurse it, which I have not now.

I have been thanking Mrs. More for all her friendly attentions, and talking to her with frankness with respect to my own future worldly prospects, which I thought might remove any impression of my having suspected the warmth of the regards in that quarter.

Battersea Rise, June 5, 1799.

I was yesterday drawn by the pressing instances of some Clapham ladies to witness a feast given to the children of Miss Wilkinson's schools. This lady is a Baptist, and I believe of the Sabbatarian sort, but is rather in high esteem among our religious folks at Clapham, who are moved by her active benevolence to recede a little from their accustomed antipathy to Dissenters. She herself is a woman of a very catholic spirit; but the following trait will show how hard it is to clear the best-intentioned mind from the leaven of bigotry. Last year she gave a feast not only to her own scholars, but invited, as she also has done this year, the children of a Charity School of the Establishment to partake of it. But while she gave her own children beef and pudding in overflowing abundance, she would allow to the children of the Charity School only plain pudding. She avoided this fault, however, yesterday.

I ought to be half ashamed to tell you of my impatience to see you when we have so many strong motives, not merely to

patience, but thankfulness. But it seems to me as if even the society of Battersea Rise had lost its wonted power to please. Doubtless they are the same enlightened, amiable, pious, improving characters they ever were, nay, I think them all this in an increased degree, exclusive of the additional advantage of the female society, and yet I find no rest among them.

I have now lodged my poor dear children in the Smallpox Hospital. May God preserve them and bring them in safety through their illness! I have some fears on their account, but I am well assured of their being in good hands. I am called off, so ever yours affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

Miss Wilkinson, who is mentioned in the preceding letter, occupied a pleasant old house, which was still standing unaltered, in its charming grounds close to the town of Clapham, up to a recent date, when it was incorporated with the block of convent schools and other monastic buildings which occupy a large area on the western side of the Common. The writer remembers being present when Lord Macaulay visited it, and hearing him recall with great enjoyment his recollections of the manner in which this lady was accustomed to shock the susceptibilities of her neighbours belonging to the Church of England. He related how, as children, on coming out of Clapham Church after the morning service on Christmas Day, he and his elder sisters used to look with horror at the sight of Miss Wilkinson seated at her window ostentatiously occupied in knitting, while she watched the congregation dispersing; and how an awful report was current in his nursery that the Christmas fare provided for her household consisted of roast veal and apple pie instead of the orthodox beef and plum-pudding.

Great interest was taken in the black children by the inhabitants of Clapham. Mr. John Campbell, himself a Missionary of some celebrity, was deputed by Mr. Haldane to inspect them soon after their arrival, and came up from Edinburgh on purpose to do so. He walked with them across the Common, then a charming piece of wild ground covered with furze bushes and clumps of trees, and diversified by several pretty ponds, to Battersea Rise, and was much struck by their intelligence and innocent gaiety. But upon arriving at Mr. Henry Thornton's gates, he was alarmed at finding that some of the number were missing. 'It arose,' he writes, 'from companies

dining in the neighbouring mansions, astonished to see a cloud of young Africans, sending out their men-servants to try and catch some of them and bring them before them. They fancied all were their friends, and most willingly went with any who asked them.'

Macaulay himself was in serious perplexity as to his future action with regard to his precious charges. He had been strongly remonstrated with already by men in whose judgment he had entire confidence, as to the impropriety of yielding the young Africans to the control of Mr. Haldane; and when he had been fully enlightened with respect to the religious and political views with which that gentleman was credited, his determination became irrevocable that under no circumstances should Mr. Haldane have any share in training the minds or influencing the fate of the children. At the same time he fully recognised Mr. Haldane's claims as having been the originator of the scheme, and seems to have proposed to satisfy them by permitting Mr. Haldane to bear the expense of the establishment at Clapham, where Macaulay was resolved that the young blacks should remain in safety from contamination with any heretical or socialistic ideas.

It was perhaps fortunate, as leading to a speedy termination of the disagreement, and it was certainly most natural, that Mr. Haldane should entertain considerable offence at such a proposal being made to him after the great liberality of his offers, and the preparations which he had made at Edinburgh for receiving the children. It was also darkly insinuated by his adherents that Macaulay had started the plan of inoculation in order to gain time, and delay the immediate removal of his charges to Scotland. The most minute search, however, in the correspondence fails to justify in the slightest degree this accusation; and what would seem wholly to disprove it, is, that before leaving Sierra Leone, Macaulay, with his habitual sense of justice and prudence, had carefully explained his intention of subjecting the children to this ordeal to their respective families, and had received full permission to carry out the treatment as he thought best.

Mr. Haldane accordingly entirely declined the privilege of payment so graciously allotted to him. 'We will not,' he wrote to Macaulay, 'so mix the work. Either you or I shall have

the whole charge.' Mr. Wilberforce and Henry Thornton came nobly forward; and when finally, by their assistance and that of other friends, the greater portion of the funds necessary for the maintenance and education of the poor blacks was provided, Macaulay exclaimed with heartfelt relief, 'At last my children are rescued from the grasp of Mr. Haldane!' On the other hand, the affair seems to have made little impression upon the mind of Mr. Haldane, whose wealth and influence enabled him to engage in benevolent schemes of so extensive a nature that the loss of the education of twenty-five young Africans was soon obliterated from his recollection, and many years afterwards he cordially accepted the support of Macaulay in his controversy with the Bible Society upon the Apocrypha.

A short adjournment of the House of Lords gave Macaulay at length the wished-for opportunity for a visit to Miss Mills; but satisfactory as it was to his feelings to pass a happy Sunday in her company, yet the state of his health was such that he suffered severely from the hurried journey, which was followed by a return to the inevitable heavy business awaiting him in London. The details of his journey show the delay and inconvenience which busy men had to reckon with at that period in travelling. The adjournment was quite unexpected, and did not take place till very late on a Wednesday night, when the House of Lords adjourned till Monday. He returned to Battersea Rise to collect his things, and then went over to Hammersmith between three and four o'clock on Thursday morning to await the Bath coaches. They all arrived full inside and out, and he was compelled to postpone his departure until the mail in the evening.

He was, however, cheered by the prospect of meeting his betrothed at the Temple later on, and of spending a peaceful holiday with her in the place which was so dear to him. The Babingtons were urgent that he should come there as soon as he should be set at liberty, and had extracted a promise from Miss Mills that she would meet him there. In truth, she always appears to have made an exception to her customary habits of reserve and seclusion in their favour, and to have felt completely at ease in their society. As far as can be traced, her friendship with Mrs. Babington was the only intimacy which she formed during her married life; but to her

she was warmly attached, and during the course of the subsequent years it will be seen that she was always ready, with pleasure, to visit the Babingtons, or to make them and their children welcome at her own house.

TO MISS MILLS.

Battersea Rise, June 20, 1799.

MY DEAR SELINA,—It is probable you would prefer a short letter to the long one I am about to write to you when you know that an indisposition, certainly slight, but yet of sufficient importance to require my confinement to the house, gives me the opportunity I have sought in vain for four days past. It is so far fortunate that our business in the House of Lords does not proceed till Monday; as I suffered so materially from my attendance there yesterday, that I am pretty sure I should not have been able to attend to-day. My examination comes on on Monday; and I can perceive from the mode of proceeding with respect to Dawes that the Duke of Clarence is disposed to make it as harassing as he can. Dawes's examination occupied three days, and his extreme want of recollection gave our opponents some advantage over him. But his simplicity, integrity, and coolness were very striking, and I think must have impressed the House as forming a strong contrast to the loose, rash, hasty manner in which the witnesses on the other side delivered themselves. It seems to be a main object with the Royal Duke to prove us visionaries, Dissenters, and Democrats. I think when it comes to my turn to be questioned, I shall not only be able to lay these notions to sleep, but to retort the charge on those whose cause he advocates. I think I might refer to you for proof of my loyalty, and of my preference of the English Church.

I went a few days ago to the Inoculation Hospital and saw all my children, and they were not a little glad to see me again. They have all sickened, but except three or four, none seem to be materially affected. I have been earnestly praying that they may all live, and I have a strong hope from what I have seen to-day that God will be graciously pleased to restore them all to us, and make their future lives speak His praise. Great attention is paid to them in the Hospital.

Mrs. H. More is still at the Bishop of London's, and Mrs. Kennicott[1] says has a duchess a day to convert while she stays

[1] Mrs. Kennicott, whose name frequently appears in the correspondence, was noted for having made herself an accomplished Hebrew scholar after her marriage in order to assist her husband, the eminent biblical critic, in his study of the text of Scripture.

in these parts. She thinks of going to join Henry Thornton at Brighton when parliamentary business will admit of his going. You will like to hear that Mr. Pitt, unasked, unsolicited, has noticed in the House of Commons his intention of proposing a sum of money to be applied annually to our Colony; it is thought seven thousand pounds. Thornton was overjoyed when I told him of it three days ago. He ran to his wife. 'Marianne, do you not wish me joy? I have seven thousand a year given to me.' All this doubtless bodes well for Africa, and would seem to indicate that the time for healing her wounds and drying her tears, and spreading over her gloomy surface light, liberty, and civilisation, is not far distant. May God hasten it! I need not declare my love to you but in order to fill the paper, having so often assured you of what I again repeat, that I am with truth yours most affectionately and faithfully,

Z. MACAULAY.

The examination appeared interminable notwithstanding the endeavours both of Pitt and Lord Grenville. The Bill was not popular at Court, which Wilberforce mentions in his diary as a reason for not attending the Birthday. He further says that Pitt had resolved to stop the cultivation of new lands by slave labour the following year.

On the 24th of June Wilberforce writes about Macaulay's examination and mentions his being ill, and adds that Dawes's evidence was only middling, but that the lawyers were charmed with his honesty. In Wilberforce's opinion there was a strong probability of the Slave Limitation Bill being carried successfully.

Meanwhile Miss Mills had removed to the Temple, where Macaulay's presence was eagerly awaited, and where he longed to be with a sick man's craving for the rest of which he is sorely in need.

TO MISS MILLS.

Old Palace Yard, June 26, 1799.

You will like to hear that I was able to exert myself for more than four hours on the 24th in the House of Lords, and as Thornton tells me, with very observable effect. I was exceedingly exhausted by it, and should not have been able to proceed much longer. The Duke of Clarence, who sat next me, observed my illness, and probably from tenderness, as he alleged, proposed to adjourn. It is a particular ground of

thankfulness to me that at such a time my recollection has been in no degree impaired, and that my strength is as yet, I trust, equal to the occasion.

The day before yesterday our Counsel were induced by the impatience of the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of Rochester to close my examination in chief rather abruptly, leaving several important points wholly untouched. But the adverse Counsel seem so bent on sifting me, and the Duke of Clarence seems so anxious of displaying his acuteness, and Lord Grenville will be so attentive to bring in towards the close of the whole a few of his weighty, judicious, pointed, and comprehensive questions, that I have no doubt of having sufficient opportunity of delivering my mind on every part of the subject. Hitherto the cross-examination I have undergone has tended to nothing but to multiply words, and in some degree to confirm my direct examination. One main object with our adversaries is to protract; as they hope by delay to effect what they could not otherwise, the defeat of our measures.

Were such a cup of happiness as I now have before me wholly unmixed, it might perhaps be too much to bear; and if, since my arrival, my hopes of enjoying your society have been disappointed; if I have been harassed by work when I wanted ease; if my mind has been so wholly occupied by one subject that I have not had time to turn my thoughts to the object I have most at heart, I mean our marriage; if I have been weakened by indisposition and depressed by pain; in what other way ought I to regard those seemingly adverse circumstances than as medicines fitted to cure or prevent the worse evils of vanity, inconsiderateness, selfishness, worldly mindedness, self-will, and presumption, which more than probably would have followed the full tide of worldly happiness and enjoyment?

Soon after this gets to the Temple you will be there to peruse it. I would I were with you. I shall be with you in spirit about eight at night, enjoying the unfeigned and affectionate welcome which you and your sister will then be receiving from our dear friends. I can say nothing as to the time of my joining your party, though in my present state I should add little to the hilarity of it. When I can I shall come. In the meantime I wish you all the happiness which Rothley Temple is capable of affording, and which I know to be no mean wish.

I have broken the seal to say that I think myself a little better to-day. Yesterday's examination was entirely by the adverse Counsel. They laboured very hard to fix on me an imputation of Jacobinism, and had got together for that end scraps of letters and words of sentences so far back as the year

1793. They mean, I believe, to continue the same sort of work to-day; but I think they themselves must be convinced it can tend to nothing but to waste time. I appear again in the House of Lords at two o'clock.

Battersea Rise, July 2, 1799.

I am better to-day, but feverish symptoms are still apt to recur. The African children are about to come out of the Hospital without a proper place being provided for them. It has been quite out of my own power to beat about for one, nor could I procure one like-minded to engage in the search. They must return, I think, in the interim to their former lodgings at Clapham till their destination be finally fixed. The Scotch plan is abandoned on account of Mr. Haldane's intemperance and precipitancy, and it is resolved to educate them in the vicinity of London. I wish much a proper person could be found for their immediate superintendent. You and Babington and the Vicar[1] must lay your heads together to find one, remembering what a paragon we require.

Yesterday the Counsel on both sides finished their proceedings in the House of Lords. The speech of Mr. Stephen, our Counsel, was fraught with good sense and much solid argument, and was also embellished with a good deal of classical imagery and allusion, but it was not sufficiently condensed for their Lordships' patience. In many points he seemed to me not at all to know the strength of his case. Indeed I have found scarce a man with whom I converse who fully understands the matter of the Sierra Leone Establishment and the Slave Trade, as opposed to each other, except Thornton. Mr. Law,[2] the adverse Counsel, replied to Mr. Stephen in a short but clever speech, full of pleasantry and full of lies; after which Lord Grenville, in a very manly way, gave notice that, after hearing all the evidence which had been adduced on both sides, and all that had been advanced by the Counsel, he felt it a most important duty he owed to his country, as well as to mankind at large, to press the adoption of the present measure, and that on Friday next he should move the second reading of the Bill.

At length the end came. On the 5th of July Wilberforce notes in his diary that the second reading of the Bill took place in the House of Lords, when the members were twenty-seven in favour of the Bill and thirty-two against it, and thirty-six proxies on each side. The Bishops' proxies were all for the

[1] The Reverend Aulay Macaulay, who was Vicar of Rothley at that period.
[2] Afterwards Lord Ellenborough.

Bill. He adds: 'Thurlow profane balderdash, Westmoreland coarse, Bishop of Rochester ill-judged application of Scripture. Grenville spoke well. Never so disappointed and grieved by any defeat.—*July 8th.* To town early to meet Pitt and Grenville about Slave Trade business; discussion for an hour and private with Pitt; he sanguine about carrying it next year. Grenville says we had fourteen more but for mistakes about proxies, and should have carried it. Pitt clear the King has used no influence against us. Stephen most earnest for our cause, but uncandid about Pitt; generously returning fees, above two hundred pounds, in the handsomest way.'

TO MISS MILLS.

Old Palace Yard, July 9, 1799.

MY DEAR SELINA,—I scarce know in what terms to say that my stay in town is again rendered a matter of absolute uncertainty. I have been almost provoked to anger with Wilberforce and Thornton, though very unreasonably, for I believe at the same time they insist only on what is proper in existing circumstances. In their conversation yesterday with Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, it was discovered to be necessary immediately to draw up certain separate Memorials, to the King in Council, to the Admiralty, and to the Lords of the Treasury, which should lead to the attainment of certain objects materially involving the interests of the Colony. They say, and perhaps with truth, for I am almost too much mortified to grant them thus much, that these Memorials cannot be drawn up without my help. To-day I have been labouring at them, but when they may be completed, or what new contingencies may arise, I shall not take upon me even to guess. It is still possible I may get away to-morrow, but I have found it quite a vain attempt as yet to bring them to any definite opinion as to that point. I am ashamed to tell you that I have felt an unjustifiable degree of mortification on this occasion, and have been venting my feelings a little too strongly to both of them. They laugh at me, and blame my own rashness in making promises. Is it not quite provoking? I had been valuing myself on my patience, but really I find it inadequate to repress improper and childish risings on this occasion. All this is very foolish; but these reiterated delays and disappointments at such a time are almost too much for me, but I trust are not without their use. They ought to lead to patience. With the exercise of this grace indeed I have been

rather familiarised of late, as I have found in contemplating the recent decision of the House of Lords. The profligacy, however, as well as the wrath of man, shall ultimately conduce to God's glory, nor shall His purposes be obstructed by the flippant declarations of Westmoreland, the impious and profane sarcasms of Thurlow, or all the weight of influence which the Duke of Clarence can throw into the scale.

The Court of Directors have come to a general resolution appointing me in their service. The state of the Company's affairs may require my return to town sooner than I at present expect, and may fix my stay there to quite an indefinite period. Would it not be on the whole a duty to avail ourselves of the quiet I trust we shall enjoy for a few weeks for accomplishing our marriage? I see some objections to this plan, but I do not think they are weighty enough to stand in competition with its advantages, even excluding every consideration of a more personal and affecting nature, and which I do not mean at present to urge. Mrs. Thornton has given us the use of their house and servants in King's Arms Yard till we can suit ourselves with a convenient place of residence.

By the time I get to the Temple you will have turned over in your mind these suggestions, and be able perhaps to give a categorical answer. Praying God to bless you and all our dear friends who are about you, I remain, ever yours most faithfully and affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

Parliament was prorogued on the 12th of July, and on the same day Macaulay set out for Rothley Temple, where he remained till the first week in August; an allowance of holiday which appears extremely limited when it is considered that he had been working without intermission since the beginning of the year 1796, and that his health was shattered by African fever. But he felt that, burdened as the Directors were with important private and public affairs in addition to the concerns of the Sierra Leone Company, he could not with propriety refuse his aid, when at all able to transact business, so as to relieve them from a considerable amount of details with which they were not conversant, and with which he was fully competent to deal from his special sources of information. They had been too considerate to press for his return, but the pleasure and relief with which he was welcomed were some recompense to him for the sacrifice, and his frame of mind now was a very contented one. His prospects in life were fairly assured in the moderate degree which was sufficient for his happiness. He

was looking forward to an immediate marriage, after which the Directors undertook that he should have a further holiday. On his arrival in town he was claimed by his friends, and domesticated with the Thorntons and Wilberforces, and for all these mercies his grateful heart appears to have been overflowing with thankfulness.

He received at this time a characteristic letter from Mr. Babington.

FROM T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

Temple, August 6, 1799.

MY DEAR ZACHARY,—I am glad the day of marriage is fixed, and we shall be very much disappointed if you do not persevere in your intention of coming hither as soon as you are united.

I have been thinking you over, in order to act the part of censor which you assign me. I shall execute it to the best of my power, without, however, laying down my office when I have finished my letter, for I shall probably consider myself as invested with it (and wish you to do the same on your part for my benefit) as long as we both live.

Your chief faults, my dear Zachary, seem to me nearly connected with natural ardour of mind and firmness of character. These qualities are excellent when kept within due bounds, but their very excellence tends to relax the watch which should be set over them. The first is apt to encroach on that smiling serenity of soul which is so amiable in itself, and so nearly connected with Christian love and meekness; and the latter tends to destroy in some instances, and to deaden in others, the sensibilities which are the proper concomitants and the most pleasing expressions of those dispositions. I mean such sensibilities as adorned our Saviour when He called on the weary and heavy laden to come to Him, declaring Himself meek and lowly in heart, and promising them rest for their souls; when He wept over the grave of Lazarus and over Jerusalem; when, at His instigation probably, His beloved Apostle laid his head on His bosom; when He said thrice to Peter, feed My sheep and lambs; when He discoursed with His apostles previous to His trial, showing that those whom He loved He did indeed love unto the end. I will not multiply further instances, or show that I do not speak of spurious or excessive sensibility, but true Christian sensibility. I think, however, you have made considerable progress since you were last in England in these graces and in other points. I was glad to find that you were more pleased with Mr. Grant than heretofore, for this was to

me one strong symptom of a change in yourself. You have always shown me the greatest kindness, and thought too well of me, though differing considerably from you in some respects. No personal feeling, my dear Zachary, prompts either my present criticism or commendation.

Ardour of mind and firmness united lead to high acquirements, and thus, by their effects, as well as by their intrinsic importance, elevate the man, and make humility a more difficult virtue than in ordinary cases. Nothing I have at this time seen in you has prompted this remark, but it is founded in human nature, and suggested by what I recollect in you heretofore, especially in the earlier periods of our acquaintance.

Contrary to your suggestion, I have, you see, dwelt a good deal on defects; for when the grace of God rules in the soul (as must be the case with all who are truly Christians), the most prominent defects (I speak of no others) hold a high place in the catalogue of faults.

As to positive faults, I have not seen one of your old ones which does not appear to have been greatly weakened, if not apparently destroyed. I say apparently, for we well know what stubborn life animates the roots of these baneful plants, and how apt the latter are to reappear when least expected. 'Watch' and 'pray' are directions peculiarly applicable to what regards our old faults, whether constitutional or habitual. Thanks to God that he hath given you so fair an earnest of that complete victory promised by our blessed Saviour to his faithful servants! I allude particularly to impatience, self-confidence, and a love of praise. May you still be enabled to foil these fell adversaries! Shall I mention the instances in which, as far as I now recollect, they used most to appear? In the style of your letters and your tones in reading being too oratorical; in something of this in your conversation also at times; in a boldness in your looks, and a hardness and spirit of opposition in arguing, and in joining in conversation sometimes as a master, sometimes as an equal in knowledge, on subjects on which your degree of information would have made it more decorous and useful for you to have taken a lower station. I dare say you know more points of this sort than I do. They may serve as beacons to give warning of the attack of the internal foe. I can unfeignedly say that in mentioning your faults, I am myself strongly reminded of some of my own. May Christ the purifier cleanse us both from every stain! I ought to have said, when speaking of old faults, that I fear the view of error or extravagance may sometimes drive you to the borders, if not within the confines, of an error or extravagance (in your opinions I mean) of an opposite kind, instead of producing due anxiety

to cleave to simple truth and moderation. I, too, have this fault, I believe. Those whose minds are ardent seldom bear in mind as they ought how unfavourable ardour is to sound judgment. They are apt to be so busy in viewing a question in different lights, and examining the different arguments which bear upon it, that they do not consider how necessary it is that they should be cool, composed, and candid, in order to discover truth. I need not say that there is often a grievous want of these qualities where there is much exterior steadiness of demeanour and circumspection. Indeed I have often found in my own case that reserve and caution have proceeded from pride and violence struggling, or at least muttering, within.

I shall now dismiss the subject of character, and say a little on another. You have been a grave and active African Governor, surrounded by business and difficulties and dangers, and enjoying little affectionate, and no female society. Selina has been entirely with females, and her companions have been her near relations and friends. Under these circumstances you meet as man and wife, with habits of domestic life more different than those of men and women, who act on the same principles, generally are. She must endeavour to assimilate herself to you, and you to her, without either of you departing from your proper sphere. Part of your duty will consist in improving yourself in an art you never yet studied, the art of relaxing in a way which may suit a pious, affectionate, and amiable wife. 'Dulce est desipere in loco,' said the Roman poet, who was a bachelor. Had he been an affectionate husband with such a wife as Selina, he would have said this with more warmth. But hours of relaxation are among the most useful, as well as most pleasant seasons of matrimonial life, if they do not recur too frequently, and if the source of enjoyment be pure and hallowed. When the soul unbends and suffers the thoughts and feelings to take their own course, they will naturally employ themselves about the most interesting objects. Something purely religious or nearly allied to religion will attract them, and your care must be that in pursuing their object they select a proper path. You must not expect your fellow-traveller to be pleased with her journey, if you drag her over deserts or through swamps, or bury her in the depths of a forest. Though she will not dislike a good deal of these occasionally, yet in general you should lead her through cheerful cornfields and pastures, and when opportunity offers go out of your way a little to show her a flowery meadow or a winding stream. I trust we shall soon hear more of her.—Kind wishes, THOMAS BABINGTON.

I do not know that you mistake your own character in any point.

At length Macaulay was set at liberty to make his way to Bristol, where the marriage took place on the 26th of August 1799. The only particular that has been preserved about the occasion is that it is mentioned in a letter that after the departure of the happy pair, with the inevitable sister in the carriage with them, as was the custom of the period, the Miss Mores shut themselves into a room to 'sob their fill.' Patty More had been consistent in her opposition, and when after much consultation Miss Mills had decided on sending her an invitation to her wedding, Patty More wrote an answer, which, though not unkind, was certainly a very strange one, and contained a mysterious intimation that they would never meet again in this world. Miss Mills, however, did not take the hint, but with great sense went out at once to Cowslip Green to pay a farewell visit, and from the date of this interview Miss Patty seems to have dropped all ill feeling, and when the marriage had actually taken place, she resumed very friendly relations with Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay.

After a stay of some weeks at Rothley Temple, Macaulay and his wife came up to London to Mr. Thornton's house in King's Arms Yard, where they were received with the greatest kindness; and remained, making visits from Saturday till Monday to Battersea Rise, until they settled in a house at Lambeth, which they intended to occupy until the rooms at the Sierra Leone Office should be prepared for their reception. Macaulay's hands were full of the affairs of the Colony he had so recently quitted, and to the service of which he was now permanently attached as Secretary to the Sierra Leone Company, with a salary of £400 a year. During the long walks which he describes from the office to his temporary abode at Lambeth Place, and on pretty frequently to Clapham to visit the African children, over whom he watched with paternal care, he meditated deeply over the project which was already under consideration for publishing a magazine which, to use his own expression when writing to his friends, should 'counteract the evils existing at present in the religious world, and at the same time recommend religion to the consciences of the worldly.'

Early in 1800 Macaulay's health gave cause for serious anxiety, and the Thorntons called in Dr. Frazer, one of the first physicians of the time, who enjoyed the privilege of being a

brother-in-law of Mr. Grant, and had in consequence been adopted as chief medical adviser to the band of friends. He pronounced that Macaulay had a liver complaint, but that he believed proper treatment at Bath and entire rest would subdue it. Henry Thornton exerted himself successfully to procure the necessary leave from the Board, and lent Macaulay horses, that he might enjoy his favourite exercise and ride every day; and the interval arranged for appears to have been made good use of, although it certainly was not one of the entire rest prescribed by the doctor.

Macaulay had formed an incurable habit of rising very early in the morning to work; and was accustomed to obtain a light for kindling the fire in his study by dipping a match in a bottle of phosphorus, which was perhaps one of the simplest of the many contrivances for grappling with difficulties of that sort which are now swept away by the conveniences of modern life. His letters to different friends are filled with allusions to the numerous subjects which occupied his thoughts; and he even ventured to show some impatience at the delays interposed by Mr. Pitt in granting the expected money for the West African settlements, and to express a hope that Mr. Wilberforce's influence might be exerted efficaciously to extract still larger sums from the great Minister. Sierra Leone was indeed causing considerable anxiety to its rulers. The Colony was in a bad state, the Settlers were turbulent and disaffected, and Mr. Ludlam, who did not meet with loyal support from some of the European officials, urged upon the Directors that he should be permitted to resign.

Among other interests, Macaulay now occupied himself in taking an active part in the formation of the Religious Tract Society, which had grown naturally out of the great success which had attended upon the distribution of the Cheap Repository Tracts. The present generation can scarcely understand the dearth there was then of pure and good literature suitable for the middle and lower classes of society, and therefore cannot appreciate at a just value the merit of the exertions made by a small knot of excellent persons to supply the need. One of the early rules of the Society was that the Committee of Management should consist in equal numbers of Churchmen and Nonconformists; and a Depository for the sale of publica-

tions was opened at 10 Stationers' Court, Ludgate Hill. Macaulay's name is on the list of the Committee for 1800; and in October of the same year he was, together with another member of the Committee, appointed to correspond with Protestants on the Continent with a view to the extension of the work abroad. The society soon justified its existence by the enormous extent and variety of its operations, and it has been the parent of many similar associations in every part of the civilised globe.

The superintendence of the young Africans whom he had brought to England had hitherto occupied a considerable portion of his time. They were at last satisfactorily settled at Clapham under the eye of the excellent rector, John Venn, who had in conjunction with Thornton made a happy selection of a schoolmaster under whose charge they were placed. This man, Mr. William Greaves, who came from Yorkshire, did his duty thoroughly by his pupils; but the climate proved fatal to the constitutions of the greater number, and by the end of 1805 only six of the poor children remained alive. The disappointment was, however, made up to Mr. Greaves by many of the residents at Clapham Common sending their sons daily to profit by his tuition, a confidence of which he was well worthy, as his scholarship was good, and his kindly disposition and good temper won the attachment of the boys.

But besides his other employments Macaulay was particularly occupied during the spring of 1800 in repelling an acrimonious attack that was made upon him by some of the more prejudiced partisans of Missions, who asserted that he was hostile to all efforts to spread Christianity among the heathen; and who refused to accept the principle that proper discrimination must be used in the choice of persons offering themselves as Missionaries, and that such Missionaries who proved themselves untrustworthy, and unfit for their high calling, should be dismissed. Thornton acted as chief pacificator in the dispute, while at the same time he entirely backed up Macaulay's opinion. Macaulay answered the attack in a letter addressed to his chief opponent, from which some extracts are now given; and in the end Macaulay's views prevailed, and were in a great measure adopted in the formation of the rules for the guidance of the Church Missionary Society.

The letter, which covers sixteen foolscap pages, written extremely closely, commences by Macaulay, who was always a fair fighter, thanking his adversary for the openness and candour with which the attack had been made, and saying it enabled him to reply with equal freedom. He continues:—

'Friendly I was and still am to Missionary efforts proceeding on right principles, and conducted by proper instruments. I have been the unwilling witness of Missionary efforts which, in my opinion, have done more real injury to the cause of Christianity than perhaps all the opposition which the enemies of Missions have during that time raised to them.

'You will allow that there may be Missions to which it would be proper to show no friendly disposition, for instance a Mission from the College of Jesuits, or a Mission of the disciples of Priestley. I merely mean to establish the principle that perfect friendliness to properly conducted Missions, in other words, an ardent desire for the extension of true Gospel light, may be perfectly consistent with harbouring doubts and even disapprobation of particular Missions.

'I am glad the inquiries you were induced to make into the truth of my communication have led to a more accurate knowledge of the real state of matters among the Missionaries, however painful that discovery may have been to you. I should have sincerely rejoiced had the conduct of the Missionaries afforded no ground of blame; but as it is, I think it highly desirable that there should be a full development to those concerned in the management of Missions, and perhaps some discovery to the religious world in general, of the evils which have hitherto mainly contributed to diminish if not to destroy the probability of success.

'You say that the principles to which you wish ever to adhere would have rendered no motive satisfactory to your conscience for exhibiting any class of mankind in such a light. But surely Christian principles would lead you, if you exhibited to view the character of any man or set of men, to do it truly. I am not aware that charity requires us to form a more favourable opinion of any one than a comparison of his conduct with the Scriptures will warrant. There is a wide difference in my estimation between scriptural charity and that drivelling charity which is blind to the defects of others; nor is this last anywhere required of us.

'I think that you, my dear sir, can scarce mean to say that the mere circumstance of a religious profession and a Missionary engagement are of sufficient potency to render such a representation, though it might be true in some cases, yet *a priori*

and of necessity, inapplicable here. The course of my experience would by no means lead me to the same conclusion, but to a very contrary one. I have had some access to know in what degree a Mission may become a mere worldly pursuit, sought after to gratify sloth, vanity, curiosity, discontent, and ambition; and till the Missionary Directors are sufficiently aware of this, they may plan Missions and send forth Missionaries, but they will have, in fact, comparatively little fruit from their efforts; though they may talk of having it.

'You say that the rack would not have constrained you to do what I have done. What am I to infer from this? Exactly what I have long suspected to be the case, namely, that there exists in the minds of some a previous determination to draw what is called the veil of love over the misconduct of Missionaries, however flagrant it may have been. From your letter I may fairly infer that you would rather be put to the rack than minute down and communicate to another such information as I have given to you, in any case, nay, even if it were true. And yet, sir, if a man, however mean his discernment, or however questionable the soundness of his judgment may be, should have communicated an account of the Missionaries which should extol their piety, and note with apparent feeling their pious expressions, I appeal to you whether he might not justly have hoped that, without any very minute investigation of its probability, or strict comment on its possible exaggeration, this account should have been dispersed abroad, retailed in sermons, and if not engrafted into some more bulky publication, at least chronicled in an Evangelical Magazine.

'So far am I from agreeing with you on this point, that had I been in your place I should have felt it a duty not only to investigate thoroughly the characters of the Missionaries, not only to minute down every article of credible information I might have received on that head, but to use the discovery for very important purposes, namely, to excite the Directors to more vigilance and care in the selection of Missionaries.

'You also write as if such a description as mine must be false; and as if it could on no principle whatever be justified, even supposing it to be true. You must know that I have had oportunities of studying the characters and witnessing the conduct of Missionaries. In one case where a Mission was projected by myself, supported almost exclusively by my own religious friends, and where the Missionaries were selected by Dr. Coke, I had the mortification of being the witness of very reprehensible conduct on the part of the Missionaries.

'Now let me ask what was to have been done in this case? Acting on the principles of your letter, I should have concealed,

at least palliated, these enormities. Acting on my own, I made as fair and impartial an exhibit of them as I could; an exhibit, the fairness of which those were most convinced of who had most access to know the originals.

'I might, it is true, have "covered" these things; but would it have been charity towards those individuals who had expended their money in the Mission, and who must have been called on for fresh sums? Would it have been charity (this is a weighty question) to the souls of the heathen, for whose salvation so much zeal is professed? Nay, I even doubt whether it would have been charity as it respected the individuals themselves. One necessary ingredient of true Christian charity would in such a case have been wanting. I mean uprightness.

'You will remember that I gave the account no unnecessary publicity. The communication was made by me to Mr. Hardcastle and to Mr. Thornton, the former a Missionary Director, and the latter one whom I know to have at heart the interests of true religion, under a strong sense of its being my duty to do so, and in the confidence, a confidence I have seen no reason to retract, that in their hands it would be made to answer beneficial purposes.

'You call loudly for support and money, and yet you judge those hardly, not to say uncharitably, who think it their duty to examine what it is they are required to support, and to what purpose their money is to be applied.

'I had been long at a loss to account for some circumstances in the management of Missions which your letter tends to explain. I have often wondered how men whom I conceived to possess at least a common share of discernment, should have been so unfortunate in their selection of Missionaries. But I no longer see cause to wonder, if it be laid down, as it seems to be by you, that those minute inquiries which can alone lead to a complete development of characters are absolutely wrong, and serve only to mark malevolence. It is from others that these must be learnt, and until the Missionary Directors become so sensible of this truth as to exercise something of that diligence in pursuing those inquiries which you so severely reprobate in me, we may expect to witness frequent repetitions of the unhappy transactions which have heretofore been exhibited.

'I do not think it necessary to make any particular profession of my attachment to the cause of Christianity. I leave to those who know me to judge of that; but I have no scruple in expressing my doubts whether Missions, conducted as I have hitherto seen them, tend in the main to advance its interests. While this doubt continues, and while it even gathers strength

from what is contained in your letter, I must still think it my duty to inquire, as I have fair opportunity, into the circumstances attending Missions; and if I should meet with information sufficiently important, to impart the same to such friends as I think likely to employ it beneficially.'

It may be remembered that during the early part of 1800 Macaulay was seriously out of health, and he ends his letter with explanations that it had been constantly interrupted, and that he had had considerable difficulty in completing it.

The Society now known by the title of the Church Missionary Society was the fruit of several years of earnest thought and discussion among the Evangelical leaders, and had been formally founded by them in April 1799. Although they were willing to join with Nonconformists not only in philanthropic work but on religious questions, as is testified by their support of the Religious Tract Society and afterwards of the Bible Society, they had a strong belief that the cause of Missions stood upon a different footing, and that their duty lay in insisting upon Native Christian communities being united to that Church of which they were members, and to which they professed a warm attachment. Probably Macaulay's recollections of his experience at Freetown with the Baptist Missionaries Grigg and Garvin induced him to lend a strong support to this view, and had a considerable share in influencing the decision of his friends.

The Rules of the new Society were framed principally by Mr. Simeon and Mr. Venn, two of the leading clergymen of the Evangelical party. Mr. Charles Simeon, a man of good family and large fortune, occupied for more than half a century the incumbency of Holy Trinity at Cambridge, and devoted a considerable portion of his patrimony to the purchase of advowsons to which he appointed young men who had been trained under his supervision, and who had adopted his views. In most of the populous cities of England Mr. Simeon's appearance could be welcomed by clergymen who, owning him gratefully as their spiritual father, looked to him for direction and advice in their ministry; and by congregations who fully recognised that to his unceasing labours they were indebted for the revival of Evangelical religion. John Venn, the rector of Clapham, came of a family eminent for piety, zeal, and learning, and it is

remarkable that ever since the time of the Reformation all his paternal ancestors had been in Holy orders in the Church of England. He pointed out that the new Society must be founded upon the Church principle, but not the High Church principle; and this line of conduct was adhered to. It was decided that only members of the Church of England should be eligible for the Committee of Management, and that it should consist half of clergymen and half of laymen. Macaulay was upon the Committee as well as most of his particular friends; and it may be observed that placing his name upon the committee of a philanthropic Society was no empty form with him, but that he made a practice of attending the committee meetings regularly, and of lending his best endeavours to furthering the interests of the Society and extending the sphere of its operations. His assistance was found so valuable that many engagements of this description were forced upon him, besides others which seem to have originated either wholly or partially with him. He was one of the projectors of the British and Foreign Bible Society which was started in 1804, and was placed upon the Committee. He was also, in the early years of the century, instrumental in forming and carrying on the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the Merchant Seaman's Bible Society. In his correspondence he refers to meetings continually held at his own house to inquire into and relieve effectually cases of absolute destitution, and finally a small Association, which may be regarded as a precursor of the Charity Organisation Society, appears to have taken its rise out of these informal meetings. He had conceived a high admiration for the Homilies, and joined with a few sympathisers in thinking that an association confined strictly to the issue of the formularies of the Church of England, without the addition of any comment, would be useful in meeting a want generally felt at that time. Their opinion proved correct, and the Prayer-book and Homily Society which was launched by them met with extraordinary success.

As the summer advanced Mrs. Babington became urgent that her sister-in-law, whose health was now in a delicate state, should move to Rothley Temple, and that the birth of her expected child should take place under its roof. Mrs. Macaulay

had lingered on at home, unwilling to leave her husband before it should be absolutely necessary, but the prospect of some short expeditions on business which would compel him to be absent made Macaulay anxious to place her safely under his sister's care, and he took her down to the Temple.

That abode of peace, however, shared in the anxieties of the period. The high price of all articles of food, and the prospect of a scanty harvest, gave rise to gloomy forebodings. During the previous winter the Babingtons had endeavoured to alleviate in a degree the distress prevalent in their neighbourhood, where meat was so dear as to be quite beyond the reach of any labouring family, by making and distributing regularly large quantities of good soup, a form of charity then unusual. But now bread riots had begun in the neighbouring town of Leicester, and caused continual disturbances; and by allusions in the correspondence it would appear that encounters with angry and threatening mobs were events of no rare occurrence.

Macaulay was unable to remain in Leicestershire at that time above a few hours. His immediate return to town was imperatively necessary, as the affairs of Sierra Leone were in a critical state. It was true that Wilberforce's influence with Pitt had stood the Colony in good stead at this conjuncture. Parliament had given an annual allowance of £4000 for the civil establishment; and the Directors had a promise from the Government of a grant of £17,000, and some hopes of a further allowance for the construction of a fort. A Governor of Goree had also been appointed with strict instructions to pay attention to the requests of the Governor of Sierra Leone. The Directors expected confidently that this great accession of strength would relieve them from the unceasing difficulties caused by the troublesome Nova Scotians,[1] and that if once security to property and plantations were ensured, the Colony would prosper and do well. Mr. Thornton suggested forming a private subscription among themselves in aid of a grant which the Government proposed to give to be specially applied to education, and with his customary liberality offered a contribution of £200 a year. There was much to discuss with the Directors for which leisure and opportunity had been wanting during the stress of the Parliamentary session, and

[1] See page 21.

therefore during the months of August and September Macaulay went backwards and forwards constantly between London and Bognor, where the Thorntons and Wilberforces were staying.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Portsmouth, August 10, 1800.

Dating a letter to you from this place recalls a crowd of images of things that are past, and excites, I trust, proper feelings of thankfulness for the fulfilment of hopes which were then my solace, though mixed with many a fear. The Lord bless you, my love, and grant you the same grounds for grateful recollection that I have.

I had a pleasant visit at Bognor to the Thorntons, who sent their carriage to meet me at Midhurst, but found Henry not so well as I could wish. Marianne was as shy and humorous as ever, little Henry fat and fair, Miss Grant sallow and dejected, and Miss Charity Amelia Grant charming. I must see Mr. Grant on my way home, which may keep me from getting to Birchin Lane till a late hour.

London, September 28, 1800.

On coming from Christ Church this forenoon I found a letter from Mr. Thornton on the table which had come by express, and was dated at Bognor yesterday noon. It brought the distressing intelligence that Mrs. Wilberforce was seriously ill of a fever. I hope it may please God to spare her to our united prayers; but it is an unspeakably consoling consideration that our loss will, we may almost say assuredly, be her gain. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Hers is a spirit that, with all its imperfections, has been evidently ripening for immortality; and whether it be the will of God that the present affliction should be commissioned only further to purify the soul, or to separate it for ever from sin and sorrow, those to whom her best interests are dear ought to mingle joy with their weeping. I have thought it right to employ a portion of this day in supplications for her and her husband, whose show of grief seems still more to call for sympathy. I have been led to look back on the whole course of my acquaintance with Mrs. Wilberforce and my conduct towards her, and I have rather feared that I may not on all occasions have exercised that candour towards her which is our duty to all. I have been sharp-sighted to notice her defects, and slow in marking her many excellencies. I trust the reflection has been profitable to me, and I hope the fault I have committed will be forgiven, and

the temper it indicates subdued through that blood on which I believe she implicitly relies.

These are occasions also for calling our hearts to a strict account, and inquiring seriously whether we be ready to resign our dearest enjoyments, to part with our fondest hopes, to sacrifice our choicest treasures in this world, at the command of Him who endured for our sakes more than we can ever endure for His. But why do any events prove trials to us? Why but because of the low measure of our faith. It is faith that overcomes the world, making tribulation joyful, and finding in those privations from which flesh and blood are most apt to shrink, matter of thankfulness and praise. Surely the life of faith is the only desirable life. It lifts the soul above the accidents of time. It unites the soul to God, and puts it even now in possession of joys which are unspeakable. This is the life I would live, and which I would make it my daily prayer that you and I and all who are dear to us may live, till faith be lost in sight.

I have been thinking of late that we have not been sufficiently mindful of the new relation in which God, I trust, is about to place us. I am fully persuaded that no situation requires more of the divine aid than that of parents, and we ought to have been uniting our supplications for it. Let us now unite in applying for wisdom to direct us in the discharge of a parent's duty, and for grace to fortify our hearts against those temptations, with which Satan, who knows our weakness, may be apt to assail us.

I rejoice to have such good accounts of you all, and that you exhibited such marks of heroism on the late alarming appearances. Though I have learnt by repeated experience how much all men's hearts are in God's hands, and how He can restrain the wrath of the very fiercest, yet I was not easy in contemplating you surrounded by a mob. The spirits in which you write, however, leave no room to fear any harm from their ire.

Ask Babington if he ever attended to the following coincidence. I do not think there is much in it, but I thought it worth noting. On the 10th of August, according to Kett,[1] Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar—on the 10th of August it was again taken by Titus—and on the 10th of August an end was put to the French Monarchy. Dawes is to go to Sierra Leone.

Farewell, my love. Remember me with real kindness to all around you.

[1] *History the Interpreter of Prophecy*, by the Rev. H. Kett, 1799; a book which went through numerous editions.

Macaulay was unable from stress of business to join his wife at the Temple until the month of October was well advanced, but at length he arrived there about ten days before the birth of his eldest child. That child, who was destined to become so illustrious, first saw the light in the ancient mansion on the 25th of October, St. Crispin's Day; and his baptism took place in the chapel of the house on the 26th of November, when his father bestowed upon him the names of the beloved brother-in-law, to whom he was so deeply indebted, Thomas Babington. But Macaulay himself about this time was incapacitated from exertion, and in great suffering from the effects of a terrible fall he had had from his horse; and he was unable to participate actively in an event which caused him deep satisfaction, the election of Babington as member of Parliament to fill a vacancy that occurred in the representation of Leicester. It was indeed close upon Christmas Day before Macaulay was sufficiently recovered to return to town with his wife and child, to take possession of his new apartments at the Sierra Leone House in Birchin Lane.

It was fortunate that Mrs. Macaulay found great happiness and amusement in her baby, for the rapidly increasing demands upon her husband's time left him little leisure for domestic companionship. The spring of 1801 was disturbed with alarm about the Colony. Every mail from Sierra Leone brought despatches with grave news, and at length the outbreak came. The Settlers demanded to be paid a maximum of wages fixed by themselves, and that they should be exempted from any contribution to the expenses of Government. On their demands being refused, they flew to arms. The Europeans took refuge in the Governor's house, which they defended for some time as best they could against the excited and reckless mob which surrounded it; but some persons had already been killed, and they believed themselves to be at the very point of destruction, when a large vessel suddenly appeared in the offing, and diverted the attention of the assailants for the moment. During the temporary pause that ensued the Governor found means to communicate with the vessel. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune, it proved to contain a detachment of the 24th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Smith, escorting from America a number of Maroons who the Directors had

arranged should be admitted into the Colony. As soon as the account of the state of affairs on shore reached the ship, no time was lost in effecting a landing. The sailors and the Maroons volunteered at once to assist the handful of soldiers, and were eager to stretch their legs on shore, and to join in the fray. Lieutenant Smith's arrival in command of his little force was a truly dramatic intervention, and proved to be the concluding act of the play. He showed both courage and sense in his management of the barbarous and childish people with whom he had to deal, and in forty-eight hours peace was outwardly restored. Shortly afterwards a ship of war arrived from England conveying Mr. Dawes, who had again consented to take charge of the affairs of the Colony, and who had brought some pieces of ordnance with him to overawe the Settlers, so that it was hoped matters were placed on a better footing for the future; but the Directors were never free from anxiety as to what fresh trouble might be announced by each mail from the West Coast.

During the course of the summer Mrs. Macaulay paid visits with her child to the Miss Mores and to her own family. She had received early in the year a curious formal letter from her father, presenting a silver spoon for pap to his 'dear grandson, the pledge of her happy union.' Particulars are also asked for about the cowpox; and Mrs. Macaulay is questioned as to whether she is rationally convinced that the inoculation will secure little Tommy from infection from the smallpox, as the writer has more fear than hope. Macaulay went down during his wife's absence for ten days' sea-bathing to Ramsgate, where the Babingtons were staying, and where the fleet was a subject of great interest. On the 14th of August he writes that they have in view in the Downs Admiral Nelson and all his flotilla, and are purposing the next day to take a boat and sail round them.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, August 1, 1801.

I wrote to you yesterday giving you all the news I could think of. Lancaster[1] has this moment called. He tells me the rich Quaker will be willing to subscribe for the boys.

[1] Macaulay was in constant communication at this period with Lancaster upon his plan for national education.

On the 28th, for the first time I made my appearance at Lloyds, so that you see I have fairly entered on my new course. I pray that it may be with God's blessing. I think it very possible to labour diligently for a temporal provision without losing sight of those durable riches which we are commanded first to seek; that I may be able to do so is an object of some solicitude with me, and yet I do fear that as riches increase, it is no easy matter to avoid setting the heart upon them. It is, however, premature to consider my present début as placing me on the road to wealth. It constitutes me, however, in some sort a candidate for it, which I was not before, and therefore exposes me in a measure to the evils of such a state.

You will easily conceive that I do not find Birchin Lane, however tranquil it may be, a very lively scene at present. If wives were prudent they would occasionally condemn their husbands to a temporary separation. Husbands would then come to know to what they owed their enjoyment, and in what degree the dulness of the scene was enlivened by the kind attention of the wife, and the noisy prattle of the lisping boy. I have the satisfaction, however, of thinking that both you and Tom are likely to benefit by your absence.

Along with this I send you some tracts which you will recognise, having seen them in manuscript.

A letter from Babington informs me that they have taken lodgings at Ramsgate on a chalk cliff called Prospect Row, seventy feet above a fine clear sea, with a view of Calais and of the Downs. It is quite out of the town, and has the pier and shipping just below it. The easiest way of going to them is by water, and one is carried down there in half a day without any fatigue.

Adieu, my love. I shall think about writing to James, but I feel some doubts about it unless an occasion were to arise naturally. Of all things people's stomachs bear to be crammed with religion least. Injudiciously proposed, it is apt to shut the heart against one more than anything else; witness Alexander, whose confidence I have never since regained. I shall, however, be on the watch. It is right, doubtless, to sow one's seed however the enemy may devour it; but yet by writing a letter to one in James's circumstances you do a thing, not wrong in itself, but which serves little purpose but to have it said you have written a very fine letter.

I commend you and Tom to God's holy care.

Ramsgate, August 11, 1801.

I wrote to you, to say I had got hither, on the 8th, but it is possible that this may reach you quite as soon. I was twenty-

six hours in coming down to Margate. There were about a hundred passengers on board the hoy; and as on the second day the wind blew pretty fresh, sickness was the order of the day.[1] I found our friends well and delightfully situated, with a commanding view of the Downs and the men-of-war stationed there, and of the whole of the entrance into the Thames through which all the trade of London passes. The pier, which is immediately below the windows, is a noble object. The coast of France in front of the house appears very distinctly, and with a good glass the houses might be discerned. The bathing-ground is as good as I ever saw. I had a plunge this morning about five o'clock, and feel very well after it. I mean to go in every morning while I stay, in order that I may lose none of my time. The Babingtons think me mended in appearance since we met in town, and I am certainly better. I wish you were here. You would enjoy I am sure very much the whole scene, and I think also you would like the party. I assure you your absence causes a great chasm in it.

It has been my lot hitherto to afford a trial both to your patience and affection, not only by my frequent indisposition, but by the effect thereby produced on my spirits and temper. This is a trial I would gladly spare you, and not the less because experience has afforded me so many solid proofs of your tenderness, forbearance and love; and I make it a part of my daily prayers that everything in me which tends to discompose the tranquillity of your mind or to mar in ever so minute a degree your happiness may be removed.

This Bethel, this House of God which dear Babington always raises wherever he pitches his tent, is the same scene of spiritual impiovement and enjoyment I have ever found it. In his breast that peace which is the effect of righteousness ever dwells. May my soul be with his.

FROM MRS. MACAULAY.

Bristol, August 12, 1801.

I received both your letters by the same post. I began to be a little anxious, and to hope that after having safely crossed the seas so often before, you were not preserved to be lost between London and Ramsgate. I am very glad you are with

[1] 'Margate, *August* 1801.—We observed a hoy coming in so crowded that we really feared many of the passengers must have tumbled out, or the vessel upset as they were getting out; sometimes two hundred people in one. The pier was full of people looking and laughing at the oddity of their disembarking.'—*Diary of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys.*

your good friends, and that their situation is so delightful, and that they find you improved in your appearance. I should much like to be one of your party, I assure you, though I look forward with much pleasure to a sight of our dear friends in improved health at the time you mention. I will take measures for being in London with my train on the 27th.

We use many arts to keep you alive in your son's remembrance, and everything he wants is Papa, but I fear you will have to make fresh court when you meet; he becomes very knowing. He looks, I assure you, with some marks of anxiety to see if I am really angry, when I make him quiet. He tries to sing as loud as he can.

We have not been able to get one single name for your poor Africans, nor do I expect many from any other quarter, if any. The Bristolians are famous for supporting large public charities, and they are now setting on foot a new one; and for large turtle dinners; but alas for your Africans. Alas, poor African Education Society!

May God bless you all. I am with you in spirit now, and I trust we shall spend an eternity together. When shall I adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour as Mr. Babington does in all things!—Ever your affectionate SELINA MACAULAY.

The moment was now fast approaching when Macaulay was to undertake a task of considerable magnitude, which he persevered in carrying on for many years, and which was of a nature to engross his thoughts and to fill up the short intervals of leisure which his other occupations might have otherwise left to him.

The original idea, which took shape ultimately in the *Christian Observer*, appears to have sprung from the brain of Mr. Wilberforce, and as far back as the summer of 1798 he was much occupied with a plan for setting up a religious periodical publication, for which his ambition did not extend beyond the hope that its pages might contain a moderate degree of political and common intelligence. He was constantly in consultation about the project with Babington and Henry Thornton, and they also discussed the matter in all its bearings with other friends. At one time they were disposed to adopt the suggestion of Dr. Pearson, afterwards Dean of Salisbury, that the appointment or removal of an Editor should be vested in a Committee composed of clergymen half from town parishes and half from country parishes, but although Mr. Wilber-

force was eager for this arrangement, fortunately for the peace of mind and independence of the Editor it was put aside.

It must be remembered that at this period there was a constant and increasing pressure upon the leaders of the Evangelical party to induce them to start a Magazine which should be suitable for reading in families professing strict views upon religion, and which should contain matter to interest the younger members of the household, and instruct and direct their views upon public, social and literary matters. Almost the only periodicals in existence at that time which could in any degree be held to satisfy these requirements were the *Monthly Review*, the *Critical Review*, and the *British Critic*; but to each of these publications there were insurmountable objections from the point of view of heads of families, who, feeling their responsibilities, desired spiritual and mental food for those dependent upon them, but desired it in an evangelical form and strictly in accordance with the tenets of the Church of England. The *Monthly Review* was Whig in politics and Nonconformist in theology, being managed by Mr. Griffiths, who was at the same time its editor and publisher; while the *Critical Review* and *British Critic*, which were conducted by dignitaries of the Church of England, although pronounced by Henry Thornton and Macaulay to be very respectable publications, were so decidedly High Church that the Evangelical leaders could obtain no opening in them for their special views, and at the same time were so dull and heavy that they in no way met the aspirations of their followers.

The many difficulties in the way caused the plan to be a long time in maturing. Towards the close of the year 1799 Macaulay was incessantly engaged in discussions about the Magazine with Thornton, Venn, and Pearson; and as their ideas came into shape they decided upon drawing up and circulating a Prospectus that should prepare the minds of the public for the appearance of the work, and began to negotiate with Mr. Hatchard, with whom they were all on very friendly terms, with regard to its shape and publication. In writing about it at this time they dwell upon the point that their main object was to get the work into circulation among the ordinary class of Church of England clergy. The Prospectus that was

put forth was composed chiefly by Mr. Venn, and embodies somewhat quaintly the views of the promoters.

'A monthly Publication, conducted upon the true principles of the Established Church, has been long desired by many of her members. In concurrence with these wishes the *Christian Observer* is undertaken; in which it is intended so to combine information upon general subjects with religious instruction as to furnish such an interesting view of Religion, Literature, and Politics, free from the contamination of false principles, as a Clergyman may without scruple recommend to his Parishioners, and a Christian safely introduce into his Family.'

At length the enterprise was started, and the first number appeared in January 1802. The same year saw in October the birth of the *Edinburgh Review*, which was destined to exercise a hostile influence. The Committee appointed to direct the *Christian Observer* were Wilberforce, Thornton, John Venn, Macaulay, and some others of the friends, but after the first two or three months their superintendence ceased altogether, and by common consent Macaulay became sole Editor. The whole of the work and responsibility devolved upon him, although the other members of the Committee were ready enough with criticisms and suggestions which were never brought forward until after the papers commented on had appeared in print, and it was no longer possible to alter them.

The title prefixed to the new Magazine was *The Christian Observer, conducted by members of the Established Church*. The plan was chiefly based upon religious lines, but there was also a great proportion of information of a general character given in correspondence or in articles. The contents were systematically arranged in divisions; the first of which was entitled, 'Religious Communications,' and was intended to be an 'Introductory Article connecting the History of the Church of England with the lives of its supporters and founders,' and gave a series of lives of the Apostles, and Fathers, and of eminent Reformers and Divines. Among the biographies which appeared under this head during the few years immediately following the commencement of the *Christian Observer* were very careful studies of the lives and writings of St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, St. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clemens Romanus, Luther, and of the principal English reformers. Under the

title of Religious Communications were also included abstracts of sermons, and commentaries on Scripture, letters on serious subjects, and discussions upon disputed points of doctrine or conduct. Under the one head of what were oddly enough termed 'Clerical Lucubrations' as many as eighteen pages were repeatedly covered with closely printed matter. During the course of one year a sharp warfare was waged with the Dean of Peterborough;[1] and the Dean was so deeply offended by the strictures passed on his book, *The Articles of the Church of England not Calvinistic*, that he wrote with great violence, charging the *Christian Observer* with extreme scurrility, and with a design of overturning the Established Church and plunging the nation into anarchy and blood; charges which appear comical when regarded in connection with the grave and self-controlled personage who was directing the Magazine.

The second division is entitled 'Miscellaneous,' and treats of every variety of subject from disquisitions upon maintaining the Proprieties of the Female Character to discussions upon Cruelty to Animals, and the lawfulness of Field Sports. There are letters from Country Squires and Curates about their Rectors, and from Rectors about their Squires and Curates; treatises upon the duty of taking interest in Continental News; observations upon quaintness in modes of style and thought; and a series of sketches from the pen of Henry Thornton called 'Modern Characters.'

Next in order comes 'The Review of New Publications,' in which long and careful notices are given of all kinds of recently published works, but more especially of those upon religious subjects. The diocesan charges of the Bishops to their clergy meet with particularly minute attention, and when it is noted that the review of a book called *Religion without Cant* extends alone to twenty-five pages, it may be gathered that considerable weight was attached in the Evangelical circles to these notices, and that their appearance was awaited with a good deal of curiosity.

The fourth division of the Magazine is styled 'The Review of Reviews,' and in this the Editor promises that a watchful eye shall be kept over the chief periodical publications. He adds that he hopes nothing in them destructive of sound

[1] Dean Kipling.

principles will escape due animadversion, and that it is his purpose to vindicate Christianity and its friends from the misconceptions and misrepresentations to which these works sometimes give birth or currency. This section became very soon chiefly engrossed with criticisms of its celebrated contemporary the *Edinburgh Review*. In the first notice of it which appears in January 1803, the Editor seems a little doubtful what view he should take of the new publication; but his hesitation did not last long, he soon plunged into the fray, and his trumpet certainly gave forth no uncertain sound.

The fifth section is extremely interesting and full of varied information, and supplies Literary and Philosophical Intelligence from the whole of the civilised globe. An account of all descriptions of experiments by the great scientists of foreign countries is given every month, and the progress of discovery closely followed. The 'List of New Publications,' which completes this portion of the Magazine, is also unusually rich for that period in foreign information. Macaulay was, as has been seen, passionately fond of literature, and although his mode of life allowed him little leisure for the indulgence of his taste for reading, still his interest in books was so keen that the lists which he supplies are excellent, and his intimate acquaintance with the French language, and correspondence with Frenchmen of distinction, enabled him to furnish unusually full and good catalogues of foreign publications to his readers.

The ordinary 'Religious Intelligence' which followed was chiefly devoted to Missionary news; but special interest centres in the next division, the 'View of Public Affairs,' which is really admirable, and in a short space gives a lucid and vivid description of the state of affairs in every part of the world, the place of honour being reserved for France and the actions of Bonaparte. This section winds up with Great Britain; and the monthly account of Parliamentary Proceedings during the Session of Parliament must have been valued on account of the exceptional facilities which the Editor enjoyed for correct knowledge of what passed in both Houses.

An Obituary succeeded, with long and careful accounts of every one with claims of any kind for notice who had died during the month, and finally the Magazine closes with a diverting list of Answers to Correspondents, who seem to

have been more eccentric, if that is possible, than it is their customary privilege to be.

This summary will serve to prove that the editorship of the *Christian Observer* would, under any circumstances, have been no sinecure ; but besides fulfilling to the utmost point all the customary duties of arrangement and censorship for the monthly appearance of the Magazine, Macaulay's own personal contributions to its contents were very large and constant. Many of the sermons published in it were his own composition, and in those days were highly approved of, and furnished the substance of the discourses which were read from the pulpits of no insignificant number of churches. But besides the sermons, many of the articles were from his own pen, and nothing passed into the periodical without the ordeal of a rigorous scrutiny from him.

The correspondence which the editorship devolved upon him became a grievous burden ; for even the ordinary business which an editorial position entails is a heavy tax upon a man's strength and energies, but the difficulty may be conceived when his duties necessarily included continual controversies about minute shades of doctrine. He was constantly endeavouring to hold the balance even between the supporters of the Magazine, often between close personal friends of his own, who might be respectively inclined to Calvinism on the one hand, or Arminianism on the other. Thomas Scott, the author of the celebrated *Commentary on the Bible*, a man of really noble character, of an integrity so lofty that, although a very poor man, no temptation of interest or advantage could induce him to overcome the scruples of conscience which held him back from accepting preferment, had for a moment been thought of for the editorship of the *Christian Observer*. But although Scott was, to use Mr. Wilberforce's simile, a diamond of the first water, he was rough, and at his already advanced age not susceptible of polish. Nevertheless he was a steady contributor to the Magazine, and his letters to Macaulay, consisting of closely written sheets, the penmanship of which is exquisite in its distinctness and delicacy, are a curious picture of his mind.

After many severe remonstrances upon the way in which the articles he had supplied had been altered and dealt with, Mr. Scott writes a long disquisition on the dangerous confusion

which in his opinion was made between the doctrines of regeneration and justification in a paper by Dr. Pearson which had been admitted into the Magazine, and then proceeds to say:

'I am not a little surprised that the Editors of the *Christian Observer* should suppose they take a middle way as to the disputed doctrines of Calvinism. The Sublapsarian indeed takes a middle way between the Supralapsarian and the Arminian, but between the Sublapsarian and the Arminian there is no middle way, and therefore I do not wonder that the *Christian Observer* has not found it. I venture to inform you of what perhaps you are not aware, that every sober evangelical Arminian will be satisfied with the *Christian Observer* on this point, but that no Calvinist, who understands the controversy, however sober and moderate, will be satisfied.'

Nowithstanding, however, much criticism of this description, it is remarkable to observe the respect shown by Mr. Scott for Macaulay's own opinion, and the anxiety with which he awaits the Editor's decision upon disputed points of doctrine, for the examination of which Macaulay's education had certainly in no way prepared him, and upon which Mr. Scott might very reasonably have regarded his own authority as far superior.

At the end of the first year Macaulay wrote a Preface, with the intention that it should be prefixed when the monthly magazines were bound up together to form the volume for 1802. In this he says:—

'When the publication of this work was first undertaken, we declared ourselves to be firmly attached, both as loyal citizens, and sincere members of the Church of England, to the constitution of this kingdom, ecclesiastical and civil. In conformity with these pretensions, we have been forward to defend the doctrines and discipline of the Establishment, and have uniformly opposed the language and the designs of the disaffected and factious.

'But although decided in our opinions, we did not feel authorised to treat all who differed from us with severity, much less with contempt. We conceived that a spirit of forbearance and Christian charity was perfectly consistent with the strictest orthodoxy, and we indulged a sanguine hope that Christians in general would concur in this sentiment. Our

expectations, however, have, in this respect, been considerably disappointed.

'Some of our correspondents have complained of our manifesting too great mildness and conciliation towards Dissenters and Separatists, interpreting a language without bitterness into blamable partiality, and misconstruing our reluctance to irritate and give needless offence into want of zeal or defect of courage. On the other side, some Dissenters have charged us with being bigoted, persecuting Churchmen, and have not only treated us as adversaries of the Dissenting interest, but as the enemies of Christianity itself.

'We have no interests to serve but those of true Christianity, no schemes to prosecute but those of making our fellow-creatures good subjects and good Christians, teaching them to fear God and honour the King.'

But notwithstanding all the laborious efforts of the Editor to make his paper lively reading, Hannah More writes of it in 1804, 'It is certainly a valuable miscellany; but it wants a little essential salt, a little sprinkling of manners as well as principles.' 'The truth is,' confesses Wilberforce, 'it is heavy, and if it be not enlivened it will sink.' This despairing prediction, however, was not fulfilled. The *Christian Observer* obtained a large circulation, and was destined to prosper for many years to come; and at the very time that these criticisms were penned a large proportion of its readers took a diametrically opposite view of the spirit of its contents, and the Editor was harassed with complaints of the levity with which, in the opinion of his correspondents, serious subjects were constantly treated in its pages, and was blamed by them for not excluding many papers which they characterised as too frivolous and trifling for perusal in well-conducted families.

CHAPTER IX

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

THE nineteenth century opened unpropitiously to the hopes of the advocates of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and there was no expectation in any quarter of the success which was to crown their efforts before a few years should have elapsed. The minds of men were too full of the rapid changes of affairs upon the Continent which threatened the safety of our own island, to permit more than the most reluctant attention to be wrung from them for questions other than those of providing defence for our own shores, or means of attack upon our enemies. In Parliament everything was against the Abolitionists. Early in the Session of 1801, Pitt, upon whom they looked as the great bulwark of their cause, resigned office rather than abandon his noble scheme for uniting Ireland with England, while at the same time he proposed that the Roman Catholic laity should be relieved from civil disabilities, and that a public maintenance should be granted to the Roman Catholic clergy.

Notwithstanding the change of leadership, it was believed at first that all would go smoothly, and that Pitt would have sufficient influence with the new Administration to prevent any retrograde steps being taken with reference to the Slave Trade. But the temper of the House of Commons was indifferent if not actually hostile,[1] and the new Premier, Addington, was jealous

[1] Part of a letter from Lord Nelson to Mr. Simon Taylor, a Jamaica planter, may be quoted in order to show the violence of the feeling existing against the Abolitionists at this period: '*Victory, June* 10, 1805.—I ever have been and shall be a firm friend to our present colonial system. I was bred in the good old school, and taught to appreciate the value of our West Indian possessions, and neither in the field nor the Senate shall their just rights be infringed whilst I have an arm to fight in their defence or a tongue to launch my voice against the damnable, cruel doctrine of Wilberforce and his hypocritical allies, and I hope my berth in heaven will be as exalted as his who would certainly cause the murder of all our friends and fellow-subjects in the Colonies.'

of Pitt's interference, and became gradually cold and reluctant in his support of the Abolitionist members of Parliament. At length, during the course of 1802 they were electrified, if that word can be properly applied to any proceeding emanating from Addington, by hearing that the Minister had consented that Trinidad and St. Vincent should be settled with slaves newly imported for the purpose, a proposition which had been for years steadily resisted by Pitt, and the danger of which the friends had fondly hoped was at an end. When the alarm was once given, every agency was put in motion to endeavour to avert the catastrophe; but the utmost that the earnest pressure of Pitt, supported by every Abolitionist member of Parliament, could obtain, was a promise, given very unwillingly by Addington, to pause till the next Session before opening Trinidad and St. Vincent for the reception of another million of Africans. The one consolatory advantage which cheered these dark days for Mr. Wilberforce was the ardent admiration which he was able to entertain for his beloved Pitt; and it is really touching to see his exultation in the spectacle afforded by the great statesman's magnanimity and patriotism, and by the superiority of his devotion over that of other politicians to the cause of the oppressed blacks.

Parliament was dissolved on the 29th of June 1802, and the friends of Abolition were immediately actively engaged all over England in propounding their views to the electors. Wilberforce was chosen without a contest for the West Riding of Yorkshire. Henry Thornton had a sharp fight in Southwark, but was returned safely, with Tierney as a colleague. When the Houses met in November, the interest of public affairs on the Continent was too absorbing to permit members to pay any regard to other business, and it was with deep discouragement that the Abolitionists viewed their progress during the next Session, and the hopelessness of bringing forward any measures for the relief of their unhappy clients. The rupture with France in the month of May 1803 threw the whole nation into a ferment, and when Bonaparte formed his camp at Boulogne the danger of invasion roused a passionate burst of warlike enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land. No one could participate more keenly in the excitement than Macaulay himself, who was with many of his companions

enrolled as a Volunteer, and his correspondence at this time contains constant allusions to military preparations. But even under these circumstances the friends never for a moment lost sight of the principles which guided their conduct, and their steady opposition to drilling on Sundays, after much ridicule and difficulty, proved in the end effectual in stopping it.

A strong impression of the closeness with which the danger of invasion was brought home to men's minds at that period, and the terrible reality of the fear, may be gathered from the alarm which Wilberforce expresses upon hearing that Pitt, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, had taken the command of three thousand Volunteers; because he says he knows that 'Pitt's spirit will lead him to be foremost in the battle.' Busy as Macaulay and his friends were, they never hesitated to sacrifice their time and interests to the call of patriotic duty; and during these years, gloomy with rumours of danger and threatened war, Macaulay and Henry Thornton were among the most active in seconding the exertions of Lord Teignmouth, who had come forward to undertake the Lieutenancy of Surrey, which was no sinecure at this critical time. His son [1] relates how he remembers Macaulay marching at the head of a company of the Clapham Volunteers, his austere features overshadowed by the bearskin cover of his helmet, whilst Charles [2] and Robert Grant appeared as extemporised dragoons.

The three years which had now elapsed had been barren of any fruit for the cause of the slaves; but in 1804 Pitt returned to office, and immediately a measure for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was brought forward in the House of Commons. It was at once plain to discerning eyes that the temper of the times was changed, and that hopes of ultimate victory might now be reasonably entertained. The Irish members, whom the Abolitionists had taken pains to win over and to inform upon the question, assembled upon the evening of the First Reading at a great dinner, where they drank toasts to the success of the Bill, and then came up in a body and voted for it. The division was 124 to 49. As soon as it was over, the whole of the Abolitionist party adjourned to Mr. Wilberforce's house in Old Palace Yard to rejoice over the triumph and to

[1] *Recollections of Many Years:* Lord Teignmouth.
[2] Afterwards Lord Glenelg.

exchange congratulations; and then remained on for great part of the night in discussion as to the further conduct of the campaign.[1]

It required the most unceasing vigilance upon the part of the promoters of the Bill to frustrate the varied modes of attack upon it, instigated in a great measure by the West Indian proprietors; but notwithstanding the powerful forces arrayed against it, the Bill was got through Committee, and finally, on the 27th of June, the Third Reading was passed triumphantly, assisted by the warm support of Pitt.

This speedy success made the disappointment all the more severe when Lord Grenville, Porteous, Bishop of London, and Pitt, all strong advocates of the measure, pronounced unhesitatingly their opinion that it would be unwise to risk it in the Upper House at that late stage of the Session, when there was no time for the hearing of evidence, without which the Peers would not come to a vote. The Abolitionists therefore agreed, though with reluctance, to postpone the introduction of their Bill into the House of Lords until the following year; but inspired with new hopes, they wisely determined to employ the interval to the best advantage. All available resources were made use of, and every device tried for obtaining information that could be turned to account as evidence; while no time was lost in fully laying the facts of the case before the public. Lord Muncaster, who had already done good service to the cause, Mr. Stephen and Clarkson were kept hard at work in writing and publishing pamphlets, while Mr. Brougham went to Holland with the view of procuring information about the Maroons of Guiana, and the grounds upon which the Dutch Government still clung to their Slave Trade. He travelled as an American in order to escape the notice of the French authorities, but incurred some personal risk during the prosecution of his enquiries, and was on one occasion quartered in the same house with several French generals.

[1] When Mr. Wilberforce retired from the leadership of the anti-slavery party many years later, he impressed upon his successor 'the importance of keeping this great cause in possession of its old honourable distinction of being one in which all party differences were extinguished, Pitt and Fox fighting in the same rank'; and referred with fond regret to the debates of this period, saying that there were no speakers left so powerful as Pitt and Fox were. Canning he considered a more finished orator, but less impressive. 'He was as different as possible from Pitt, and from old Fox too, though he was so rough; he had not that art *celare artem*.'

The next Session, however, of 1806 brought a cruel check to the high expectations of the friends of Abolition, and on the Second Reading in the House of Commons their measure was defeated by seven votes, the Irish members having upon this occasion either voted against them or stayed away. Their astonishment and mortification were equally great; but as all possibility of exertion in one direction was closed to them for the time, and the Houses of Parliament were engrossed with the impeachment of Lord Melville, they occupied themselves successfully in endeavouring to limit the Foreign Slave Trade; and two Meetings in favour of Abolition were held at Lansdowne House under the auspices of Lord Henry Petty, who was, at the age of twenty-five, just commencing that distinguished career which continued for nearly fifty years.

The political horizon was dark and threatening. The year 1806 opened with the ominous tidings of the triumph of Bonaparte's armies and of the fall of our allies; and before the month of January was over, Pitt, whose enfeebled constitution had never recovered the shock that he had sustained from the news of the capitulation of Ulm, had sunk under the fresh blow of the defeat at Austerlitz. 'Killed by the enemy as much as Nelson,' said, with absolute truth, his friend Wilberforce, 'the love of his country burned in him with as ardent a flame as ever warmed the human bosom, and the accounts from the armies struck a death's blow within.' The *Christian Observer* had an obituary notice in its columns, in which the following characteristic passages occur:—

'We feel a sensible satisfaction that the same philosophical death has not characterised the late Prime Minister of this country as was the case with the Duke of Bedford. Mr. Pitt, as well as Mr. Burke, in yielding up their departing spirits, appear to have professed the good old faith of their country. Under what precise circumstances the expressions ascribed to Mr. Pitt may have been delivered, and whether some of them may have been spoken merely in the way of assent to questions put according to the forms of our Church in her Order for the Visitation of the Sick by the respectable prelate,[1] once his tutor, who attended him, we are not particularly informed. It is impossible for us not to feel a very deep regret that a regular attendance upon the duties of public worship did not constitute

[1] Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln.

a part of the character of this illustrious politician. We mention this circumstance because we feel it to be our duty to qualify the accounts which we receive of the Christian end of distinguished personages by some reference to the general course of their lives, which undoubtedly must be allowed to be the least fallible test of human character.'

TO T. BABINGTON, ESQ., M.P.

London, December 26, 1805.

Since I last had time to write to you I have had a long interview with Mr. Grant.[1] The office into which he wishes to introduce me at the India Office is that to which all the examination of all Indian letters and papers and the preparing replies to them is referred. There would be advantages in the certainty of the position, and I would forego much of emolument, consistently to my duty to my family, for the sake of an employment so suited to my habits and turn of mind as that at the India House; and for the sake of being delivered from what I have always shrunk from, solicitude respecting pecuniary affairs, one of the grand evils in my opinion attending the being engaged in pursuits of a precarious nature.

But Mr. Grant says my whole time would be claimed. To this there must be some limit, for if a man chooses to spend three or four hours less in sleeping and eating than other folk, those hours can hardly be claimed. Mr. Grant says so much also of the talents needed that I must have formed a very undue estimate of my own qualifications if I considered myself equal to it.

MRS. H. MORE TO ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ.

January 21, 1806.

The little nibbling in the first *Christian Observer* was not judiciously done for a friendly critic, who should point out specific faults, and not excite general suspicion and make vague charges, especially where they intend to serve the interest of a work. They have, however, made their *amende honorable* by the very able and spirited manner in which they have assailed the Edinburgh Review of *Hints to a Princess*.[2] Of this formidable Scotch attack I had heard much, but did not know the ground on which it was made till I saw it in the *Christian Observer*. For though I read evil report as well as good report

[1] Charles Grant, Esq., M.P. for Inverness-shire, and Chairman in 1805 of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. His offer was not accepted by Macaulay.

[2] *Hints to a Princess*, by Mrs. Hannah More, published in 1805.

when it falls in my way, I do not know that I am in duty bound to give six shillings to my flagellator. I ought not to complain of their extreme unfairness and misrepresentations respecting me, when they treat prophets and apostles with still less ceremony.

Although the preceding letter points to a personal acquaintance between Mr. Knox and Mrs. Hannah More, it appears that he was not introduced to the rest of the coterie until the summer of 1809, when Mr. John Bowdler brought him and the Rev. John Jebb, afterwards Bishop of Limerick, to Battersea Rise. They both soon became on cordial terms with their host and with Mr. Wilberforce and Macaulay, but they never formed part of the special circle, nor probably had they any desire to do so, as the views upon Church questions held by the two distinguished Irishmen differed materially from those of their new friends. Alexander Knox was remarkable for his uncommon powers of conversation, and he has also left behind volumes of correspondence of the deepest interest to every one who loves to dwell upon subjects of religious and theological thought. He had been Lord Castlereagh's private secretary, and had worked with him during the rebellion in Ireland of 1798. Mr. Wilberforce says, 'He is the very last man I should have conceived to have gravitated to Lord Castlereagh.' Macaulay invariably set a much higher value upon a life of active usefulness and benevolence than upon one of contemplation and discussion, and this turn of mind influenced his intercourse with Knox and Jebb. On one occasion, after experiencing the futility of his attempts to incite them to make some special exertion, he writes: 'They could delight and charm a wider circle indeed by their literary taste and qualities, but I do not know that the narrowness of the sphere in which the amiable pair are moving makes, however, much difference with them on the question either of religious effort or religious effect.'

John Bowdler himself stood in far closer relations with the band of allies. His singular charm of manner and pure and lofty character were combined with abilities which promised high achievement in the future, and with a profound devotion and severe self-discipline remarkable even among the sincerely religious men with whom he found himself associated. To the

Editor of the *Christian Observer* he was the most invaluable of contributors, and scarcely any number appeared without a paper from his pen which enlivened its somewhat ponderous pages. His name recurs in almost every epistle that passed between Macaulay and his friends. He was loved and respected by them, and admitted into their very innermost sanctuary, with a tenderness of sentiment which they displayed towards him as they might have done to a favourite child. And from various allusions which recur from time to time it is probable that they hoped hereafter, when their generation should have passed away, that their work would be carried on by 'the young, the much-loved and the much-lamented John Bowdler.'[1]

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, February 13, 1806.

I am very glad that you like what was said of poor Pitt in the *Christian Observer*. I feared that it would appear to be cold and guarded to many of his warm admirers, while Dissenters and oppositionists would be crying out against it as prostituting praise in order to exalt an unworthy object. I am greatly concerned to find that the account given of his last hours is more favourable to the existence of right religious feelings in his bosom than the ascertained facts of the case on a more accurate investigation will warrant. I understand that the Bishop of Lincoln laments his having been unable to fix his thoughts on the awful scene which was so shortly to open upon him. I feel strongly with you the blank which his departure has caused. God grant that the recent indications of the divine displeasure which have appeared in this and other events may produce their proper impression on the public, and particularly on the minds of the Clergy. I should be very glad if it suited you to attempt an improvement of them to these important purposes.

I wish I could find some one to relieve me of the Editorship of the *Christian Observer*. On one side it is attacked as Calvinistic, while even our ally Scott stigmatises it as Arminian. The Dissenters make a violent clamour against it as being High-church, while the High-church party abuse it as favourable to Methodists. The sale, however, is prospering.

[1] *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, by the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B.

We have the unspeakable comfort of seeing our children rising up with healthful bodies and teachable minds.

The great proportion of the members of the new Ministry which was formed after the death of Pitt under the presidency of Lord Grenville, were favourable to the Abolition of the Slave Trade; and after much discussion it was agreed that Lord Grenville should introduce into the House of Lords, as a preliminary step to the general measure, a Bill for the Prohibition of the Foreign Slave Trade, and that the Attorney-General, Perceval, who had long been a warm friend of Abolition, should do the same in the Commons. Perceval is described by one who saw him in the House about this period 'with his short and slight frame instinct with spirit, and his countenance beaming with animation'; while the same observer says that Lord Grenville looked the personification of gravity, and that his oratory was statesmanlike, powerful and classical. The Bill passed triumphantly through both Houses; but in the opinion of Lord Grenville and Fox the Session was too busy and too far advanced to admit of the general measure being brought forward, especially as they were unable to make it a ministerial question, two of the principal members of the cabinet being vehemently hostile to it. However, Lord Henry Petty, who had not been deterred from accepting office by Fox's advice to him that it would be better to earn his bread in any other way than by becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer, threw all his influence into the scale in favour of Abolition; and it was finally decided that Resolutions declaring the Slave Trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity and sound policy, and that the House would proceed with all practical expedition to abolish it, should be proposed in both Houses of Parliament by leading Ministers. The debate came on upon the 10th of April, when the Resolutions were carried by an overwhelming majority, and were followed in the Commons by an Address to the King, moved by Mr. Wilberforce, praying that His Majesty would use his influence to obtain the co-operation of Foreign Powers, which passed immediately without a division.

The cause of Abolition was now practically secure; but the advocates had learned too well their lesson from bitter experience to venture upon relaxing in any degree their watchfulness.

They continued to assemble as before at Mr. Wilberforce's house in Old Palace Yard during each week, and at Battersea Rise or Broomfield[1] on Sundays, and worked without intermission in preparing the evidence to bring before the House of Lords, so as to leave no point unguarded that might by any possibility be attacked.

They might indeed congratulate themselves upon their precautions when, late in October, the bombshell of an unexpected dissolution of Parliament fell into their ranks, and sent all the members among them flying as fast as horses could take them to their several constituencies. But they had nothing to fear. Public opinion had at last been aroused, and the sympathy of the country was with them. Perhaps the most striking instance of the change of feeling was evinced by the victory of the Abolition cause at Liverpool, one of the strongholds of the Slave Trade, where the well-known William Roscoe, who had had the courage to make a public declaration against slavery as far back as the year 1787, wrested the seat from General Tarleton, one of the leaders of the West Indian party in the Commons. The little boys at Mr. Greaves's school at Clapham, where Tom Macaulay was then one of the youngest pupils, took an intense interest in the elections of their fathers and their fathers' friends. They watched with delight Lord Teignmouth's house on the Common 'swarming like a beehive' as the headquarters for Mr. Samuel Thornton's election for Surrey, or gazed in awe-struck admiration at the great family coach, drawn by four horses bedizened with ribbons, going forth to join Henry Thornton's procession on his return from Southwark.

The crisis was now fast approaching, and the fate of the Slave Trade was sealed. The entire change of feeling towards Abolition took even its most sanguine advocates by surprise, so that they could hardly trust in their good fortune, and watched with anxiety lest some reverse should lie in wait for them. But all went smoothly. The Bill was introduced first into the House of Lords, and the debate upon it, which began on the evening of the 3d of February 1807, lasted until five o'clock the next morning. A letter from Mr. Wilberforce says: 'Lord Sidmouth's speech consisted of a medley of ideas, one

[1] Mr. Wilberforce's beautiful residence on Clapham Common.

cribbed from every person with whom he had ever conversed on the subject.' The measure passed rapidly through the Lords, and on the 10th of February came down to the Commons, where Lord Howick took charge of it for the Government.

The labour and tension of feeling among the workers for Abolition during the progress of the Bill through the two Houses appear to have been extreme. Mrs. Stephen had an accident and broke her leg, but 'no one had time to attend to her,' writes an onlooker, who continues: 'The Bill will not be lost for want of pains, for a large party have hired a house in Downing Street and meet every day; each has a list of members to whom he can have access for the purpose of recommending the subject, and prevailing on them to attend.' On the 23rd of February the First Reading was carried, the numbers being 283 to 16.

The scene which took place was indeed an extraordinary one, and is almost beyond description, for it was the result of a conjunction of a number of circumstances which never met perhaps except on that occasion.

The stage on which the actors who took the leading parts in the performance stood was the grandest one within the reach of ambition, the House of Commons, and the attention of all those who were noblest and best in their country was riveted upon them. The work they had accomplished was one in which no particle of self-interest entered, but the pursuit of which had been dictated to them by the purest and highest motives, the fear of God and the love of their fellow-men. For it they had faced indifference, and ridicule and obloquy, and had sacrificed without a murmur health and worldly advantages, and had endured for many years unwearied and irksome toil, cheered only by association with their fellow-labourers, with whom their bonds of affection had become as close as those of brothers by blood. And beyond the satisfaction of fulfilling their duty and of bringing some alleviation to the sufferings of the most wretched and most degraded of the human race, no possible reward that could appeal to sentiments of ambition or desire of glory was offered them, no distinction in the future, and no real honour in the present, even from the men, outside their own peculiar circle, with whom their position

in life led them to associate, and who, although compelled to acknowledge their disinterestedness, regarded them as a band of fanatics who could only harp upon one string.

On this day, however, the triumph was unalloyed. The spontaneous expression of enthusiastic sympathy, as the whole House cheered Wilberforce in his hour of success, was an unprecedented tribute to the unpopular and thankless labours of which some of the members had been witnesses for many past sessions. Wilberforce himself was too much overpowered by the sensations of the moment to be aware of the honour done him, but when he reached his house and found there gathered together the beloved friends and fellow-workers who had shared his labours and disappointments, the happiness was indeed complete for the time. When the first rush of congratulation was over Mr. Wilberforce turned playfully to Henry Thornton and said exultingly, 'What shall we abolish next?' The answer fell with characteristic seriousness from the lips of his graver friend: 'The Lottery, I think'; and may have caused a momentary chill in the assemblage.

But although the Abolitionists were now able to thank God fervently that the object of their lives seemed secured, yet the weeks which succeeded were weeks full of anxiety to them. They felt certain that the Bill would have to undergo some alterations in the Commons, and this they knew must expose it again to the fiery ordeal of the House of Lords. But, as was their custom, they profited by every circumstance, however minute, that could be made to assist, and it is amusing to find the austere legislators congratulating themselves on Sheridan being their staunch ally, 'whether drunk or sober.' At length all the difficulties were at an end. On the 25th of March 1807 the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade received the Royal assent.

The success was indeed in its suddenness and completeness a marvellous one. During the long years of the struggle Macaulay had been quietly but effectively working in the background to assist his friends to the utmost of his ability. He was always at hand while Parliament was sitting, and would be found either in the gallery of the House of Commons or below the bar of the House of Lords, able to furnish facts or suggestions to the leaders of his party, and ready to produce

any Blue-book or State-paper required for reference, or to point out some quotation apt to the subject immediately before them. 'His memory was so retentive that without the trouble of reference he could collate the papers of one Session with those of three or four preceding years; he analysed with such rapidity that he could reduce to ten or twenty pages all that was worth extracting from five hundred; his acuteness was so great that no fallacy of argument escaped him, and no sophistry could bewilder him; and more than all, he was accuracy and truth itself. Every friend to slavery well knew Macaulay to be his most dangerous foe!'[1]

He was to be found at the Sierra Leone Office during the daytime, attending to the business of the Colony, and also carrying on the enormous correspondence connected with Abolition. The minutest details were not beneath his notice if they contributed to the furthering of the cause to which his life was devoted. From letters written to him by his friends it is evident that constantly he personally superintended the packing and despatch of the innumerable publications which the Abolitionists distributed to the public, rather than run the risk that carelessness in addressing the covers might frustrate the objects they had in view. The greater portion of the pamphlets distributed were from his own pen. He corresponded directly with many members of each Government, besides having continual interviews with them. And through all this press of business he preserved the same calm and unruffled demeanour, and had attained to so absolute a control over his own mind that no interruption put him out. He was able to turn from an important discussion, if suddenly called upon to make some complicated plan dependent upon other people, and such a plan would be almost certain to prove successful on account of the quiet thought bestowed upon it, and the steady and clear directions given to the messenger. It was habitually said by his associates that no arrangement, for which Macaulay was responsible, went wrong.

His domestic life was, as will be seen in the course of these pages, singularly peaceful and happy. When separated from his wife, as was frequently the case by the exigencies of the great cause to which he had devoted himself, no day elapsed

[1] Sir George Stephen, *Anti-Slavery Recollections.*

without his writing to her, and the correspondence testifies to the affectionate interest with which he perused the nursery anecdotes that her letters often contained. In September 1802 he tells his wife that a friend whom he was visiting 'had a boy two years and a half old, much taller and stouter than Tom, but who does not speak so plain. The circumstance which surprised me in him was his sitting quite still during prayers, which they say he has done from a year and a half. I apprehend, however, that he is not quite so vivacious as Tom, though he seems a healthy, active boy.'

In the month of February 1802 Mrs. Macaulay had given birth to a daughter, who was named Selina after her mother; and it was soon afterwards that Macaulay resolved upon leaving London and settling altogether at Clapham.

It will have been observed that Mrs. Macaulay was not of a sociable disposition. She was passionately fond of reading, and all through her life preferred remaining at home with an interesting book to joining a party of whatever agreeable and distinguished elements it might be composed. Her love of reading was inherited by her eldest son, but in his case it was tempered with a strong infusion of his father's taste for social intercourse. It was the custom of the circle into which Mrs. Macaulay was introduced upon her marriage to seek for no privacy beyond that of its small innermost coterie, but to consider every member of that coterie as forming part of a large united family, who should behave to each other with the same simplicity and absence of formality which, in the usual way, characterises intercourse among only the nearest relatives. They were in the habit of either assembling at the same watering-places, during what may be ironically termed their holidays, or else of spending them at each other's country-houses, taking with them as a matter of course their wives and children; and it may be remarked that they seem to have ventured upon inviting any one they pleased to their friends' houses, and to have felt assured that persons, acceptable to themselves, would meet with a cordial reception from their host and hostess and the entire band of allies.

Then, when the holidays were over, Henry Thornton, Thomas Babington, Macaulay, Mr. Stephen, Mr. Grant, and one or two more assembled together as frequently as possible

in London for the meals of breakfast and dinner. These men, who followed their own callings with an assiduity which made the world reckon them in that aspect alone as busy men, were thus able to discuss their plans for the conduct of the Abolition campaigns without retrenching the time due to their several professions, and their debates were often prolonged far into the night. They were not only occupied by the welfare of the unhappy slaves, but by all kinds of charitable and benevolent schemes, upon which occasions additional advisers such as Isaac Milner, the Dean of Carlisle, Mr. Venn, the Rector of Clapham, Mr. Simeon, and Lord Teignmouth, were summoned to their councils; and many of the religious Societies which flourish at the present day owe their origin to these conclaves. The weight of continual business was lightened and cheered by sharing it with congenial companions; and the habits of life, thus systematically arranged, served to ensure considerable economy of time and correspondence in days when there were no district messengers, and no telegraph or telephone at the service of busy people.

Then as the end of the week came round, the friends gathered habitually at the beautiful villas round Clapham Common for the hallowed repose of Sunday; and on those occasions the intimate circle was increased by the addition of a constant succession of companions, who supplied varied interests from the worlds of theology, literature, art, science and politics, and in some degree served to relieve the tension of minds strained to the utmost in a single direction.

To Macaulay individually, the rest and refreshment of such intercourse was very great, and his pleasure in it was enhanced by thus finding himself able to share in the services of Clapham Church, in which he delighted, and in the opportunities he had of engaging the sympathies of an outside class in the cause which he had at heart, so as even sometimes to enlist fresh helpers of considerable consequence.

Into this society he brought his wife upon their union; and he had enjoyed looking forward to the pleasure which he had felt convinced she must derive from participating in its privileges. At first she regularly accompanied her husband on Saturdays to Battersea Rise and Broomfield, but she appears to have soon begun to make her health an excuse for remaining

at home, and although she was always an affectionate and devoted wife, there is no sign of her ever having taken any particular interest in her husband's public work.

On the other hand, Mrs. Macaulay had the extraordinary merit of thoroughly grasping the situation, and of understanding that the whole object and aim of his existence would be spoiled, and even ruined, if he were persuaded to alter the habits of his life, and to absent himself from the society of his friends. As far as can be traced, she never made the slightest objection to his leaving her to fulfil his engagements, or showed any jealousy or wounded feeling, although she always put all other claims upon her time aside so as to profit by every moment which he had leisure to spend with her; and when they were parted she wrote to him every day, consulting him very fully about the children and the details of their domestic life, and entering also most confidentially and intimately upon religious subjects, as well as upon ordinary topics of books and people.

There can be no doubt that the discovery of his wife's inclination for solitude was a great disappointment to Macaulay, who had anticipated with delight sharing with her all the aspects of his life, whether public or private, intellectual or social. His correspondence shows that during many a weary hour on the West Coast of Africa he had pleased his fancy by picturing her reception among his friends, and seeing her take her honoured place in the sacred coterie. But the course of this narrative will have demonstrated that he was not only singularly observant of the tastes and wishes of the persons with whom he associated, but that also, as far as was consistent with his view of duty, he was accustomed to shape his course so as to give them free play and the independence to which they had a right.

He, however, felt the greatest reluctance to leaving his wife, as he found himself now obliged to do, so constantly alone; and after much consultation with her he came to the conclusion that the wisest course to adopt would be to take up their own residence at Clapham. This plan would keep him within easy reach of his office and of his associates, and yet enable him to be oftener at home. Mrs. Macaulay also valued for her little ones the advantages of pure air and country walks,

which at that time, and for many years afterwards, the situation and neighbourhood of Clapham Common were able to afford. About the end of 1803 they were settled in a roomy, comfortable dwelling on the south side of the Common, in a part known as the Pavement. The whole place has been entirely changed during the last quarter of a century, and the shops thrown out in every direction make it difficult to identify the features of the house, which has been divided into two or three separate habitations. But when Lord Macaulay revisited the old home in the company of his sisters about fifty years ago, the few alterations that had been made did not affect its general character, and he took the deepest interest in going through the principal rooms, and in recalling how the furniture had been formerly placed.

Among the circumstances which, in the opinion of Macaulay, made a residence at Clapham desirable was the advantage which appeared to him would accrue to his children from being educated with the children of his friends, and from having the opportunity of forming and continuing in the next generation those intimate relations which constituted so large a part of the happiness of his own existence. It is pleasant to recollect that his hopes were entirely fulfilled, and that his children found great enjoyment in the companionship of the youthful Wilberforces, Thorntons and Grants, and the younger members of several other families who lived near; and formed friendships which grew with their growth, and ripened in later years into close intimacies.

It was a relief to Macaulay to be able to feel that for the present he had provided in the best way in his power for the comfort of his wife and children, as his life was becoming daily increasingly laborious. He met the demands upon him, as usual, without complaint and methodically. He rose habitually at four in the morning, winter and summer alike, so as to get through his literary work without hurry, and without encroaching upon the time allotted to the performance of other duties. Even when detained, as was often the case, till late the previous night at the Houses of Parliament, or in consultation with his friends, he scarcely permitted himself any latitude. His strong constitution bore the strain wonderfully well, and the calmness of manner and quiet judgment which distinguished him were

an unfailing support to the more excitable and nervous spirits among his associates.

During the course of the next few years a second daughter Jane, and two sons John and Henry, were added to his family. Mrs. Macaulay was accustomed to pay every summer and autumn long visits with her children to Rothley Temple, and to Barley Wood, a charming spot in Somersetshire, where the Miss Mores had built a comfortable mansion not far from their former residence, which with its grounds commanded beautiful views over the surrounding country. Macaulay generally contrived to join his wife for a week or fortnight during her stay in the country. After one of his visits to Barley Wood, Hannah More writes to him :—

'Maugre all the reasoning of Lucas backed by your own rhetoric, I maintain there is no such thing as perfection. Else would you have left behind you a great bundle of letters, a pocket-handkerchief, and Sale's *Devotion*? Will it be any gratification to you to know that you are extremely missed? I transferred the last night's reading to Isaiah, because we would not, by going on with the Romans, be made to feel how much we wanted our Commentator. I have had in my morning task of transcription fresh pleasure in going over again the animated chapter you left with me.'

The children became great favourites with their kind old hostesses, especially the two eldest; and for the sensibility of little Tom's feelings and his cleverness, the good ladies were disposed to show an admiration which his parents were anxious to keep in check. It was indeed the praiseworthy fashion of those individuals who were characterised as the Saints or the Clapham Sect, to take a very real and keen interest in the rising generation, and to make themselves acquainted with the dispositions and tastes of each other's children. It is curious to find Henry Thornton, who had the reputation of great coldness of feeling, constantly mentioning little Tom in his letters to others, as well as to the child's father. Macaulay was a careful and anxious parent, and engrossed as he was in business, he always found leisure to make proper and necessary arrangements for his little ones. He was ably seconded by their mother, who found alike her happiness and her duty in the sphere of home, and who scarcely ever quitted it except

for the expeditions already mentioned, and as the children grew older, for regular visits also to the seaside.

FROM J. STEPHEN, ESQ.

June 4, 1807.

I send you some Abolition puffs which I think may be useful, and some of which perhaps the newspapers will take without payment. But pray take care to have them copied in different hands, and sent by unknown messengers. I think if they were dropped in the boxes of newspapers they might be inserted, or if published in the *Times* the rest would copy them.

It may be of great importance to push the provisional subscription without delay. I was sorry to see your name for so large an additional subscription, but hope that this fund may not be wanted.

TO THOMAS BABINGTON, ESQ., M.P.

London, June 24, 1807.

I wrote you yesterday with a pencil a very hurried note which I managed at last to get a pen to direct. I was just in time to throw it into the Post-office at Clapham. Thornton and Wilberforce are strongly of opinion that you should come and judge for yourself in the great combat which is about to take place, and that so equally poised seem the two parties in the State, that your vote may be big with most important consequences. An idea begins to get abroad that the Ministry will not be strong enough to withstand their opponents. It is well for those who live below, and still better for those who live above these jarrings of party.

I got on in the *Cornwallis*[1] with not the best company in the world. One of my party was a felon who was on the way to Botany Bay, the music of whose manacles and chains and bolts was not of the most lulling kind. I could not reach the City till after the hours of business had ended. I drove to Edgware Road,[2] and then it was too late to write thence of my arrival. The next day I found quite a variety of matters waiting me, among the rest two messages from the Duke of Gloucester, and was under the necessity of running about to so many places, among the rest to his Royal Highness's and then

[1] The stage-coach.

[2] Edgware Road House was occupied for a short time by Mr. Babington, whose town residence was afterwards for many years in Downing-Street.

to Mr. Wilberforce's at Broomfield, that the utmost I could effect was the hurried note I sent you.

Many thanks to my sister for her letter of to-day. My love to her and all your party, not forgetting my own dear little children.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, July 4, 1807.

You cannot think what a dissipated afternoon Babington and I spent together yesterday. We dined at Wilberforce's at Palace Yard, and at six we sallied forth in quest of pleasure. We were first attracted by Maillardet's mechanical exhibition, where we paid our respects to the conjurer, Tom's friend, and admired his gravity, decision and wisdom. After puzzling ourselves for an hour to discover the principle on which the conjurer delivered his responses, without success, we turned to the little boy, who drew us a very pretty ship, and wrote us a copy of verses in a beautiful hand. The musical lady then played us a few tunes on her harpsichord, and the rope-dancer curveted for our amusement for some time. The most surprising effort, however, of mechanical genius that we had the opportunity of seeing was a little bird which rose out of a snuff-box, and after singing a very pretty tune, disappeared.

Having satiated our curiosity at this place, we next went to see the gas lights, which are a late invention by which it is proposed to produce immense savings in the article of candles. The light is produced by the contact of what is called hydrogen gas with common air, which immediately produces a bright flame. The gas is emitted from tubes which communicate with the reservoir where the gas is produced by a certain process; and in this way, by means of those pipes, something on the plan of what you saw at Mr. Dawes's little house, may all the rooms of a house be brilliantly illuminated at once, and at any hour of the night. You have only to turn a cock, and immediately a stream of light flows into the apartment. The flame emits no spark whatever, so that there is no danger of fire from it.

Having seen this wonder, we proceeded to the Society of Academics, where we heard Bowdler make an eloquent speech of an hour and a half long in favour of the present, and against the late Administration. Robert and Charles Grant were also to speak; but a quarter to twelve came, and Babington and I thought that it became married men like us to go home at that hour, and not to spend the whole night in hearing speeches.

– The state of things on the Continent seems to have excited some emotions of fear in our Ministers, and they are looking to the means of repelling invasion with some anxiety. The Volunteers are to be called out forthwith on permanent duty. Our corps will probably set out for some distant part of Surrey some time next week or the week after. How long they may continue I know not, not less than six or eight weeks.

FROM MRS. MACAULAY.

Barley Wood, July 8, 1807.

Mrs. Hannah More is a good deal hurt with the review of Beattie,[1] which I thought in manuscript a little severe. She knew him well, and thinks very highly of his piety. She thought that the *Christian Observer* had not enough taken it into consideration that in a familiar letter it was not necessary that a man should always tell his creed and his opinion on certain subjects. She has not the least guess whose the review is, and asked me if it was Thornton's or Wilberforce's. She fights manfully for your *Christian Observer*. The others will never forgive the review of her book,[2] which they think has injured the sale of it.

Tom has ingratiated himself with Miss Betty by his fondness for making bread and pastry with his sleeves tucked up and a white apron; and she says who would think that he knew so much about Virgil; and with Miss Hannah by his literary taste and knowledge. They admire his temper and disposition, and his duty to his mother above all. For my part I am surprised at his judgment, for he knows them as well and sees their characters as if he were thirty years old.

God grant our new house may prove, as you say, a house of piety and prayer. I assure you that it is my most sincere desire and prayer to be enabled to second all your pious wishes for the dear children, but it is absolutely impossible to give my attention to Tom, as I wish, at present. I must learn from this to stay at home with my children.

So far from thinking that I have the sole merit of Tom's acquirements, I know that, under Providence, almost the whole is to be imputed to your attention and firmness. The Miss Mores were uncommonly guarded before him, and Miss Patty reproved a lady very warmly for using some expressions before him. I hope Tom will do his exercise; he seems a long time at it.

[1] James Beattie, author of *The Minstrel*. 'We all love Beattie,' said Dr. Johnson to Boswell. 'Mrs. Thrale says if ever she had another husband she'll have Beattie.'

[2] *Hints to a Princess*, by Mrs. H. More. See p. 263.

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

Virgo absque modestia est equa furiosa absque fræno. Advocatus egit causam meam indice illo. Ivi cum fratre in agros ibique verberavi eum baculo.

MY DEAR PAPA,[1]—I am sorry that my writing did not please you. I hope that I shall improve in it. All Mama's commands are readily and cheerfully obeyed. The Miss Mores gave me a guinea, a bank-note.—I remain, your dutiful son,

THOMAS MACAULAY.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, July 10, 1807.

Your letter dated from Barley Wood on the 8th reached me this morning. It was quite right in you, my love, to send me Tom's letter, whether well or ill done; for it will do him no harm amidst the accumulation of his honours to have a little blame addressed to him. I must confess myself not quite satisfied that he may not be a sufferer by the notice bestowed on him at Barley Wood. I really trust that the old ladies reserved their exclamations of wonder at least until Tom's back was turned. I assure you that the perusal of Beattie, and the lamentable manner in which praise seems to have corrupted him and to have led him to make the world his idol, have awakened my jealousy on this point. If the sober judgment of mature age be not proof against the influence of human applause, what can we expect in a boy of seven years? Let me entreat you to be on your guard in this particular, and seriously to discourage, by every possible means, everything both in the language and manner of those around you which may tend to exalt Tom in his own esteem. Remember he will not possess one whit less of cleverness because people do not tell him that he possesses it. I do not wonder you should feel gratified by the compliments paid to Tom. It is fit you should; for yours is the sole merit of his acquirements. But do not let the mother's tenderness and the mother's gratification operate to his disadvantage. Indeed I hope you will be firm in laying down your rules and abiding by them.

In every other respect your account is doubtless very good; and we ought to be thankful that it has pleased God to give us such a soil to work upon. May we be enabled to cultivate it in such a manner that it may bear fruit to God's glory!

[1] This letter, written in a large round hand, is inclosed with the exercise, which is very carefully copied out by the child.

I do not know what to say about going to the Mores if they continue disposed to rail about the *Christian Observer.* I feel no inclination to a discussion on such a topic with such ladies. It gives, I assure you, my expedition a somewhat new and not so inviting an aspect, and has induced me to cast about in my mind how it may be best avoided. I should have no enjoyment from my visit to them.

I think Mrs. Hannah a little unreasonable about Beattie. How may one form a judgment of him but from his life as given us by his biographer? It would not do, as she must see, to take her private opinion of the man. He must be judged by what appears related of him, by the pen of partial friendship too, in his life. The book will be much read. Its contents will be referred to as an authority on many points. Would it be right, under those circumstances, to overlook in it what may be false and erroneous in sentiment, and mischievous in example?

The importance which I attach to Tom's exercises is not on account of the knowledge they give him, but on account of their use in keeping up his knowledge—and more than all to accustom him to the regular returns of something like business. God bless you, my love, and have you in His holy keeping. I commend you and all our children to Him and His grace.

FROM MRS. MARTHA MORE.

Barley Wood, August 15, 1807.

We are much flattered by your young gentleman's preference of Barley Wood, and I think we may be allowed to be a little vain upon so decided a preference. Pray assure him that whenever an opportunity offers, and he shall have the full permission of his papa and mamma, we shall be very glad to see him again at Barley Wood, for a much longer time; but as the amusements of this place are so inimical to Latin and Greek, I am afraid this pleasure will be deferred. To be sure, here is now a vast field open for his new profession—apples and plums by hundreds and hundreds, which are almost daily put into puddings and pies—such a field for a young practitioner.

I cannot give a good account of our invalids. You have probably visited us all together for the last time.[1] Ours has been a long reign,—entering the world, and acting for ourselves, at a very early period—quite girls—the eldest only twenty, we seem to have lived longer than others. That we may all be prepared, with our lamps trimmed to meet the Bridegroom, is

[1] The first break in the circle at Barley Wood did not occur till 1813, when Mrs. Mary More, the eldest of the sisters, died in April.

now my only wish. I was at Cheddar and Shipham last Sunday—both flourishing.

TO T. BABINGTON, ESQ., M.P.

November 23, 1807.

My friend Gilbert[1] is dead. Our affectionate attachment of fifteen years' continuance was never interrupted by the diversity of sentiment between us. He told me that the *Christian Observer* had not altered his views on the subject of religion, but had led him to regard with perfect indifference those peculiarities of the Calvinistic system of which he was disposed before to make much account.

Immediately upon the passing of the Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade an association was formed under the title of the African Institution with the object of promoting the civilisation of Africa. The Duke of Gloucester, the nephew and son-in-law of the King, and a life-long opponent of slavery, accepted the position of President, and was an assiduous attendant upon the Board and at the sub-committees. The list of Directors included not only all the well-known names of the promoters of Abolition, but a large number of peers and men of eminence, among whom may be noted Lord Grenville, Perceval, Canning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several of the Bishops. But although many of these were frequently present at the committees, the real burden of the work fell upon Macaulay, who was appointed Honorary Secretary of the Society by an unanimous vote. His labours were lightened by the vigorous co-operation of Mr. Stephen; and in the hands of these friends, the only two men upon the long list of supporters who were personally acquainted with the sinister aspect which slavery bore in the Colonies, the African Institution practically became an anti-slavery society. The improvement of Africa was subordinated to the urgent necessity of suppressing the illicit Home Slave Trade and the Foreign Slave Trade, and its chief business soon consisted in keeping a vigilant watch upon the working of the Acts of 1806 and 1807.

About this period Mr. Stephen accepted a seat in the House of Commons, which was offered to him for the second time by

[1] It will be remembered that Macaulay went out to the West Coast of Africa in 1793 with the Rev. N. Gilbert.

Perceval: and the great measure of policy which originated with Mr. Stephen, the Orders in Council, made his name justly famous, and contributed during the next few years to undermine the power of Napoleon in almost an equal degree with the force of our arms.

During the course of the year 1808 Sierra Leone was transferred to the Crown. This change affected Macaulay's position, as his Secretaryship terminated of course with the management of the Colony by the Board of Directors, although, as will be seen from the correspondence which follows, he was constantly occupied during the first few years after the transfer in assisting the Government in their arrangements with the Colonists. He now decided to commence business upon his own account. His efforts were warmly seconded by his friends, and he rapidly attained a considerable position as a shipowner and merchant, his transactions with the East Indies and Africa being specially extensive.

Macaulay's soldier-brother Colin[1] returned home in bad health in the month of October 1810. He was eight years the senior of Zachary, and was almost a stranger to his family, as he had gone out to India in his boyhood as a cadet. He had been present at Seringapatam, and had shared the imprisonment of Sir David Baird by Hyder Ali. It is interesting to observe that his mind resembled his brother's in showing a strong natural inclination to subjects of religious thought and inquiry; and this characteristic was given special prominence in 1805 when the Rev. Dr. Kerr, the senior chaplain of the Madras Presidency, a clergyman held in high esteem, was despatched by the Indian Government to Malabar and Travancore on a Mission to investigate the state of the Syrian and other native Christians.

Dr. Kerr found on his arrival at Travancore that the Political Resident, a military officer who had left Scotland at the age of sixteen, had made himself master of every shade of doctrine professed by the various native Christians, and that he was upon terms of friendship with the Metropolitan of the Syrian Christians, and constantly visited him and the principal priests, and received them as guests at his own house. Colonel Macaulay assured Dr. Kerr that the statement, generally

[1] Colonel, afterwards General, Macaulay.

credited, that those among the Syrian Christians who were not Roman Catholics were Nestorians, and worshipped the Blessed Virgin, was utterly groundless; and that the Metropolitan, Mar Dionysius, a man of great piety and respectability, had communicated to him the Creed of his Church, which disclaimed the errors of Arius and Nestorius by name. The Syrians felt such entire confidence in Colonel Macaulay's good-will towards them that their Bishop had intrusted to him the portions of the New Testament as they were translated into Malayalim, and had left him to arrange entirely for their being printed.

In writing to the Governor of Madras, Lord William Bentinck, Dr. Kerr reports that he had found the direct protection of the British Government had already been extended to the Syrians through the British Resident, Colonel Macaulay, who had constantly exerted his influence with the Rajahs of Travancore and Cochin to defend the old Syrian Christians, and also the Syrians of the Romish Church, against the oppression of the Rajahs' officers, and particularly of the Dewan of Travancore. It was this Chief who afterwards fomented the war against the East India Company in 1808 which terminated in the humiliation of the Travancore power. Dr. Kerr passes a high eulogium on the Colonel, and says that he has rescued from an unmerited stigma a body of Christians whose constancy in the profession of a pure faith through so many ages was worthy of admiration.

Colin had become an unusually attractive and accomplished person, and Macaulay felt not a little satisfaction at being able to introduce his distinguished relative into a new circle of society, which proved extremely congenial to him. He was warmly welcomed by his brother's friends. A short time after his arrival, Mr. Wilberforce, in writing to him, expresses the hope that Colonel Macaulay will consider himself free of his house at all times and hours, and Hannah More, in a letter to Lady Olivia Sparrow, says:—

'Our last very interesting guest was Colonel Macaulay. He is a first-rate man, and one who, on account of his vast oriental literature, sound principles, general knowledge, and local information, Dr. Buchanan has pronounced to be the only man who is capable of prosecuting important religious investiga-

tions in the East. He does not seem unwilling to lend himself to this great object, but the plague in the Levant has hitherto prevented him, and he also has had a letter from Lord Wellington earnestly desiring him to join him in the Peninsula. He was Lord Wellington's aide-de-camp in India; his life has been most extraordinary; I am persuading him to write it. Four years captive in one of Tippoo's dungeons, or with another officer, a prisoner like himself, chained to his back.[1] He is a man of the gentlest manners, and has brought home, after all his hairbreadth escapes, an ample fortune and a sober mind.'

It may well be imagined how great an addition was made to the happiness of Macaulay's life by the presence of such a brother, who was capable of entering into his public interests with intelligent sympathy, and who soon attached himself affectionately to Zachary's family, and to the Babingtons and their children. Colonel Macaulay's experience made him a hero in the eyes of his nephews and nieces at a period when tidings from the Continent and the fear of French invasion at home caused military interests to form part of the national life of England.

A general election had taken place soon after the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade had passed the two Houses, and a new Parliament assembled on the 22nd of June 1807. The Abolitionist members were strictly conscientious in the discharge of their Parliamentary functions; and the line, independent of any political party, which the greater number of them considered it their duty to adopt, necessitated close and constant attendance to enable them to weigh the arguments brought forward upon both sides, and to make up their minds individually upon each point.

An unfortunate mistake for a short time threatened to embitter the friendly relations between Macaulay in his capacity of Editor of the *Christian Observer*, and the sisterhood at Barley Wood. Early in 1809 Mrs. H. More had taken the perilous step of publishing anonymously a religious novel, without admitting even her most intimate friends into the secret of the authorship. A notice of the book, *Cœlebs in*

[1] The story is well known of the exclamation said to have been made by the mother of Sir David Baird upon first hearing of the nature of her son's captivity. "God help the puir chiel wha 's chained to my Davie.' Sir David Baird, a most gallant officer, was generally credited with a quick temper.

Search of a Wife,[1] appeared in the February number of the *Christian Observer*, and was so laudatory of a great part of the work as to have satisfied in many respects the demands of the most exacting vanity. But unhappily the Reviewer mistook, or pretended to mistake, the sex of the writer, and also made some observations which wounded Mrs. H. More's susceptible delicacy, although any intentional criticism of the kind was publicly and strenuously denied, and an ample apology offered in the March number, after the work had been acknowledged by its author. The obnoxious passage occurred in the analysis of the character of the heroine, and ran as follows:

'Lucilla blushes and cries on every occasion, and sometimes when we really think the matter is not very moving; though if she had blushed deeply at one of the questions proposed to her by Cœlebs, we could have forgiven it.'[2]

But the real sting of the article lay in the fact that the Reviewer felt, what every one who reads the book is bound to feel, an unmitigated detestation and contempt for the character of the hero, and he winds up his reference to Cœlebs by saying:

'To speak honestly, after many efforts and much self-reproach, we still find it difficult to be quite reconciled to this youth. Lucilla perhaps will improve him.'

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

Barley Wood, March 7, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your obliging letter. I agree with you that Cadell has indeed managed most sadly. The third edition, I hope, will be out in a few days, and a fourth is immediately to go to press. The third, I fear, is only fifteen hundred. They plead want of paper or would have doubled the number. Allow me to say that if the *whole* public were readers of the *Christian Observer*, a very few copies indeed would suffice. My own impression, after reading the review you were so good as to send me, is, that if I were a stranger and had bespoke a copy of *Cœlebs*, I should instantly send

[1] '*Cœlebs* variously talked of. The Henry Thorntons affirm that it cannot be Hannah More's, and are strong against it, surely without reason.'—*Wilberforce's Diary*.

[2] The question was: 'Whether an attachment towards an unworthy object could be subdued?' an odd question, no doubt, to put to a girl of eighteen.

to forbid it, so very disagreeable an impression would the criticism *on the whole* leave on my mind. Faults enough there are in *Cœlebs*, and I expected, and should have thankfully received some grave reproof. Praise is bestowed perhaps too liberally on some parts, but all the praise lumped at the end can do but little good after a work has been made ridiculous. That sort of sneer I expect from a Scotch but not from a Christian critic; and to close with a solemn prayer for the success of a work which has been described in many parts as ridiculous is not quite consistent. I could have been reconciled to allow what the author is so fond of insisting on; that Cœlebs[1] himself is 'prosing,' 'drawling,' 'deficient in taste,' 'low,' 'vain,' and even 'vulgar'; but that he is also 'indecent' would have inexpressibly shocked me had not Mr. H. Thornton made the same discovery before! I leave you to judge if every young lady, after this disgusting picture of the hero, will not be more than ever afraid of a 'religious' young man. How far it was prudent for the interests of piety to stamp this character with such an odious impression, others must judge; as well as how far it was feeling to hold me up to the religious world as writing indecently. The critic well knew the writer was a woman. I am sorry I did not put my name to the work to take away all such subterfuge. He knew *I* wrote it. After all, perhaps he is in the right. Three years' excruciating illness which has battered my body has probably injured my mind, and I shall take this review as an admonition to write no more.

You will think perhaps that one who said so much on the vanity of 'human applause' should not write thus. But if reputation is a means of usefulness, it is not to be despised. My moral sense is wounded.

Dr. Woodward, who may be supposed to speak the sentiments of the higher class of religious men, with his brother, the Bishop of Carlisle, at the head, said yesterday at our table that the evil of having cast such a slur on the religious young hero of the tale is incalculable. And it has been thought whether I ought not to write in the *Christian Observer* to the Reviewer to point out the indecent passage. I have searched closely, but cannot even guess at it. I do not wish my sentiments to be kept secret. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Macaulay and to the little poet.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,
H. MORE.

P.S.—The epithet of 'steady' sneeringly applied to Cœlebs belongs to a good coachman or butler, but is meant to disgust

[1] 'He is given to prosing, is not very delicate, and has a low suspiciousness about him that is exceedingly unamiable.'

in a young man of fashion. I am truly glad *you* approve the book.

About this time Macaulay took his nephew, the eldest son of Mr. Babington, into partnership with him. The arrangements were made under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Thornton, who thought Macaulay inclined to be too generous as to the division of profits with his partner, and tried to exercise a salutary caution in the conditions made.

On the 1st of January 1810, Mrs. Macaulay gave birth to a daughter to whom Mrs. Hannah More expressed a wish to stand godmother, and the child was accordingly baptized by the names of Hannah More. She married Sir Charles Trevelyan in 1834.

About this period some libellous charges against Macaulay were brought forward by Thorpe, the Chief-Justice of Sierra Leone, and were so widely disseminated that it became necessary for Macaulay to vindicate his character. Accordingly he published his answers to the charges in a pamphlet composed with admirable coolness and temper. In a contemporary article in the *British Review* the following passage occurs:—

'Mr. Macaulay appears to be singled out as an object for the fiercest malignity and most extravagant abuse. To throw discredit upon this distinguished friend of Abolition every artifice of fiction, misrepresentation, and direct and shameless attack is adopted without scruple or hesitation. Men who are thus hated must be feared.'

Thorpe's animosity, however, was only further increased by the moderation of his opponent's reply, and shifting the ground, he availed himself later on of the constant opportunities which presented themselves of attacking Macaulay upon fresh points. In after years also many of the disproved charges which Thorpe had made were repeated in *John Bull.*

The affairs of Sierra Leone were a fruitful source of disquiet during these years while the Colony was settling down under Imperial rule, and several of the principal officials there seem to have drifted continually into scrapes of a more or less serious kind, and to have amused themselves by inventing the most extraordinary and absolutely unfounded accusations against Mr. Dawes and Mr. Ludlam, who had been commissioned to

put matters into order for the Company. Mr. Ludlam had recently revisited England in the autumn of 1809, after seven years of continuous and strenuous work on the West Coast of Africa. Macaulay was much affected by the news of his death on the Gold Coast in July 1810, and lamented his loss, both on public and private grounds, most sincerely.

FROM MRS. MORE.

Barley Wood, May 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,—I poke one line into Tom's vile scrawl to say that he goes on in the usual Pindaric style; much desultory reading, much sitting from bower to bower;[1] Spenser, I think, is the favourite poet to-day. As his time is short, and health, I think, the chief object just now, I have not insisted on much system. He read in the sun yesterday and got a little headache.

Since 'Childe Hugh,' a long poem on Hunt's election, really a good parody, has been shown us, I have discovered in the writing-box an Epithalamium of many folio pages on Mr. Spragge's marriage. I do compel him to read two or three scenes of Metastasio every day, and he seems to like it.

His talents are very extraordinary and various, and his acquirements wonderful at his age. His temper is good, and his vivacity a great recommendation to me, but this excess of animal spirits makes some certain studies seem a little dry and dull. I will tell you honestly as a true friend, what indeed you know already and mentioned to me, that his superiority of talents makes competitors necessary for him, for that he is a little inclined to undervalue those who are not considerable or distinguished in some way or other. I have talked with him gently on the subject, telling him how valuable and worthy people may be who are neither brilliant in talent nor high in situation. He listened to me meekly, and I have not since heard anything of this disparaging sort. Do not tell him what I have said, as I would not put him on his guard, but encourage his open-heartedness. I wish his mother could come down to us. If we are all alive I hope she will accompany Tom on his next annual visit.—Yours very faithfully, H. MORE.

[1] 'The Temple of the Winds is in ruins; and the root-house, which was called "Tecta pauperis Evandri," has quite disappeared. That was my favourite haunt.'—*Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*: Trevelyan. The present writer was taken by Lord Macaulay to visit Barley Wood, and remembers the regret he expressed on finding that some of the old summer-houses which he recollected had disappeared.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Clapham, May 29, 1811.

This will find you, I hope, comfortably settled at Clifton. How has Colin borne his journey? I hope his extreme kindness in undertaking it has not cost him any very heavy sacrifice of ease and comfort. He will enjoy Masséna's account of the battle of Fuente d'Honor. It sheds much more lustre on Wellington than his own did. You will have heard of a severe and sanguinary contest between Beresford and Soult in which the latter was foiled.

I dined yesterday at Babington's, and afterwards came out with my sister, who went to drink tea at Battersea Rise. I had set myself comfortably down at home, at least as comfortably as a man could who had lost his wife, when Mr. Brown, a naval lieutenant, was announced, and he continued from half-past eight till near eleven, with a perseverance which I could not but admire while I was groaning under it. And the man, after all, had nothing to say which was worth a walk of one mile, much less of ten.

The children are all well. Mrs. Babington went up and saw them last night just going into bed. They seemed all very happy. John has been reading to me a little to-day, but he complains that you have left him no book, so that he is obliged to read the New Testament. There were sad complaints this morning about Henry and Fanny not doing what they were bid. Fanny assures me she will do what she is bid to-morrow. She is a true worldling,—penitence and amendment are for to-morrow, not for to-day. Hannah is as well as can be, and as sweet as ever.

Macaulay went down to Cambridge to attend the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of the University, a ceremony at which almost all the members of the African Institution made a point of being present.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Cambridge, June 30, 1811.

You shall hear my adventures, which were singular enough. I went off at four o'clock on Friday afternoon to the inn at Bishopsgate Street from which the coach set off, and after waiting some time it made its appearance, but full, quite full. My name, however, had been regularly booked and the money paid, and I insisted on having a place. The coachman, guard,

and clerks all began an enquiry which ended in discovering that a lady had got into the coach and placed herself bodkin, who had no right to be there. She was requested to come out, but refused. Entreaty was used in vain. 'Who is she?' was echoed on all sides. 'She is,' said the guard, 'Mrs. Green, who keeps the oil-shop in Holborn, and who is going down to Cambridge to sell her oils and pickles.' Near an hour was employed in labouring to convince this lady that she ought to come out. It was all to no purpose, and the coach at last drove off, leaving me behind. I the more regretted this, because Professor Christian and Reginald Heber[1] were both passengers in the same coach, and I had promised myself much enjoyment. There would, however, have been a drawback. There would have been another woman still in the coach. Now you must know I have no particular objection to coming into contact with women nor with children either. But this woman had in her arms a child who did not once cease squalling during the whole of the dialogue with the oilman's wife, and this may have affected her nervous system and made her more pertinacious in her resistance.

I told the people at the coach office that they must pay a post-chaise for me to Cambridge. They admitted they were bound to do so, but had none, and did not know where to find one. I went first to all the coaches. No other place could be had; I sent a porter in quest of a post-chaise. He returned after an hour's search, and said none could be found. As I do not like giving a thing up in despair, I set off on the search myself, and about half-past seven at night I got into a post-chaise at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, and was off for Cambridge. With some difficulty, now talking loud and now coaxing, and now giving a douceur to the postboy, I got on to Buntingford, about thirty-one miles from London, about midnight. The landlady of this place was very desirous to have me for a lodger, and used some ingenious devices to tempt me, but all in vain. I pleaded their assurance, before I had descended from the chaise, that they could send me on; and after some delay and many renewed suggestions I at last escaped. I got to Royston, which is about thirteen miles from Cambridge, at two in the morning. I here thought it best to lie down for three hours, and finish the rest of my journey afterwards. At five, therefore, I was up and dressed, and calling for a post-chaise. None to be had, was the answer. Why, there are four now in the yard! All bespoke. In short, no chaise could be got. I saw that the innkeeper wished to extract from me the offer of a larger sum, and this I did not think it right to do. Here then

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

I was likely to be kept prisoner at least for four hours. In a short time, however, a gentleman's carriage drove into the yard. He ordered fresh horses, and they were furnished. I went up to him at this moment. 'Sir, such and such are my circumstances. This is my name,' showing him the Duke of Gloucester's card; 'may I request the favour of a seat in your carriage to Cambridge?' 'Certainly, sir,' was the reply, 'you are very welcome.' The innkeeper was violently angry at this proceeding, and said we must pay him double. However, off we went. I found my companion a most intelligent man, who knew a great number of my friends intimately, and we passed two hours very pleasantly. I afterwards discovered that he was Mr. Scarlett[1] the barrister, and was introduced to him by William Smith. I got to Cambridge in good time, met with Colin, got into comfortable rooms at Magdalen, breakfasted with Hodgson, and having made myself fine, went to the Senate House, into which I got after a smart push and squeeze, and saw the whole ceremony of the Installation.

FROM W. WILBERFORCE, ESQ., M.P.

September 3, 1811.

I return you Crabbe's[2] letter with thanks, and trust you will have done him good. But I think the Editor of the *Christian Observer* might have been a *little* nearer to dulcified at last.

TO T. B. MACAULAY.

November 12, 1811.

DEAR TOM,—I was much pleased with your letter and Selina's. I should not like you to be like General Campbell in India, who wrote a letter to your Uncle Colin. on very important business, but when it came your uncle could not read one single word of it. By way of reproof your uncle took a sheet of paper and scribbled it over so as to give it the appearance of writing, although nothing was meant to be written. So when the letter came to General Campbell he called all his aides-de-camp about him, and they set themselves to decipher the writing, but with very little effect. At last the General wrote back to say that he thought he must mean so and so, but that his aide-de-camp thought his meaning was different.

[1] Afterwards Lord Abinger.

[2] Crabbe published *The Borough* in 1810. 'Some attacks upon the Huntingtonians in this poem produced a controversy with the Editor of the *Christian Observer*, which ended amicably.'—*Dictionary of National Biography*.

Then your uncle wrote to tell him the real state of the case, and the General was afterwards more careful to write legibly.

Your cousins at the Vicarage are dressed in tartans, and remind me of Benledi's 'living side.'[1] I heard two days ago an anecdote of Bonaparte that will please you. When the Duchess of Gordon was at Paris in 1793, Bonaparte asked her what regiment her son, the Marquis of Huntly, commanded. She told him he commanded a Scotch regiment, the 92nd. His remark was, 'Les Écossais sont les plus braves gens du monde.' This perhaps is one mark of a Scotchman that you have yet to acquire. Perhaps, however, the air of Benledi may work wonders, or the touch of Wallace's sword in the castle of Dumbarton, or the view of Bannockburn.

Your Uncle Colin hopes you are all diligent in acquiring a facility of speaking French. He means to talk nothing else, morning, noon, or night, when he comes to Clapham.—Ever your affectionate father, Z. MACAULAY.

Macaulay resigned the secretaryship of the African Institution in 1812, having been fortunate in securing a thoroughly competent successor. By this time the Association was well launched, and Macaulay was now able to serve its interests efficiently without in addition continuing to perform the more mechanical portion of a secretary's duties. His resignation gave his associates an opportunity of marking their appreciation of the value of the labour which he had devoted during five years to the formation of the Society, and a meeting was held at Freemasons' Hall,[2] which was largely attended by the friends of Abolition, and at which a service of plate and an Address were presented to Macaulay.

'African Institution. *March* 25, 1812.—Resolved unanimously that this meeting is bound to express the deep sense it entertains of the eminent services of their *pro tempore* secretary, Z. Macaulay, who, combining great local knowledge and experience with the most ardent zeal, and the most assiduous and unwearied industry, has strenuously and gratuitously devoted to the concerns of the African Institution his time and talents, and has thereby established his claim to the lasting gratitude of all who are interested for the civilisation and happiness of Africa.'

[1] 'Along Benledi's living side.'—*Lady of the Lake*, Canto v.

[2] Freemasons' Tavern. 'Fine large hall, ranged with green benches like a lecture-room; raised platform at one end for the performers; arm-chairs for the Royal Dukes, and common chairs for common men.' May 1813.'—*The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth*, edited by Augustus J. C. Hare.

Macaulay was deeply touched and gratified by the warmth of feeling exhibited upon this occasion, but such a frank and public recognition of his merits served also to call forth an outburst of violent hostility against him, and very shortly falsehoods of the most base and groundless nature were promulgated extensively with the view of blackening his character, and in the hopes of paralysing his usefulness. The supporters of Slavery had at length discovered that the grave and silent man who kept himself well in the background was the most dangerous among their opponents, and that it was he who supplied the sinews of war for the campaigns carried on by the more brilliant of their adversaries. All through the many years during which the Anti-slavery contest was prolonged Macaulay was the object of attacks, scurrilous and venomous to such a degree as to excite the indignation of the more generous-minded even among his enemies. But he bore the obloquy which his conduct had drawn upon him with patience and silence, although not with indifference, and did not waste in defending himself the precious time at his disposal, which he found already too short for the work to which he had consecrated his life. The eloquent words in which he is described by Sir James Stephen may well be quoted here.

'He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.'

A fresh subject of interest began now to add to the labours of Macaulay's life. For some years past he and his friends had applied a large share of their thoughts to the discovery of the best means of preparing the way to open the British Empire in India for receiving instruction in the Christian religion. It was a propitious circumstance that a principal member of their coterie was one of the most influential among the Directors of the East India Company. Mr. Grant had passed many years of his life in India in the pursuit of important civil and commercial business, and during the last portion of his career there he had been entrusted with the superintendence of the whole of the Company's trade in Bengal. On returning to England in 1790 he was placed on the Board of the East India Company,

where his knowledge of the country, and his sagacity and prudence, secured for him great influence in the administration of India. Indeed it was popularly supposed that during some considerable time Mr. Grant reigned supreme at Leadenhall Street, and he was nicknamed the Director of the Court of Directors.

Similarity of religious feeling and objects in life led him on coming home to fix his residence at Clapham Common, and Lord Teignmouth, with whom he had been much associated in Bengal, followed his example at the termination of his Governor-Generalship. It is interesting to emphasise the fact which is pointed out by a high authority,[1] that in the conflict which ensued in Parliament, scarcely any can be found among those who were foremost in the warfare for the establishment of an Episcopal See in Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints upon the diffusion of Christianity in India, who were not either themselves members of the special band of allies distinguished by the epithet of the Clapham Sect, or else very closely united in the bonds of friendship with them.

The year 1812 was chiefly devoted by the friends to East Indian affairs, and almost daily consultations took place, according to their custom when planning a campaign. The work of preparing petitions was entrusted to Mr. Babington; but he and Mr. Wilberforce and Henry Thornton all concur in bearing witness in their correspondence that the real agent upon whom the whole business depended was Macaulay. The points which it was their aim to assert were that an Episcopate should be established in Bengal, and that a recognition of the principle of introducing Christianity into our dominions in India should be made. Happily for their prospects of success they were aware that the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, was decidedly in favour of Missions, and was urging upon his recalcitrant colleagues compliance with the views of the Evangelical party upon the East Indian questions.

The opportunity, for which laborious preparation had long been quietly and patiently carried on, arrived with the proposal for the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company, which came before Parliament early in the Session of 1813. Wilberforce himself was startled by the determined hostility

[1] *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography.*

shown by the House of Commons to any attempt to Christianise India. He and his friends soon perceived that their only chance of success lay in resorting to the same tactics which they had pursued in the struggle for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and in bringing public opinion to bear upon the subject. The Government was well disposed to them, and Lord Wellesley's influence would, they knew, be exerted in their favour, so that no difficulty was anticipated in the House of Lords; but even Wilberforce, generally sanguine in his views, despaired of moving the Commons, who were possessed with exaggerated apprehensions of the effect of the proposed alterations upon our sovereignty in the East.

The time was very short, but no effort was spared to utilise it. Mr. Grant, who in early life had formed a close friendship with David Swartz, the celebrated Danish missionary, had in consequence been always inclined to feel a tolerance for Missions, which it was unusual at that period to find among men of his standing in India. Since his return home he had endeavoured, as far as lay in his power, to further the religious and educational plans of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, and had obtained appointments as Chaplains in the East for Henry Martyn and Thomason. He now laid before the House of Commons a paper which he had composed some years earlier, entitled 'A Plea for the Toleration of Missionary and Educational Work in the East.' The ability and fairness of the statement made a profound impression upon the minds of many of the members, and it was printed by order of the House.

Dr. Buchanan, whose influence may be said to have laid the foundation for the Ecclesiastical Establishment of our Indian Empire, was one of the young men the expense of whose education at Cambridge was defrayed by Henry Thornton, and whose views in religion were largely owing to Mr. Simeon's teaching. After serving a short apprenticeship as curate to John Newton, he had gone out to Calcutta as Chaplain to the East India Company. The apathy and indifference, and in many cases the open enmity, manifested almost universally at this period by Anglo-Indians towards spiritual subjects made a painful impression upon the mind of one who had come fresh from the circle of the Evangelical revival; but Buchanan set himself steadily to fulfil the duties of his Chaplaincy, while

he employed his leisure in studying the Hindustani and Persian languages, and in carefully instructing himself as to the nature of the difficulties with which all efforts for religious and educational enlightenment must contend in the East. Before long he was greatly cheered by the powerful support of the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, who appointed him Vice-Provost of the newly-founded College at Fort William. From this time Buchanan's talents seem to have been generally recognised; his *Travels and Researches in Asia* were published and had an extensive circulation, so that when he returned to England his reputation and influence were of great assistance to his former patrons in the struggle over the Charter of the East India Company.

Their plans had been formed with consummate wisdom, and success crowned their exertions. On July 12, 1813, Mr. Wilberforce writes: 'The East India Bill passed, and the Christian cause fought through without division to the last. The petitions, of which a greater number than were ever known, have carried our question instrumentally, the good providence of God really.'

FROM RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

Downing Street, August 17, 1812.

Private.

DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant and its inclosure.

I shall not fail to recommend the subject of them to the early and serious attention of my successor in this Department. Lord Bathurst has, I believe, informed Mr. Wilberforce that Park and Isaac's Journal shall be delivered to any person authorised by the African Institution to receive them for the purpose of printing them and publishing them for the benefit of Mr. Park's family.

Any attention which it has been my power to show to you during the period I have been in the situation which I am now about to leave, has been fully returned by the readiness which you have always proved to afford me all the assistance and information in your power on every point on which I have had occasion to consult you, and I beg to return you my best acknowledgment for it.—I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

ROBERT PEEL.

TO T. B. MACAULAY.

Clapham, April 5, 1813.

MY DEAR TOM,—Your correspondence with me and mine with you has seemed to flag during the last fortnight. I must tell you what has been the cause on my part. First the meeting of the African Institution required large portions of my time. You will like to hear what passed at that meeting. On the minutes of the last year having been read and confirmed, and among them those which related to myself, I got up and told them that as I had no opportunity last year when the Resolutions were first passed of making my acknowledgments, I felt it my duty now to rise to express my sense of the honour that had been done me. I then went on to say that splendid as was their present, I had received a still richer reward in being permitted to participate in the counsels of the great names associated in this Society, in one of the noblest designs which the world has ever witnessed, delivering half a world from bondage and blood, and pouring upon it light, liberty, and civilisation. It would never cease to prove a grateful source of recollection that for twenty years I had enjoyed the friendship, and shared the cares and labours, the solicitudes, fears, hopes and final triumph of such men as Wilberforce, and Thornton, and Stephen, Babington, and Smith.

No sooner was Africa disposed of than Asia called for our exertions; and the very day after the meeting of the African Institution, I was obliged to take active measures for calling a meeting which should prevent the blessed light of Christianity from continuing to be shut out of Asia, as it has hitherto been. The necessity for prompt and vigorous measures arose from this, that the question of the future government of India had come before Parliament, and that there seemed to be some intention on the part of leading men in the House of Commons to smother the question of Christianising India. Accordingly a meeting was called, which was attended, although there were only three days to advertise it in, by about a thousand gentlemen. I send you the Resolutions that were come to, and the Petition that was adopted and signed. What follows the Petition is a paper, which I drew up for spreading correct information on the subject through the country, and for inducing all good men to unite in presenting similar petitions. About a hundred thousand of them will soon be circulated, and we expect petitions from all quarters. There is one signing at Clapham. We are not, I suppose, to expect one from Little Shelford.[1]

[1] Little Shelford, near Cambridge, was the place where T. B. Macaulay was at school under the care of the Rev. Mr. Preston.

The fatigue attending this business has made me ill, and this is the third day I have been kept at home. This illness is the third cause of my not having written to you. However, I am sitting up to-day, thank God, and likely, I hope, through His kindness, to be about again to-morrow.

I was very glad to see your last letter to your Mamma, and to observe the determination you have made that if you fail in your examination, it shall not be for want of diligent application. Now, my dear Tom, this is perfectly right; but then I wish to remind you that this diligence should be the result of a sense of duty rather than of a desire of distinction. You remember what the Bible says of those who love the praise of men more than the praise of God. Now my wish and my prayer for you is that you may act with a view to the latter as your grand and governing aim. Our true wisdom is to do our very best because God would have us to do our best, and then abide the event in tranquillity. If conscious that we have done our best, that there has been no lack of diligence on our part; then, even if we stand in the lowest place, we have no ground for self-dissatisfaction or dejection. Much of the turbulence and disquiet of mind attending mere competition for honours would thus be avoided; and by preserving the mind calm and undisturbed, not only would greater progress be made in study, but when the hour of trial came there would be less solicitude, and therefore a greater facility in producing what had been learned.

But how is this happy temper of mind to be attained? My dear Tom, it is to be obtained by earnest prayer to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, and who, if we ask wisdom of Him in faith, that is, believing in His power and willingness to bestow it, will most assuredly give us that wisdom.—Your affectionate father, Z. MACAULAY.

FROM MRS. MARTHA MORE.

Barley Wood, May 4, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On the subject of Madame de Staël, perhaps I have most to tell. Her relations, our old acquaintances, the Hubers,[1] who, we hope, are becoming religious characters, have just left us. Hannah used to meet the Neckers at Mr. Garrick's when this genius was a great girl. Notwithstanding the little, or rather large taint to which you allude, four hundred cards were left at her door on her arrival. She has been well dosed on the subject of my sister. She is getting

[1] M. and Mme. Huber were relations and hereditary friends of the Necker family. Mme. Killiat, M. Huber's sister, had been the intimate friend of Mme. de Staël before her marriage.

impatient to be thought religious, a very bad sign. Hannah has a great opinion of her talents, but thinks her religious views dark and dangerous, and has cautioned her young friends to be guarded. *Entre nous*, she is determined to come to Barley Wood for religious discussion, and let her! She has been miserable lest Mr. Wilberforce should not think well of her.

After strenuously resisting the Poets of the Lakes, a gentleman has introduced Coleridge, a very superior man certainly, but a destroyed constitution, driven to laudanum, and its follower, port wine. However, I cannot but hope his views are changed; he has affronted all his Socinian friends, and lost his pension; he showed us a note from Dr. Estlin,[1] desiring to see him no more; he states account of his altered views simply, and is very interesting. It took place in Madame de Staël's Germany. That lady desired to see him in London; he gives her all due praise, but persists there is a great flash, without equal depth.

John Harford[2] came yesterday with the following fact from America, to which precious place, you know, Jeffrey[3] is gone for a wife and a feast of Jacobinism. In the first I hope he will succeed, in the latter he has been totally disappointed. On the first introduction to his dear and beloved friend Madison,[4] that gentleman, in whom he is so much disappointed, asked him with the most disgusting and supercilious sneer what the people of England said to the American war? Jeffrey coolly replied he did not think half the people of England knew there was a war.

I forgot to say that on some person's saying to Coleridge he made but a poor breakfast, he replied that Mr. Elwin (who you know was as near infidelity as most persons ever have been) had lent him *Archbishop Leighton*, and that he could not put it out of his hand till four in the morning, and he had never read so fine a work. Just before Coleridge went away, arrived Lady Lifford, a charming pious woman who has a husband a Dean and a Lord.[5] Five minutes before her departure arrived a beautiful creature in a hack chaise, which she dismissed, telling the driver she would be taken up at Wrington. She was most elegantly and fashionably dressed. She mentioned her name so low we did not catch it, but said she had met us once at a neighbouring gentleman's. When all were departed and she found herself alone, she grew very much agitated. I ran

[1] A Unitarian minister at Bristol, with whom Coleridge corresponded.
[2] Mr. Harford of Blaize Castle.
[3] Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, married at New York in 1813, as his second wife, Miss Wilkes, great-niece of John Wilkes.
[4] President of the United States, 1809.
[5] The second Viscount Lifford was in Holy Orders and Dean of Armagh.

for a glass of port, which she eagerly drank. Sally and I left the room to spare her confusion of confession, whatever it might be, before so many. Angelic creature! It was religious trouble. She is high-born and highly married. She is settled about twelve miles from us. She has a sister married to a captain of a ship who is decidedly pious, and here are these two young handsome creatures, without ever having any human means, mistresses of Doddridge, Baxter, etc. I believe Hannah's works first sowed the seed. Her husband is very clever, and won't hear of Mr. Wilberforce's book because of the gloom; but likes to hear her read Hannah's works, and to talk of her, because she is lively and not bitter. Hannah and we were all so exhausted with our morning that we were unable to keep her to dinner; but charged her to come very soon, and bring him with her, at which she was transported. I threw my shawl over my head, and walked down the lane with her, but she stopped every five minutes to kiss me.

I think you must be as tired of this morning as we were. I hope the little remaining time I may be in this world, you will never expect such a long letter again, and who knows, you may not wish it. All this, and not a word of Alexander, the man who has added a text to the Bible, 'you destroyed *my* Capital and I am come to save *yours*.' I know of nothing like it. Astonishing that our archbishops and bishops take no religious hint from these great northern Christians, that they should go and quash the brave English spirit in their liberal intentions towards the sufferings of the Germans; it is something horrible. Had I been in London, I would have locked up Mr. Babington till he had got some thousands from old Noel; [1] 'tis shameful. I wish I had time to copy a paragraph from Admiral Bedford's last letter off the Scheldt, his serious alarm at people flocking over to Paris; their morals are deplorable. Twenty years ago he was in Holland, and the most virtuous people, particularly the women, he ever beheld. Now he says decency forbids him to relate what he knows.—Your very sincere

MARTHA MORE.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS GISBORNE.

Yoxall Lodge, May 13, 1813.

I wish privately to tell you the following anecdote told yesterday to me by my brother. He is recently returned from a house where Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Edgeworth were at the

[1] Mr. Thomas Gisborne Babington, Macaulay's partner, was just engaged to the Hon. Augusta Noel, daughter of Lord Barham, who had been First Lord of the Admiralty in 1805. The marriage took place the following April.

same time. After dinner, the lady of the house and her daughter retired with Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth to the drawing-room, where, as the daughter afterwards detailed to my brother and another gentleman, the following matter took place. The *Christian Observer* being, I think, incidentally named, Miss Edgeworth (her mother-in-law, Mrs. Edgeworth, still being present) said, that some one had sent to her father the *Christian Observer* containing the Review of her late work;[1] that her father read it with great attention; that, on being asked what he thought of it, he replied, 'Curse the writer, I can almost forgive him, he is so clever'; and that one of his sons, Mr. Sneyd Edgeworth (an Irish lawyer) immediately replied, 'Father, you must spare your curses and forgive the writer. I wrote that Review;' and then he added that he had thought his sister so wrong, that he had determined to take that mode of laying his opinions before her. Miss Edgeworth, after giving this account, said she was much struck (or something of the sort) by what her brother had said; and that if her work had a new edition, it should come forth altered as recommended in the *Christian Observer.*

If you can properly tell me anything as to the facts stated or implied in the above account (I have given it accurately as given to me), I shall be very glad.

It must be acknowledged that Miss Edgeworth exhibited considerable magnanimity in accepting the rebukes administered to her, for the Reviewer, after placing Mrs. H. More far above her, as working 'for the glory of God and happiness of men,' proceeds:—

'Miss Edgeworth still perseveres in her hardy and unnatural purpose of presenting to us a world without religion. Bad as the world is, we are still inclined to attribute to it some consciousness of the existence of such a thing as religion, some profession even, and occasionally some form of it. We behold, in short, in Miss Edgeworth's personages what mankind would be without religion. At the death-scene in 'Vivian' we are somewhat startled at the appearance of a clergyman, and at one religious expression in 'Emilie de Coulanges,' a very strange and unaccountable *slip*, shall we call it?'

[1] The second series of *Tales of Fashionable Life*, which includes 'The Absentee' and 'Vivian,' published in 1812.

CHAPTER X

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

AMONG the many subjects of national importance with which Macaulay's mind was occupied during this period of his life, one that engrossed a very large share of his thoughts and pen was the education of the poorer classes. He had, soon after his final return from Africa, made the acquaintance of a man who, notwithstanding great faults, is universally acknowledged to rank high among the pioneers of the education of the mass of the people. Joseph Lancaster's system of employing the older scholars in his schools in teaching, and thus gradually training them in his methods of instruction so as to enable the knowledge of the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic to be imparted to large numbers of children at the same time, began to attract considerable attention; and the Borough School in Southwark, which was under his own special guidance, was visited by numbers of persons who were interested in progress. The system was brought prominently into notice by the patronage of the King, who honoured Lancaster with a private interview, in which he encouraged him to persevere in his efforts, and expressed his earnest desire that every poor child in his dominions should be taught to read the Bible.

Many of the difficulties which Lancaster had had to encounter were now smoothed away by the royal patronage, and he found himself celebrated, and his advice sought for on every side; but unfortunately his head was too weak to support with propriety the success which he had deservedly attained. He disgusted his well-wishers by vanity and self-conceit, and his foolish and reckless expenditure soon involved his schools deeply in debt.

The good work which he had been the means of inaugurating was not, however, allowed to suffer. A few philanthropic noblemen and gentlemen joined together to meet the liabilities which

he had incurred, became trustees for his schools, and founded the Society which was known ultimately by the title of the British and Foreign School Society.

Lancaster's disposition, however, was such that it was difficult to benefit him permanently. Impatient of control, his wild impulses and extravagance made him impossible as a fellow-worker. He soon quarrelled with the friends who had come to his rescue, and the remainder of his history is a painful record, ending in bankruptcy and utter ruin. A small annuity which was then provided for him could not save him from the suffering which was the inevitable consequence of his persistent misconduct; and he was again plunged deeply in debt when his career was terminated by an accident in New York, where he passed the last part of a life which had promised so differently.

It may well be imagined that such a character possessed few attractions for a man of Macaulay's disposition, although he spared no pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Lancaster's plans; gave just praise to the energy of his labours on so important a subject as Macaulay felt National Education to be; and even at first bestowed some salutary counsel upon him, advising Lancaster specially to be on his guard against vanity and self-confidence. But Macaulay's keen insight was not long in discerning the real nature of the individual with whom he was dealing, and in the controversy which shortly arose between Lancaster and Dr. Bell, who claimed priority in the discovery of the theory of instruction which at that period went by the name of the Lancastrian system, Macaulay steadily supported Dr. Bell's claim to be the original promulgator of the monitorial scheme. In 1804 Macaulay writes:—

'There is something very plausible in Mr. Lancaster's proposal of a Society established on general Christian principles; but who shall fix what are those general principles of Christianity, which, as essential verities, must be made the basis of a system of instruction? By general Christian principles Mr. Lancaster has left room to conjecture that he may have meant something which might coalesce as well with Deism as with Christianity. What right have those to be considered Christians who deem it unnecessary to introduce into their plans of education any reference to the salvation purchased for us by the blood of Christ? By Mr. Lancaster's scheme religious bigotry may be avoided; but there is another evil which is the greatest

that can befall a nation—irreligion; ignorance of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. The resident parochial clergy have it in their power to obtain the superintendence over a large proportion of the lower classes of schools throughout the kingdom, and the good which they may effect is incalculable.'

Dr. Andrew Bell appears to have originated the scheme of mutual instruction in India almost simultaneously with Joseph Lancaster in this country, and he had utilised his position as teacher in the Orphan School at Madras to make experiments and perfect the system. On his return to England he placed his experience at the disposal of Macaulay, who with his band of allies was actively engaged in organising the association which was finally founded in 1811 under the title of the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England. Dr. Bell was employed by them in the formation of schools in which the new system of instruction and internal arrangements was adopted, but which made the religious teaching of the Church of England the basis of the whole fabric.[1]

The chief difference, therefore, between the two Associations was, that in the schools of the British and Foreign School Society no Catechism or doctrinal teaching was permitted, and the religious instruction consisted simply in portions of Scripture which were read aloud daily. But to this Society, and to its great rival the National Society, the merit must be attributed of having laid the foundations of popular education in this country.

No one rejoiced more heartily than Macaulay did in the successful establishment of the National Society, but his was not a mind that was easily satisfied; and impelled by the strong conviction which he had of the results which could be obtained from such a powerful organisation, if properly directed, he may soon be found urging an extension of the work of the Society. He writes:—

'The National Society being an engine of mighty power, and having among its members the whole bench of bishops,

[1] 'To Central National School meeting—children admirably taught, and general spirit delightful and animating. The difference between them and the Lancastrians very striking—exemplifying the distinction between Church of England and Dissenterism.'—*Wilberforce's Diary, June* 1814.

should go at once to the legislature with a plan for educating the poor;—a plan which shall embrace every parish in the kingdom, we had almost said in the empire; and which shall enact that wherever there do not already exist sufficient means of educating the poor in the principles of the established Church, such means shall be provided by a parish or other rate. A measure of this kind, while it would secure in every place the means of educating the poor in the principles of the established Church, would at the same time leave every one at perfect liberty to pursue such a course of education, or form such institutions, as he might deem eligible; and this would take away every reasonable objection which could be made to the plan by Dissenters from the establishment. If we are zealous for the extension of education on the principles of the Liturgy and Catechism of the Church of England, it is not because that Church is established by law, but because we believe it in our conscience to be, without any exception, the best form of Christianity; the best for training both the young and old to knowledge and virtue, and marshalling them the way to heaven.'

The following letter is inserted as a specimen of many which Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle and President of Queens' College at Cambridge, was in the habit of addressing to Macaulay and to others of his friends. His character presented the spectacle of a singular compound of great intellectual power, uncommon kindness and benevolence, indolence and hypochondria. He is said to be the sole individual upon whom, when taking a degree, the title of *incomparabilis* has been conferred. He died in 1820, at the age of sixty-nine.

FROM THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

Carlisle Deanery, August 3, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe you may have always, or almost always, observed that when I do not write regularly, there is something not very pleasant going forward.

You will be sorry to hear that an addition has lately been made to my many infirmities, namely, an inflamed and sore foot. The history of it is, that about ten days ago on pulling off my stocking for bed, a most intolerable itching was felt at the top (not the end) of the middle toe of my right foot. Without thought, I rubbed, and perhaps scratched it imprudently. This may have been the bite of a gnat (I hope not

of a bug), for the itching is extremely like that of the bite of a gnat, and I have several of those bites on my hands at this moment, red places, bumps, that itch most intolerably. The place may have come of itself, or from the late sultry weather, aided by the pinching of the folds of a stocking somewhat. Whatever has been the cause, it certainly has grown worse, spread a little, and grown more inflamed, and always on the least motion and bearing my weight on the part. I am now reduced to a state of absolute rest; and you will understand that though I am not in the habit of taking much exercise, yet the want of the little which I did take is most severely felt. I wrote yesterday, in consequence of the part appearing worse and sorer, to our old steady friend William Hey, from whom I trust I shall receive soon as good advice as can be given without seeing the parts affected.

I have, however, preached at the Cathedral ever since I came here, six times; but I suffered so much last Sunday that I am compelled to pause.

This business affects me much more than might have been expected, or than it would probably have affected a person less worn down by infirmities, and of a better habit of body than I can be supposed to be. The being quite still is a trying evil, and will prove to me a discipline which will, I fear, go hard with me. I have experienced during some nights much sinking, low fever, and general debility. 'Tot vulneribus jam perculsus, huic uni me imparem sensi et pene succubui,' said Tully upon a different occasion.

What a brittle thing life is! Mr. Mason lost his life in about four days from a very slight bruise on his leg; and there are many similar cases on record, which are very likely to occur to my mind, from having read so much about these subjects; but one had not need to be for ever suspecting the worst. At the same time what warnings we all have! Who would have thought that such a bundle of infirmities as myself would have survived the late Bishop of London,[1] who seemed robust and hardy both in body and mind? His removal, I hope, cannot well fail to be favourable to the Church. He was most abominably tyrannical and prejudiced up to the ears. His enmity to the Bible Society has been excessive and unreasonable in the highest degree. I understand that poor Owen is at length ousted from his useful situation at Fulham by means of his Rector, supported no doubt by the Bishop of London now deceased.

[1] Dr. Randolph, who had required Mr. John Owen, the Secretary of the Bible Society, to reside at a living in Essex to which he had been presented by Porteous, Bishop of London, in 1808.

I was not without some hopes of raising a Bible Society Auxiliary in these parts, but everything seems adverse among the great. Our Bishop is prejudiced beyond example, and I am sorry to hear that Lord Lonsdale, from whom I had hoped better things, is most determined to be hostile, and has got it into his head that we are all Dissenters or little better at bottom.—Yours very faithfully, ISAAC MILNER.

TO T. B. MACAULAY.[1]

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Then He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

August 15, 1813.

MY DEAR TOM,—When I read your sorrowing letter to your Mamma my mind almost instantly recurred to the above lines. I think I heard you repeat them this day se'ennight. It is only necessary to feel their force in order to dry your tears. Consider how much our blessed Saviour voluntarily and cheerfully bore for our sakes, to what pain and shame He was subjected, what privations and what sufferings He endured, and that without a murmur; and then you will feel your own troubles light. He left the bosom of His Father for upwards of thirty years, during which He had to encounter every form of calamity and every depth of human wretchedness; and yet how cheerfully did He submit to the will of Him that sent Him, how cheerfully did He apply Himself to the work that was given Him to do! For what purpose was this example exhibited to us? It was among other things as an example that we should tread in His steps; that each of us in our sphere should do that which it was clearly our duty to do without murmuring or repining, nay, with content and satisfaction. Now, my dear Tom, I am far from saying you ought not to feel and to feel keenly the separation for a few months from a mother in every way so worthy of your affections and who loves you so tenderly, from myself and from your brothers and sisters, but a sense of duty should make even this pleasant. It is the will of your parents, and therefore the will of God, that you should be placed where you are; and you must be

[1] This is a reply to a very unhappy letter from his son, written on his return to school. Sir George Trevelyan says: 'His father answered him in a letter of strong religious complexion, full of feeling and even of beauty, but too long for reproduction in a biography that is not his own.'—*Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.*

sensible that it is for your own benefit and advantage, not for their pleasure, that they have made this arrangement. It would be a pleasure to them to have you always with them. But this would not be best for you, and it is now your business, as you wish to add to their comfort and happiness, cheerfully to set yourself to make the most of your situation. Compare your condition with that of many even of your own acquaintance. You have parents to watch over you and provide for you, to take part in all your pains and wants, and to rejoice in your improvement. How little would Henry Venn[1] now count every other trial, and especially such a trial as that of going for a few months to receive instruction under so kind and estimable a friend as Mr. Preston, and with such pleasant associates as Blundell and Stainforth, if he could but enjoy as you do the pleasure of writing to and hearing from his parents, and of looking forward to a meeting with them after a few months, with increased stores of knowledge and fresh trophies of advancement. Pray to God, my dear Tom, that He would give you that calm fortitude and serenity of mind which it is our duty to cultivate under all circumstances, and that He would enable you to give up cheerfully your own selfish preferences when these stand in the way of duty. And fix your eyes on that meek and patient Lamb of God whose language and whose life exhibit one uniform and striking example of self-denial and resignation and holy and cheerful obedience.

I hope to hear that the clouds which darkened your horizon have been dispersed, and that all is light and sunshine within.—I ever am, my dear Tom, your affectionate father,

Z. MACAULAY.

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

Little Shelford, September 15, 1813.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—I received your kind letter to-day, but before I proceed to answer it I must observe that I wish you would direct to me as Mr. and not Master Macaulay, since it subjects me to jokes which I could willingly dispense with.

The late news of Vandamme's[2] defeat has contributed to raise our spirits a good deal. Mr. Preston (saving your presence) is a very despairing politician, and whenever he

[1] His father, the Rev. John Venn, the Rector of Clapham, had died earlier in the year. The Rev. William Dealtry was presented by Mr. Simeon to the living, and held it for many years.

[2] Vandamme was taken prisoner at Kulm with 10,000 men on August 30.

begins to talk of politics I cannot help thinking that he addresses us in the language of Kirke White—

> 'Come let us sit, and weave a song,
> A melancholy song.'[1]

To-day Mr. Hodson came from Cambridge with the news. Mr. Preston said, 'Yes, it seems to be favourable upon the whole.' We all could not help bursting out laughing, which I joined with all my heart. Mr. Preston continued, 'My friends here are laughing,' said he; 'I have been croaking to them of late.' Indeed he had been croaking, and foreboding nothing but

> 'Death and defeat and loss of fame.'

Mr. Hodson said, 'Take in the *Morning Chronicle*. It will croak to any tune you may desire.' So ended the dialogue, which to me seemed one of the most ludicrous I ever heard.

I should be obliged if you or the next member of the family who favours me with a letter would inform me whether my Uncle Colin is yet gone, or when he is going, or whether he prefers the pleasures of peace and tranquillity in Old England to fighting its battles and earning the laurels of victory in the valleys of the Pyrenees or on the ramparts of Bayonne. Time flies away so fast that in six weeks I shall be packing up for my return, and in less than a fortnight shall be commencing my examination studies.

I am every day anticipating our fireside pleasures in the holidays. I remember almost every little circumstance that took place in the summer. I have not forgot the pears that John gave me the day before I came, nor Henry's eager desire to see the Blumbo, whom I hope he will again see before long.

Our next subject of debate is on Catholic Emancipation. I do not much like political subjects, for they make the boys rather too warm in defence of this or that party. Especially when some of the boys have their fathers in the House of Commons, they fight for their fathers' party right or wrong.—Your affectionate son, T. B. MACAULAY.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

I have had a letter from Lord Byron. You will like to see it, and I send you a copy. I was gratified by it.

[1] Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath
I'll weave a melancholy song;
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.
To the Herb Rosemary.—*Memorials of Kirke White.*

Bonaparte has called for an immediate levy of five hundred thousand conscripts and three hundred millions of livres; and he declares his purpose to be to make all his enemies bite the dust. He that sitteth in the heavens, I trust, hears this vain boast with derision, and will bring it to nought, as He has done the former boasts of this impious man. After having been employed as the Scourge of God for punishing the guilty nations of the earth, it would seem as if he were himself to be erected as a beacon to warn the kings and great men of the perils of a lawless and inordinate ambition.

FROM LORD BYRON.

December 3, 1813.

SIR,—I have just finished the perusal of an article in the *Christian Observer* on the 'Giaour.' You perhaps are unacquainted with the writer, and at all events I have no business to enquire. I only wish you would have the goodness to thank him very sincerely on my part for the pleasure (I do not say unmixed pleasure) which the perusal of a very able, and I believe just criticism has afforded me. Of course I cannot be an impartial witness of its justice, but it is something in its favour when the author criticised does not complain of its sentence. This is not affectation: if I felt angry I could not conceal it even from others, and contempt can only be bestowed on the weak, amongst whom the writer of this article has certainly no place.

I shall merely add that this is the first notice I have for some years taken of any public criticism, good or bad, in the way of either thanks or defence, and I trust that yourself and the writer will not attribute to any unworthy motive my deviating for once from my usual custom to express myself obliged to him.—I have the honour to be very sincerely your most obedient very humble servant, BIRON.

P.S.—I cannot fold this without congratulating you on the acquisition of a writer in your valuable journal, whose style and powers are so far above the generality of writers as the author of the remarks to which I have alluded.

Macaulay, in unison with his friends, exerted himself greatly during this time in endeavours to relieve the terrible destitution among the population in Germany, which was the result of the ravages of the Continental war. He and Thornton and Wilberforce not only contributed themselves, as far as their means permitted, but expended a good deal of pains and energy

in opening a subscription for the benefit of the distressed Germans, and in holding public meetings from time to time in order to keep the concern in their situation alive.

No one can look over Macaulay's correspondence of the years preceding 1815 without acknowledging the paramount interest with which he followed the events on the Continent, and the rejoicing with which he greeted the success of Great Britain and her allies in a war which it is easy to see partook in his eyes of the nature of a religious war. The Emperor Alexander of Russia was of a character calculated to excite the hopes of the opponents of slavery, who believed that this great Potentate possessed the power to put an end if he pleased to the Foreign Slave Trade, which rendered abortive the precautions taken by the British Government against smuggling slaves into our Colonies, and against enslaving fresh Africans. In spite of the utmost vigilance, all precautions against the traffic in human beings were eluded; and it was with anxious and heavy hearts that, after Parliament rose, the interior Council of Abolition assembled in the summer of 1813. The place of meeting was Sandgate, where Mr. Wilberforce was settled for some months, and where he was joined by Henry Thornton, whose failing health was but too apparent to the eyes of his devoted friends, by Mr. Stephen and his son, afterwards known as Sir James Stephen of the Colonial Office, and by Brougham and Macaulay. There the measures to be laid before the African Institution were anxiously considered and discussed in all possible bearings, and, when finally decided upon to the satisfaction of the conclave, were invariably, as a matter of mere routine, laid aside to be worked into proper shape for presentation to the Committee by Macaulay and Mr. Stephen upon their return to town. The other members of the party might linger on by the seaside to snatch a short respite from their labours, but such a pause in their existence was necessarily denied at so important a crisis to these two indomitable friends of the slaves.

The warfare against the evasions of the Slave Trade Abolition Act, and the constant watchful enforcement of the Slave Felony Acts, had been waged with unremitting zeal by Macaulay and Mr. Stephen; but the great measure for the Registration of Slaves, a noble conception which has the merit of first

opening the possibility of that final Emancipation which crowned their efforts twenty years later, is originally attributable to the mind of Stephen.

The principle of registration to which the friends looked hopefully for the salvation of their black clients, since it would secure to them the protection of Parliament, made very slow progress. In 1812 an Order in Council enforced the registration of slaves in Trinidad. By 1815 the only other Colonies to which it had been extended were St. Lucia and Mauritius. In bitter resentment at the indifference of the Ministers, Mr. Stephen threw up his seat in the House of Commons rather than continue to support a Government which obstinately refused to promote a measure, the efficiency of which, in affording protection to the unhappy slaves, they yet fully acknowledged.

Stephen was a man of a fiery and impetuous nature, and apt to be carried away by the vehemence of his feelings, but as a rule he was accessible to the influence of the calm and friendly remonstrances of Macaulay, to whom he was warmly attached. On an occasion about this time, however, when Stephen had worked himself up into a state of violent indignation at the lukewarmness of the Government, one of his sons remembered that Macaulay, after making some ineffectual attempts to soothe him, turned to himself, then a mere lad, and said with a certain admiration for the righteous wrath of his ally, 'In anger, your father is terrific.'

The Registration Bill was introduced by Mr. Wilberforce late in the Session of 1815. The tactics adopted by its West Indian opponents were unscrupulous and violent, and various causes concurred to delay its progress. It was not until 1819 that the Government perceived that the moment had arrived when action was imperative, and during the Session of that year a Bill was introduced by the Secretary of State for the Colonies which effectually settled the matter, by enacting that an efficient system of registration of the slaves thoroughout the British dominions should come into force on the 1st of January 1820.

After seven years of ceaseless toil and repeated disappointments, Macaulay and Stephen thus enjoyed the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling assured that, in the system at length legally established, lay the best available protection for their

helpless clients. It was also the first advance on the road to Emancipation, a goal which it is clear from various indications that from this period Macaulay himself began to have in view, although with his habitual caution he for the present confined his ambition to the task of gaining step by step every immediate advantage, however apparently insignificant, that it was possible to win for the great cause. But it is evident that the highest aspiration of the majority of his colleagues did not rise above the hope that a general abolition of the Slave Trade might, in consequence of their efforts, be enforced upon all foreign countries equally with Great Britain.

One cause which had affected the progress of the Registration Bill, and cooled for a time the ardour of its advocates, was that the conjuncture of events which arose in 1814 upon Napoleon's abdication and the termination of the great war, was supposed to be most favourable to the interests of Abolition. At a meeting of the African Institution which was held at Gloucester House in April, where all the principal members were assembled, and among them Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Lord Lansdowne, Sir James Mackintosh, Stephen, Wilberforce, Brougham, and Macaulay, a Resolution was passed deciding to abandon for the moment the Registration Bill; to push for a Convention for the general Abolition of the Slave Trade; to present an Address to the Crown; and to negotiate with the Foreign powers. It was also decided, with the approbation of the Government, that the Board should send an envoy to Paris to be at hand to supply Lord Castlereagh with information, and that he should be a person who would be qualified to carry on discussions with Talleyrand, and Malouet, the Minister of the Colonies.

The choice of the Committee unanimously fell upon Macaulay; and indeed his zeal, sagacity, and accuracy, coupled with his perfect mastery of the French language, pointed him out as specially fitted for the Mission. He left for Paris in May, accompanied by his brother the General, whose acquaintance with many of the political personages assembled for the negotiations was expected to be of great service in facilitating business, and by Mr. Dicey, a Leicestershire country gentleman, who had married a daughter of Mr. Stephen. But all Macaulay's endeavours to induce Lord Castlereagh to take

the decided line of action which must at once have put an end to legalised traffic in human beings proved ineffectual, and the utmost concession that he could obtain was that some vague promise as to the future should be inserted in the French Treaty. Under these circumstances he felt that any further stay in Paris was useless, and returned in bitter disappointment to announce his failure to his friends. They all assembled to greet him at Henry Thornton's town house in Old Palace Yard, where Macaulay related his experiences, and read aloud the letter of which he was the bearer from Talleyrand to Wilberforce, on which the opinion pronounced by the audience was that it was very clever, but artful and dissembling.

In the following year, however, an entirely unexpected auxiliary came to the assistance of the Abolitionists upon this question. Bonaparte, during his brief restoration to power, issued a proclamation abolishing the French Slave Trade, and upon the return of the Bourbons, it was felt that his action had made it impossible for their Government to sanction its continuance. The appointment also of the Duke of Wellington as English ambassador at Paris was most auspicious for the cause, and during the Congress of Vienna and afterwards, Macaulay was in continual communication with him and with Lord Castlereagh respecting the abolition of the Foreign Slave Trade. To secure the fulfilment of the promise that the Slave Trade should not be revived where it had been actually suppressed, Macaulay had laboriously collected a mass of proofs that were convincing to any unprejudiced mind as to the fact that, except for a small amount of smuggling, the Slave Trade had entirely ceased upon the windward coast of Africa, from Cape Blanco to the Equator. Even Mr. Wilberforce expressed amazement to find the proof so adequate. 'I do not think,' he writes, 'that a grain can be added to the weight with which your zeal, diligence, and method in preserving your papers have loaded the scale in our favour.' Macaulay remarked to the Duke of Wellington that he thought it would be impossible for the French Ministers to elude the force of the evidence. 'I do not see how on earth they can,' was the reply of the Duke. It was not, however, till 1819 that the Abolition of the Slave Trade was effectually carried out by legislation in

France, and the treaty made with Spain which provided for finally abolishing the Foreign Slave Trade after May 1820. On this occasion Mr. Wilberforce writes to Macaulay: 'No one has more right than you to be congratulated, for no one has done or suffered as much as yourself in and for this great cause.'

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Paris, May 30, 1814.

I yesterday received your letter of the 25th, and rejoice in your good news, for what can be better news for me than to hear you are all in health? I am to be with Madame de Staël to-day by her own desire at one, and afterwards dine with M. le Baron de Malouet, the Minister of the Marine and the Colonies, by special invitation, 'to talk over the interesting subject of the African Slave Trade.' What will come of it all I know not, but it seems right to cherish every opening prospect of good, however slight.

I dined yesterday at a M. Faber's, a great merchant who lives at the foot of Montmartre. He has several young ladies in the family. They were describing in lively terms their *frayeur incroyable* while the cannon were roaring and the balls falling around them. They did not quit their house, however. It was terrible, they said, to see the dead and the dying borne along from the field of battle.

Yesterday had not the slightest appearance of Sunday. It differed from other days in being more gay and festive. The theatres were all open, and the Palais Royal and the Boulevards and the Tuileries filled to excess with men and women in their best array; but so tranquil and so well behaved that if one did not see them to be immortal spirits enjoying this world without the slightest recollection of another, there would be something delightful in their gaiety. I heard a sermon at Lord Cathcart's from a Mr. Lee, which I am persuaded was more Popish than anything preached at Paris anywhere else on the same day. He told us very often that we were to be saved by our repentance and good works, and that those who merited pardon and heaven would get both, so therefore do what you can to deserve both.

One of the first things a person is struck with on exchanging London for Paris is the superior decorum which reigns in the latter place. The women are all dressed with singular modesty, and if a person avoids the haunts of vice and prostitution, the limits of which in Paris are very exactly defined, he sees nothing to offend the nicest delicacy. Even among the

lower classes there is a remarkable absence of external behaviour really indelicate. Some things indeed are said and done without scruple which we should not do or say in England; but the ears of modesty are seldom offended in this country, as in England, by rude or indecent language.

The *coup d'œil* of Paris is exceedingly striking, much more so than London; but, after all, it is in many respects a far inferior place. The tranquillity of it at the present moment is hardly to be conceived. I have neither seen nor heard anything here which indicates the slightest indisposition towards the Bourbons, while there is much which marks their popularity. Every shop is filled with pamphlets in their favour; and the whole course of things at the theatres is decidedly loyal.

I saw Blucher for some time one evening, I am sorry to say, playing deep at *rouge et noir*.[1] He is a stout-looking man for his years, and seems of active habits, and civil in his manners. But he gives an idea rather of an old farmer than of a victorious General. The post, however, will not wait, so I must despatch this.[2]

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday.

I have read our friend William Allen's letter with very great interest, and I trust some little good may be gained, but my disappointment will not be great if that little be reduced to nothing. In truth, I fear William Allen has been egregiously deceived by the great men he has conversed with. I don't mean by any extraordinary vapouring of Alexander, though of that he is quite capable, but that William Allen has mistaken the mere mouth civility of courtiers for acquiescence, even hearty concurrence.

I wish I may prove wrong, but my estimate of the principles of those gentry is very low.

Lord Wellington, by understanding (though not by feeling, of which he has none), is with us, and pretty stoutly. My remarks do not apply to him.

General Macaulay, since his return from the East, had more than once paid a visit of several months' duration to the neigh-

[1] 'On his (Marshal Blucher's) arrival at Paris, he went every day to the *salon*, and played the highest stakes at *rouge et noir*. The *salon* was crowded by persons who came to see him play. His manner of playing was anything but gentlemanlike, and when he lost he used to swear in German at everything that was French, looking daggers at the croupiers.'—*Reminiscences of Captain Gronow.*

[2] It seems a curious fact that the sole address of the letters sent from England by post to Macaulay during his stay on this occasion at Paris was 'M. Macaulay, chez M. Luke Callaghan, Paris.'

bourhood of Geneva, where he had entered into society, had made many interesting acquaintances, and had laid the foundations of several valuable and lifelong friendships both for himself and his brother. Society in Geneva at that time was closely connected with England; and among others, Sismondi, the historian of the Italian Republics, had been already brought into familiar relations with the Abolitionist party in London through his marriage with a sister-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh; and the well-known M. Dumont had only recently quitted England to establish himself at his native town, in order to assist in its restoration to independence.

FROM M. DE SISMONDI.

Geneva, November 23, 1814.

SIR,—I am unable to express the gratitude and exultation with which I have received your kind letter of the 8th instant. I will look out for another opportunity to send to you some copies of a second pamphlet on the same subject, which I am just publishing. You have the more right to it, sir, as I owe several parts of the information contained in it to a publication of yours, the *Christian Observer*, which was communicated to me by your brother, General Macaulay. A friend of Lord Holland, and my friend M. Dumont, had received, it seems, from Sir Samuel Romilly, orders to spread in France publications on that subject at the cost of the African Institution. We have agreed with a bookseller to print both pamphlets in the cheapest way, and we took care to disseminate the first in all the mercantile towns and seaports of France, to direct them to the most notable Chambres de Commerce, and to circulate them in the most brilliant circles of Paris; and if the book may do any good, we have not been deficient at least in our efforts to draw on it the attention of the public. The second part has not yet passed the censure in France. The printer of Geneva will send you a number of copies to Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, 50, my bookseller in London. I am impatient to know whether it will deserve that benevolent approbation so kindly conferred on the first by my friends in England.

I am happy, sir, that you gave me an opportunity of declaring my high regard for you. I beg you to receive the assurance of my sincere esteem and respect, and to believe me to be your very faithful servant,

SIMONDI DE SISMONDI.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, December 26, 1814.

I am half angry with myself for having brought upon you the task of writing so long a letter in your present state of health. I should not have written so soon had it not been to give you some account of our dear friend Henry Thornton. You can hardly conceive to what a degree he is extenuated and enfeebled in body, while his eye is as clear, his perceptions as acute, and his mind as vigorous as ever. I think I can see that Mrs. Thornton does not surrender herself entirely to the flattering assurance of the physicians; and for my own part I must confess that my fears greatly preponderate. You will enter into all the feelings with which I look forward to the probable dissolution of a fellowship like that which for twenty-two years has subsisted between Thornton and myself, a fellowship which, I think, has been more entire than I have enjoyed with any other person whatsoever. God grant that my fears may prove vain!

Tom is at home, and well. I am glad you like his 'Vision.' My brother, the General, showed it to the great Duke, who was much pleased with it. The Duke has entered heartily into Abolition politics. May he be as successful here as elsewhere!

I think that right principles and feelings have gathered strength in Tom's mind, and he certainly continues as much attached as ever to home and its delights, and particularly to his dear mother, in whom he takes a genuine delight. My wife and nine children are all in health. It has pleased God to bless all of them with sound constitutions and fair understandings, and they are all dutiful and affectionate to us and each other.

We have rejoiced in receiving from time to time accounts of your progressive convalescence. And yet I have sometimes thought had the issue been different, what should we have had to regret on your own account? We should have seen you rapt up as it were with Elijah in his chariot of fire, or ascending from the funeral pile with the Polycarps and Ridleys of other days, exchanging with them pain and weariness and mortality for glory and immortality and joy.

You may have heard that the Duke of Wellington has succeeded in procuring from the French Government a decree abolishing the Slave Trade along the whole of the African coast as far down as Cape Formosa. Sierra Leone, and all the places where we have been carrying on our improvements are now exempted from the calamity which threatened them. Let us bless God for this; it is beyond my hopes.

The 'Vision,' the poem alluded to in the foregoing letter, must have peculiarly gratified the paternal pride of Macaulay. It embodied the reproaches of the Genius of Africa against Britain for the neglect shown to the interests of the slaves in the Treaty of Paris. Lord Castlereagh is styled the callous Envoy, and the boy winds up by an impassioned appeal to the Emperor Alexander, on whom, at that period, the hopes of all the Abolitionists were fixed, to issue his mandate to put an end to the Foreign Slave Trade.

But subjects of reflection of a melancholy nature were now occupying Macaulay's mind to the exclusion for the moment of all others. The death of Henry Thornton of decline on the 16th of January 1815, terminating the friendship which had united the two men so closely, may perhaps be reckoned as the most poignant sorrow of Macaulay's life. In later years the loss of the wife, whom he regarded with feelings of devoted affection, was indeed a crushing blow; but at the period at which it occurred Macaulay was broken by misfortune and anxiety, and his impaired health gave him the consolation of hoping that he should not long survive her, while at the time of Henry Thornton's death he was in the prime and vigour of life, and his feelings were proportionally acute and not dulled by years and suffering. The loss of the daily association with a friend of his own age, to whom his interests were as sacred as those of a brother, was irreparable; while at the same time he had to mourn the severance on public grounds, for in all matters connected with the great cause to which they had primarily consecrated their lives, as well as in many other important matters, he had been accustomed to rely for advice and guidance on Henry Thornton's sense and discernment. Macaulay's habitual reticence and self-control rendered his grief the more pathetic, and his letter to Mrs. Thornton, who only survived her husband a few months, is singularly touching and beautiful.

TO MRS. HENRY THORNTON.

February 1, 1815.

MY DEAR MRS. THORNTON,—Could anything have been wanting to make me feel the full extent of your kindness, or to add to my regard for you, it would have been supplied by your letter and present of yesterday. To me that memorial

of one who was indeed a friend will be very dear, nor will the hand that bestowed it be less dear for having done me the justice to believe I should cherish such a gift. I did indeed love its possessor while living, and I had cause to love him. There are, I know, many sincere mourners for his loss; but out of the immediate circle of his family, on none can that loss have fallen with such weight as on myself. I can truly say that for the last twenty-two years he was, as it were, my polar star, my presiding, my better genius. A thought of him, of the gleam of his approbation, or of his graver look of doubt or dissent, mingled itself insensibly, not merely with my larger pursuits, my plans and schemes in life, but with almost all I wrote or did. What will Henry Thornton say? was with me a trying question on all occasions. Indeed, if you fully knew—it is fully known only to myself and to my God—if you fully knew the part he took in rousing me to better and higher sentiments and pursuits than I had been familiar with before, the pains he bestowed—the forbearance he exercised—the condescension that he manifested—the care and patience with which he called forth and cherished whatever he might have discovered of a right tendency in a mind too much debased and warped to evil by its previous associations, you would be better able to appreciate the grounds of that grateful and affectionate reverence in addition to all that were supplied by the intrinsic value of the great qualities of the head and heart, with which I clung to his friendship and sought his society, and now mourn his loss. Multitudes have been benefited by his bounty and been improved by his society; but in my case I owe him almost all. The happiness and usefulness of my life, in whatever degree it may have been useful, have so had their springs in him, that in losing him I feel I have lost a father as well as a friend and guide. Indeed there is hardly a friendship in which I now delight, hardly a domestic relation in which I am blest, which does not more or less link itself with his remembrance. But why should I interrupt your heavier grief with any reference to my own affliction? You owe the intrusion to the affecting testimony you have given me of your kindness.

I have been pleasing myself with figuring to my mind our dear friend Venn welcoming his former associate in the heavenly course to a participation of the joys with a foretaste of which they had been blessed on earth.

A few short years over, and if we are followers of their faith and patience we shall join them, and shall then not even think of our present sorrows except as they may have contributed to prepare us by their purifying effects for the glory that excelleth. We know what the delights of their society were on earth.

What must it be in heaven?—Believe me, yours most truly and faithfully, Z. MACAULAY.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, February 8, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just been paying the last sad offices of humanity to our dear Bowdler. His body was entombed amid a select group of sorrowing friends whose grief witnessed the place he had held in their affection, and in whose hearts the remembrance of what he was will, I trust, tend to assimilate them to the same brightening image of the Saviour he loved and served.

I need not tell you what a breach this has made in our circle, broken as it had already been by our dear Henry Thornton's death. When I look on his dear wife and children I am ashamed to speak of my own share in this calamity; and yet mine is certainly no common grief. There were many who owed him much. I owed him almost all—I owed him in no small degree myself—my rescue from base and grovelling associations to high and noble and elevating objects, to a fellowship with himself. I alone, and God, with whom is the record of it, know what I owe to that dear friend. I cannot even turn my sorrowing eye on my own dear wife and children without recollecting the part that hand which is now mouldering in the grave, and that heart which has ceased to beat, had in rearing the fabric of my worldly happiness. For twenty-two years he was indeed the guide, philosopher, and friend, the steady and faithful counsellor, the cheerful and unwearied fellow-labourer. Our sentiments and pursuits were identified in a degree that seldom occurs. And I can truly say that I hardly wrote or acted during that time without feeling that his eye was upon me, and thinking either of the gleam of his approbation or his graver look of doubt and dissent. May God forgive my abuse and nonimprovement of this privilege, for sure never was man more blessed in an associate!

But if I can thus write and feel, what must be the feelings of his dear wife? She is indeed very desolate, but receives support and consolation in the hour of her distress where she had been taught to place her dependence in the hour of prosperity. She stands a most encouraging example of the power of Christian faith in circumstances peculiarly trying. She has lost in her husband the light of her eyes. She had almost adopted Bowdler as a son, on whose arm she might lean during the residue of life's journey. The staff is rent from her grasp, and she is left a widow indeed.

You would be surprised at the cold, meagre, inadequate mention of Henry Thornton in the *Christian Observer.* It was unavoidable. Henry had issued a very strong and urgent request to his wife that he might not be eulogised in it. She conveyed that request to me in still stronger language, I believe, than it had been conveyed to her. I received it as a prohibition even to mention him at all, and that was my course. But an hour or two before the last sheet of the work went to press I was told I might announce his death as if he were unknown to the Editor except by the notoriety of his character. I cut out a piece that had already been printed to make room for the few words you see.

With our united regards to you all (I feel you are all become dearer for loving so well those I loved), yours ever most truly,

Z. MACAULAY.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, February 15, 1815.

You would be shocked to hear that another dear friend had been summoned from our circle. Dr. Buchanan had mingled his tears with mine over Henry Thornton's grave. He staid to talk over our loss till the succeeding day, when he left us apparently in very good health. This state of health continued to the very day of his death. He died very suddenly and unexpectedly. It gives me unspeakable satisfaction to reflect now on much that passed between us during that interview. He was describing, among other things, the minute pains he was taking with the proofs and revision of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye five times before it was finally sent to press. He had expected, he said, beforehand that this process would have proved irksome to him, but no, he added, every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties. Here he stopped and burst into tears. I was alarmed. 'Don't be alarmed,' he said as soon as he had recovered himself; 'I could not suppress the emotion I felt as I recollected the delight it had pleased God to afford me in the reading of His Word.'

Mrs. Thornton, I think, is better on the whole. Marianne has conducted herself admirably throughout the trying scenes she has had to pass through.

FROM MRS. H. MORE TO MRS. MACAULAY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—For your kind, interesting and heart-breaking letter I return you my sincere thanks, but they must

be hasty, as I am very unwell. Thornton, Bowdler, Buchanan! Three such men in three weeks! Who next? I almost tremble to open a letter. But I need not add my sorrows to your own, which are intense.

What a loss is Dr. Buchanan! I am afraid, like the natives of his own East, he sacrificed himself on the tomb of his Benefactor, for I hear that a cold caught at Henry's funeral brought on his death.

I am truly uneasy for Mr. Macaulay's health and peace from the deep interest he takes in this unexpected misfortune. He seems to be always working for others to the destruction of his own repose and time. It is indeed a succession of Christian offices of which his life is made up. It is a pleasure to talk about him with dear Wilberforce. Mr. Macaulay's zeal in the cause of the widow and fatherless is truly noble. Thank God there is a reward for the righteous. Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth!—Yours affectionately, H. MORE.

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

Barley Wood, March 29, 1815.

I must repeat it, no friend you have can sympathise with you more cordially than myself in the infamous treatment you continue to experience. I trust it will please God to remove this heavy load from you, to support you under it, and to sanctify it to you. The answer, I trust, must completely refute the base charges by proving them to be utterly unfounded. What a world it is! Our dear Henry Thornton is perhaps looking down from his blissful state, and rejoicing that he was called to suffer in the cause of truth and humanity. This will one day be your case. In the meantime your fair fame sustains no injury in the opinion of the wise and good. Unhappily that is not the majority in this planet, though I trust it is so on the present question.

My two political sisters are so disgusted with the Whitehall paper that they beg the favour of your ordering it to be changed for any moderate three times a week paper. From being friendly to Government it is become so inflammatory we don't think it right to take it. It is almost as Jacobinical as Mr. Brougham. How I grieve that Mr. Stephen is no longer in the House to lift up his strong and honest voice! This paper puts in no speech but of one side. We should be glad of a paper that comes out on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, that we may not receive it on Sunday. Excuse this trouble. I have forborne writing, knowing how full your hours are.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

Clapham, April 20, 1815.

Most gladly should I accept your invitation; it is indeed a most attractive one in every point of view, but I am sorry to say I am forced to come to the painful conclusion that at present I have no choice, but must remain a fixture in London.

I have answered Thorpe,[1] it is true, as far as respects his personal charges, and my friends are pleased to think satisfactorily. I have also prepared a vindication of dear Henry Thornton and the Sierra Leone Company and the African Institution from the first moment of their existence, and have satisfied some of the most enlightened men in England who have condescended to go over with me the records of twenty-five years of labour and travail, with the unquestionable accuracy of every statement. The men who have taken this pains are Lord Selkirk; E. B. Wilbraham, M.P.; the Grecian Morritt, M.P.; Blake, the author of paper currency; W. Smith of Norwich, M.P.; and Mr. Thomas Harrison. They have given me their time with a perseverance which is quite surprising, and they have made the statement in truth their own, and given it all the stamp of their authority. But the statement though prepared, is not published, and considering the part these friends have taken, and the importance of the thing in itself, and the desirableness of avoiding delay, and the necessity of occasionally meeting and consulting, I could not venture to quit town.

Secondly, my partner, Tom Babington, sets off to-morrow to Northamptonshire.

Thirdly, a number of Slave Trade causes are now trying weekly before the Privy Council, of which I have the whole and sole conduct. It is precisely the time when the Lords of Appeal are most unremitting in their sittings; and when, therefore, the large interests intrusted to me by my constituents, the officers of the Navy, require from me the most unremitting attention.

Now, you will feel that any one of these three reasons would be of force sufficient to prevent my flight from London, but combined, they seem to form an absolutely insurmountable barrier.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

Clapham, October 4, 1815.

I returned last night from Brighton, where I had the pain of witnessing so rapid a falling off in the appearance and strength

[1] See p. 287.

of our dear friend,[1] as wholly to extinguish any residue of hope I had been led to cherish. She may still continue to linger among us for some weeks, but she is so weak that it were to hope against all ground of hope to consider her recovery, humanly speaking, as possible. I had the melancholy satisfaction of arranging all her worldly affairs for her, and thus removing one source of disquietude. Her serenity, peace, and composure are quite edifying. The few words she can utter are full of humble and grateful feelings towards all her friends, but especially towards her God and Saviour. 'I commit my soul,' she said, 'into the hands of my dear Redeemer who has been gently leading me to the place He has provided for those that love Him.' She has named her brother Daniel Sykes and myself her executors; Charles and Robert Grant the guardians of her sons; and Robert Inglis and his wife the guardians of her daughters.

Marianne is quite a surprising young woman. She is fully aware of her mother's danger, but carries herself with wonderful strength of mind. I fear greatly for her health. I am quite alarmed at the idea of her catching her mother's complaint,[2] and have been urging Wilberforce and the Grants to think what can be done to prevent this. Oh, what a world it is!

London, October 18, 1815.

Mr. Wilberforce has of course informed you of the closing scene of our dear friend which he witnessed at Brighton. Her body is to arrive at Battersea Rise this evening, and to be laid by the side of dear Henry's to-morrow. It is impossible to imagine a death more truly consolatory and even beautiful. Her repose not only of mind but of body seemed hardly to be disturbed for an instant; and the nearer she drew to the horizon, the more clear and cloudless appeared her prospect. It was perfect peace, the peace which passeth understanding. Marianne has outdone herself on this occasion. She has manifested a most extraordinary union of tenderness and fortitude throughout the whole of the trying scenes she has had to pass through during the last twelve months; and this last blow seems only to have excited her to fresh efforts of constancy, and meek and patient suffering.

I spent Saturday and Sunday last at Aspenden Hall[3] in company with my wife. We were much pleased with all we saw. Mr. Preston gratified us by making William Wilberforce and Tom declaim before us and the whole party. William spoke well against standing armies, and Tom appeared as

[1] Mrs. Henry Thornton.
[2] Pulmonary consumption.
[3] Mr. Preston had moved his school to Aspenden Hall, Buntingford.

Coningsby impeaching Harley, Earl of Oxford, for blasting Marlborough's laurels by the peace of Utrecht. Both acquitted themselves well. Preston speaks in very high terms of Tom in respect both to literary improvement and moral conduct. As to literature, he says he stands clearly at the head of the school, and bears withal his station modestly. This is all very satisfactory, and affords great ground of thankfulness.

We are all very well, except as we suffer with our suffering friends around us.

Clapham, November 8, 1815.

I ought to have written you sooner, had it only been to relieve the trouble of your friend Mr. Coleman. His paper will occupy so much room that it has hitherto been deferred from sheer necessity. It has occurred to me also as advisable to republish the whole of the preface in Paris as a tract, and to distribute it liberally, with a view to conciliate the support of the Roman Catholics there to the plan of circulating the Scriptures. But in order to do this it would be necessary to have an exact transcript of the whole preface in the original language. This perhaps Mr. Coleman will have the goodness to furnish.

There is, in fact, no French Bible Society. Mr. Leo is now engaged in stereotyping De Sacy's version of the New Testament for the use of French Catholics, and I am labouring to make it more entirely the Bible Society's object, and I think I have succeeded. The Bible Society has contributed two hundred and fifty pounds, and will probably greatly add to that sum, besides giving largely to promote the circulation of Ostervald's Protestant version of the New Testament, also stereotyped by Leo. Leo is vain and egotistical, but a most useful man, who has done more for France with regard to the Scriptures than all I know besides. I know him very well, and can take it upon me to aver that if he ever spoke of revenge, it was Christian revenge he meant, overcoming what he deemed evil by good. The circumstance puts me in mind of what lately happened to me. A correspondent, a very sensible man, whose communication was not inserted in the *Christian Observer*, wrote to express his displeasure, but concluded with saying, 'You have done me evil, but that will not move me from my purpose of doing you good. I will still continue to take your work.'

Some allusions in the following letter require an explanation to account for the strength of feeling displayed by Macaulay in writing it. Events had occurred to cause disappointment and

infinite perplexity to those desirous of promoting the interests of the Reformed faith in France.

After the escape of Lavalette from prison the evening before the sentence of death was to have been executed upon him, General Sir Robert Wilson, with two other Englishmen, was arrested as having aided in the evasion, and all his papers were seized. Great irritation had already been aroused among Frenchmen by the proceedings of the Secretaries of a Society in London, the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty, who had publicly asserted that the disturbances which had recently taken place at Nismes were attributable to the hostility of the French Government against the Protestants. These gentlemen had persisted in publishing this statement both at home and abroad, and in making violent attacks upon the French Ministry, notwithstanding the receipt of a letter which the Duke of Wellington had addressed to them, giving a careful explanation of the causes of the political animosity which had given rise to the riots at Nismes, and solemnly assuring them that the French Government had made every possible effort to repress them.

The Protestant Society, however, not only entirely disregarded the letter of the Duke of Wellington, and continued to repeat their accusations with unabated virulence, but kept the letter secret. When enquiries were made about it, apparently on information furnished by the Duke himself, the Secretaries made no apology, although the Society had also received letters in support of it from the excellent M. Maron, the President of the Protestant Consistory in Paris, and from some of the principal Reformed pastors, denying even more strongly than the Duke had done the facts assumed in the published Resolutions of the Protestant Society. The laudable endeavours of these pastors towards pacification were only rewarded by the Secretaries insinuating that they had written under the direction of the Minister of Police, and styling M. Maron a weathercock. Macaulay grimly observes that he supposes they will end by vilifying the French Protestants because they will not admit that they have been persecuted.

The question of the alleged persecution was finally laid at rest, as far as England was concerned, by a speech of Lord Castlereagh, on the 15th of January, in which he declared that

the statements upon which the interference was commenced and persisted in were absolutely untrue and without foundation. But the effects of the agitation abroad were more permanent; and the excitement in France was brought to a climax by the discovery of a letter among Sir Robert Wilson's papers addressed to him from England by his brother, saying that in order to overturn the Bourbon Government in France, the fire must be kept vigorously alight, and that, above all, an 'insinuation of a persecution, real or imaginary, against the Protestants' should be made, because it was 'an idea which spreads like wildfire, and diffuses itself like a contagion among the people, and engenders a spirit of mortal hatred for the new dynasty.'

It is not surprising that widespread indignation was excited by these unprovoked and unprincipled assaults, or that pressure should have been brought upon the French Government to remove from the superintendence of the system of elementary education newly introduced in Paris two eminent Protestants, the loss of whose enlightened services was deeply deplored by Macaulay and his foreign friends.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, January 30, 1816.

This has been a very busy month with me, having two numbers of the *Christian Observer* instead of one to carry through the press; and a good deal of both being written by myself, I have literally been unable to spare a single moment to anything but the urgent matter of the hour. Besides which my interruptions have been many, and I have had all my nine children at home, who, by their clamour and their claims, did not add to my leisure. I really feel that I owe you an apology for my neglect. I hope you will find it in this brief but veritable statement. But, pray, do not permit what I may have said of occupation to prevent your using me whenever you feel occasion to do so. I can always do the thing you wish, because I have always some idle people about me; but I cannot always write, for that is not to be done by proxy. I have just closed my lunar labours, and have gained two intercalary days of comparative repose, and have besides a prospect of meeting the Royal Duke or some other M.P. at the African Institution to-day. I meditate, therefore, a long letter, as you may judge from the size of my paper and the closeness of my lines.

These vile Protestants, of London, I mean! I have just been giving an *exposé* of their unwarrantable and mischievous pro-

ceeding, and my head is full of them. I must therefore despatch them first. They have thrown us back at least twenty years in our religious intercourse with France. My brother and myself had succeeded in establishing extensive communications for the quiet diffusion of the Scriptures in France, and had also succeeded in what was more difficult, in gaining the confidence of some persons who have proved singularly useful in the promotion of our plans. All we have done is now put to risk; we view it indeed as undone. The Protestant Society and Sir Robert Wilson have ruined us. We must expect no more confidence. Indeed, being Englishmen, we have not the face to ask it. We feel ourselves sunk, degraded, paralysed.

You have, ere this, seen dear Stephen's vigorous attack on Spain and her Slave Trade. You and your sisters must admire its characteristic energy, its high-toned, lofty principle. You must know, *entre nous*, that I have been labouring hard to get Stephen back to Parliament. The place I have thought of is Colchester, which it is whispered will shortly be vacated. I have no doubt of Stephen's success if he would stand, and I have taken great pains to persuade him to do so, but he still resists, chiefly, however, on the ground of expense. Notwithstanding this, I am proceeding in my plan of preparing matters for securing his election just as if he had consented, and I have got the heads of the religious bodies—Church, Quakers, Methodists, etc., and also some strong Abolitionists, both Ministerial and Opposition, to reserve themselves for him. His opponent will be a violent Democrat and an unprincipled, profligate fellow of the name of Harvey, such another as Hunt at Bristol. Now my object in all this detail is first to put you in possession of the facts of the case, and then to make use of you for the promotion of my designs. Could you not in some way contrive to ascertain whether, in case we should prevail on Stephen to move, Davis[1] would be favourable; whether, for instance, he would be disposed to write to his own particular friends there to say that what aid they could give to Stephen, without injuring his interests, he would be obliged to them to give? This you will see is an important ingredient in our estimate of eventual success. I do long to see Stephen in Parliament, a free, unfettered, independent man.

I must tell you another political secret before I turn to more domestic topics. Lord Grenville and his friends will shortly separate themselves from the Opposition. This you may rely upon. It will probably, however, be some weeks before it is publicly known, unless the course of the discussions on Thursday shall force an explosion earlier than is intended. The matter, I believe, is known but to few.

[1] Mr. Hart Davis, M.P. for Bristol.

At Battersea Rise things proceed as well as we could wish. The Inglises are very good, and very amiable, and very well bred, and they have also very good sense and a great deal of heart. They are delighted with their charge and their occupations, and seem thoroughly comfortable. A very pleasing and affectionate intercourse seems to subsist between them and Marianne, and all the others seem to treat them with a very satisfactory confidence and respect. Dear Marianne's health seems to improve, and I begin to lose my fears about her. Her character for sense and piety rises higher as one knows her better. She is truly a very superior young woman in all respects. Henry also promises very well. As his faculties develop, he shows much of the shrewdness and penetration of his father's mind.

Tom, I think, improves; I may say in all respects. He grows tall, and is stout and healthy. His mind loses none of its vigour. He is becoming a very fine classic. He takes delight in the Greek tragedians, and has a relish for their native beauties. When this task is once acquired, the work is done. The pursuit of classical lore ceases to be a task, it becomes a passion. And his thirst for general knowledge continues as ardent as ever. I have been most pleased, however, with his moral improvement. I think his love of truth has acquired very considerable strength, and that he has a disrelish for what is low and sensual. He manifests a wakeful and unceasing anxiety to obtain his master's approbation and ours. May he become equally intent to please his God! Our other children thrive. Indeed there is none among them who is not a source of comfort and enjoyment both to their mother and myself. Her pains with them are ceaseless, and she reaps the fruits of them in their docility and affection.

May 18, 1816.

Our Prayer Book and Homily Society grows slowly. Two bishops have given in their names, and we are rid of our debts. The Meeting was peculiarly pleasing from the honest warmth of Churchmanship mixed with Christian candour towards others, which was witnessed at it. One of the circumstances of deepest interest which transpired was the decree of the Russian Emperor to circulate the Bible in the vulgar tongue throughout all his dominions. There exists at present no translation in vulgar Russian. It is now preparing. Vansittart[1] told the meeting that this was a practical comment on the Christian Treaty which had been so much vilified.

[1] Right Hon. N. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Bexley.

I have not time to add much more, for I am a good deal hurried, and my friend Mr. Marryatt has just brought out another abusive pamphlet which I fear I must answer, but I will tell you an anecdote of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. Before his marriage he took occasion to dwell in his letters to the Princess on the paramount obligations of religion, and he seems disposed to measure the conduct and character of men by a Christian standard. But the greatest proof of his firmness and courage was his preferring a particular request that in preparing the wedding-clothes of the Princess, the petticoats might all be made five inches longer than those she then wore. She had outgrown them. Wilberforce went to Court on Thursday. The Prince and Princess were very gracious to him.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, August 26, 1816.

This is the seventeenth anniversary of our wedding-day—an event which brings in the retrospect no painful regrets but what arise from a sense of one's own defects, and which has been to me a source of great and growing happiness. I desire to feel thankful to God for all the fond domestic enjoyment of which it has been productive, mixed as it has been with so little of domestic sorrow. When I consider this, and count over the children whom God has given us, and the pleasing hopes He allows us to indulge respecting them, I am ashamed to think on the disquiet which external circumstances have too frequently occasioned to me, and the influence which the comparatively insignificant trials to which I have been subjected have had in clouding my brow and dejecting my spirits. Accept, my dear Selina, my heartfelt acknowledgments of all your undeviating care and kindness, and forbearance and devotion, and rest assured of the undiminished warmth of my attachment, and of my increasing regard and affection. The children have all been clamorous for my return to dinner, and I mean to indulge them by complying with their wish. To-morrow I mean to pay a visit to Hammersmith. On the next day, therefore, I shall be able to give you some account of John, who I understand goes on well.

I should most gladly join you at Barley Wood if I could, but the thing is quite impossible. I long much to spend a day or two with dear Miss Hannah, and once more to express to her how much I value her friendship. I never can forget that it is to her early friendship I owe, under Providence, in no small degree my wife.

September 1816.

Patty Smith is certainly possessed of a very superior understanding, and I hope, to use a phrase which she herself abominates, is an improving character. She objects with considerable force to the kind of graduated scale which the Saints are in the habit of applying to all that come within their reach. She admits at the same time that things are terribly wrong in the circle in which she is called to move; and she loves the devotions of the Church of England. I have a real love and affection for her father, and most anxiously desire his own good and that of his children.

The virulence of our West Indian friends knows no respite. The newspapers are filled with their abuse and invectives, and they seem only to be more and more at leisure since Parliament has been prorogued to carry on their war of personalities. All this will be felt to be less than nothing when the transitory scene shall close upon us; and I trust we are all of us very content to bear the reproach now, for the sake of the cause in which we receive it.

Mr. William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, a strong Abolitionist and a Unitarian, had lived at Clapham during the first few years of the century, and become very intimate with Macaulay. He was the grandfather of Miss Florence Nightingale.

One burden was lifted from Macaulay's heavily laden shoulders towards the end of the year 1816, when he resigned the Editorship of the *Christian Observer*, having secured a competent successor in the Rev. Samuel Wilks. But although he was relieved from the labour and responsibility of editing the Magazine, he continued to write constantly in its pages upon slavery and other subjects.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, *May* 31, 1817.

Our project for the holidays is, if my engagements will then admit of it, and God will, to visit Scotland. I have scarcely seen it since I was sixteen. I wish to show it to my wife and to Tom. Its stupendous scenery, so much unlike anything he has ever seen—the realisation of what seem but the daydreams of poets—cannot fail to interest and, I hope, to improve him. In that land of our fathers I have also many dear and valued friends who will rejoice to see me and mine, and to whom I shall be glad to make them known.

It would have been impossible indeed even to have thought of this journey, had I not succeeded in obtaining a substitute for the *Christian Observer*. In that capacity Wilks, I should hope, will do well. He is quick in conception and has a ready pen; and on the whole, as an editor, I have rather a strong expectation that he will do well. I am quite sure that if he will give his mind, as well as time to it, he may greatly raise it.

In one respect, however, Wilks has sadly disappointed me. I mean as a preacher. He has chosen to extemporise, and that at Clapham; and nothing can be less interesting, and more crude and vapid than some of his exhibitions. This is quite inexcusable. I have freely and unreservedly told him my mind upon this point, and I have no doubt that if Dealtry were absent for three months instead of one, we should lose a third of the congregation, provided Wilks did not mend. He seems, however, conscious of the error into which he has fallen, and I look confidently for better things. He behaved very amiably when I explained to him my feelings, and expressed an intention of writing his sermons in future, and also of bestowing more mind upon them. He has acquired, besides, a bad manner in preaching, although he reads the service pretty well. This evidently is the effect of extemporising. He has more the air of a man making a speech at a public meeting than of a minister preaching to dying men and perishing souls. I have mentioned this to him also. He ought, I think, to go to Thelwall for some instruction in speaking, but this I have not ventured to say.

Our great meetings this year have certainly been better conducted than I have ever known them. Of Wilberforce, always seraphic, and the good Bishop[1] I need say nothing. Sir Thomas Acland did well and spiritedly. Young Clayton, the Dissenter, was ingenious and gentlemanlike, and quite redeemed the Dissenting, character from the generality at least of the imputation of coarseness. Watson, the Wesleyan Methodist, spoke with singular delicacy and feeling, and with a degree of good taste that would have done credit even to such a man as Reginald Heber. He is certainly both an able and an honest man. A Dr. Mason from New York burst upon us with a wild and erratic magnificence that brought to my mind the mammoth bounding over the Andes. It was quite new, and on the whole well sustained, but it was American, and to them a little rant may be pardoned. It was not a little amusing to hear an American divine preaching to a British audience on the duties of loyalty, recommending it to them to honour the King, and not to meddle with those given to change.

[1] Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester and Dean of Wells.

London, November 7, 1817.

What an awful occurrence is this which has burst upon us![1] I met the Cabinet Ministers yesterday as they were separating from the Council Chamber. They appeared to have been in tears. Lord Bathurst seemed deeply affected. I spoke to Mr. Vansittart. He grasped my hand with that sort of convulsive agitation which marked the deepest tone of feeling, and could hardly utter a word. A deep and solemn gloom seems to pervade this great capital where so many things are hourly occurring to chase it away. What must it be in a retreat like yours, where there is time for anatomising the whole case.[2] Two things are consolatory. One is that yours was the last book she read in her state of pupilage; another, that since her marriage she has been quite domesticated, and her husband, I have heard, is a man of much right religious feeling. What a blessing may this marriage prove to her! It has been the means indeed, apparently, of depriving her of an earthly crown. It is not impossible, one may at least hope, that it may have been the means of preparing her for a heavenly crown.

London, December 24, 1817.

We are much pleased with your friends the Hubers. They passed last Sunday with us, and heard Dealtry preach twice. One of his sermons was in his very best style, and they appeared struck with it. The other was a familiar exposition of a passage of Scripture for his poorer afternoon congregation, but, though plain, it was in good taste.

I have been taking some pains about Geneva, and have induced the Church Missionary Society to undertake to look out for a suitable person. The situation requires the union of such rare talents, that I protest, unless we can induce Owen[3] or Charles Hoare to expatriate themselves for a year or two, I see no hope. If one of them would migrate thither, the chapter of accidents, or rather the Providence of God, would probably provide a successor.

Tom returned home yesterday in good health. He has grown a good deal in the last half-year, and has reached very nearly his father's height. He is improved in manner, and Preston speaks of him with unqualified commendation. I endeavour to impress upon him the importance of attending to minuteness if he would do great things well, a rule applicable not merely to literature, but to morals and religion also. This

[1] The death of Princess Charlotte.

[2] 'I do not think Patty had dry eyes for a fortnight.'—Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

[3] The Rev. John Owen, Secretary of the Bible Society.

is precisely the kind of discipline of which he stands especially in need. I have a very precise methodical servant whom I took with me into Scotland. He was out of all patience with Tom's want of method, and read him some very serious lectures on the subject, which I fear, however, did not make a deep impression.

TO ——.

London, January 5, 1818.

I have read your Review of Miss Taylor's *Essays*,[1] twice over, with care. I have read her whole volume once, and many parts twice, thrice, and even four times, with no less care; and am now, in my own conceit at least, qualified to pass some judgment both on the Poet and the Reviewer. I confess that I am a little disposed to question the justice of those rules of criticism which would measure the excellence of works of imagination merely by the moral, and which would therefore place *Lalla Rookh* in disadvantageous contrast as a poetical work with *Essays in Rhyme*. How would such a mode of judging answer in the case of painting or sculpture, sister arts? Place a painting of the Last Judgment, which was a mere daub, side by side with some voluptuous piece of one of the great masters of the Italian School. You might turn from the latter with disgust, but you would never recommend the former to the notice of amateurs. Essays must not, of necessity, be written in rhyme; and if so written, they should have much beyond their moral to recommend them. The characters in Law's *Serious Call*, or Rowland Hill's *Village Dialogues*, or Hannah More's *Cœlebs*, do very well, and produce a very good effect where they are. If removed from their present position in order to be versified, it certainly is not sufficient that the lines run smoothly and give no violent offence to a musical ear. Still things must be sung as well as said. And although I would not think of turning from our prose translations of the Psalms to Sternhold and Hopkins for the pleasures of the imagination, yet doubtless Sternhold and Hopkins will attract readers when the prose translation would not. Still I should never think of bringing these gentlemen forward in contrast with Dryden or Pope, polluting as their pages often are, or recommending their poetry because the moral of it was good. Much of what I have said is certainly not strictly applicable to the point in hand, except in the way of illustration. Miss Taylor has certainly written very sensibly and piously; and she has clothed

[1] *Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners*, by Jane Taylor, 1816.

her sentiments in very tolerable rhymes, but not in better, I should think, than (independent of their moral) might be written by scores of men and women. I say independent of their moral, for, after all, if we do not insist on Moralists rising above mediocrity with poetry in which they may choose to clothe their thoughts, we shall be inundated with moral and religious poetasters. Miss Taylor's poetry is, however, sufficiently respectable to entitle her to publish it. This I fully admit; but then I think you give her too high a place when you would bring her into contact with Cowper. She may possibly rank with Kirke White, Montgomery, and Gisborne, but to me she appears not to reach some of them, and she falls far below Charles Grant, and Heber, and Wilson (in his *City of the Plague*).

CHAPTER XI

REMOVAL TO LONDON

THE deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton had broken almost the last link which held Macaulay to Clapham. Already the greater number of the members who had composed the coterie surrounding the Common, the Wilberforces, Grants, Stephens and Teignmouths, had dispersed to residences in different parts of London: and although Macaulay still paid frequent visits to Battersea Rise, where the kind and hospitable Sir Robert Inglis was established with his wife as guardians to the young Thorntons, yet the tie which had hitherto bound him to Clapham Common was severed. He began to consider the convenience in his busy life of taking up his abode in London; and accordingly early in 1818 the household removed to Cadogan Place, a situation selected partly for the advantage of the neighbourhood to Wilberforce's house in Kensington Gore. Two more children had been added to his number: Margaret, who was from early childhood unusually lovely and attractive; and Charles, the youngest of the family, who was born in 1813.

Macaulay fulfilled his duties as a parent and head of a family with great attention and exactitude. The education and characters of his children were his constant study, and any circumstances which concerned their spiritual and moral welfare were carefully noted and taken advantage of by him. But it will have been gathered from his correspondence that his eldest son occupied the largest share in his thoughts and affections, although, with the exception of his wife, the only individual to whom he permitted himself the indulgence of expatiating upon Tom's merits and Tom's abilities was his old and sympathetic friend, Mrs. Hannah More. It is plain that in his strictly conscientious performance of duty he had made up his mind that the uncommon powers of mind evinced by

the boy formed a special call upon him as a father to exercise the most minute care in training and fitting him for any career which he might select. At one time he fondly cherished the hope of seeing this beloved son devote himself to the Church and take Orders, but it appears that he did not endeavour beyond certain limits to influence the young man's choice of a profession, and that he confined himself to preparing the instrument for whatever service might be destined for it.

As the period approached when the boy must quit the shelter of Aspenden Hall for the larger sphere of the University, the anxiety of the father knew no bounds. He pondered deeply and took much advice upon the best way of shielding his son from the dangers which he foreshadowed for him there, and of preparing him for the distinction which he hoped that he was destined to achieve. Many were the letters which passed upon the subject. George Stainforth, a young Cambridge student whose career of high promise was cut short by an early death, and who was the son of a member of the former Clapham coterie, was applied to for his assistance. In an amusing letter to a member of his own family, Stainforth, after stating that Tom Macaulay would be a pupil of no ordinary attainments, and that it would require more time and exertion on his own part to render him any effectual service in his studies than he could well afford to surrender with the prospect of a Trinity Fellowship examination before him, goes on to say that with the sincere respect, even veneration, which he felt for Mr. Macaulay he would wish to gratify him in every particular, and that he has no hesitation in believing that Mr. Macaulay would be certain to disapprove of the companions Tom would meet if placed under his care at Cambridge.

However, by perseverance all difficulties were overcome, and Stainforth devoted himself for a time during the long vacation entirely to his young pupil, who retained in after life a great admiration for his abilities. It was arranged that Tom should reside at Clapham with Stainforth's family for the last few months before going to the University, and only pay occasional visits to his own home; and before these visits took place letters always passed with his father, carefully weighing the advantages and disadvantages likely to result from each interruption to the course of study.

When the time arrived for the lad to go to Cambridge Macaulay accompanied him, and he wrote a pretty letter from Cambridge to Mrs. Macaulay detailing the purchases which he and Tom had made together, and recounting how, according to prearrangement, he had settled Tom in lodgings with Henry Thornton, the eldest son of his lamented friend,—how Tom and Henry seemed to take much to each other,—how their tutor Mr. Browne promised to 'select among the thirty laundresses of Trinity College one of exemplary virtue for our youths,'—and the measures which he took to prevent any association beyond the merest civility with certain cousins who had asked Tom to take a walk with them, but whose characters did not meet with his father's approval.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, March 23, 1818.

I received this morning the enclosed letter from the Rev. Mr Gallaudet,[1] for whose acquaintance I have you to thank. He is a very valuable man, and possesses, along with a powerful and well-furnished mind, a better taste than usually falls to the lot of Anglo-Americans. A very useful and rather superior volume of sermons by this gentleman, dedicated to you, is about to appear in this country.

You were right in supposing that Thomas's[2] protest was but the signal for battle. It has now become very evident that the hostility of the worldly part of our hierarchy to true religion is deep and inveterate. At the same time I feel nothing dismayed by this discovery. I am only anxious that those who are sound in doctrine and right in principle may also be correct in conduct, and particularly that they may make their moderation known unto all men. If they do, they must gain by the struggle; for the very violence and fury of the adverse party, if allowed to run their course, must defeat their ends. I am ten times more afraid of ourselves than I am of them. How much more injury, for example, is done to the cause of true religion by the hastiness and want of a kind and conciliatory

[1] Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, Principal of the Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb in Connecticut, U.S.A. He had been residing for some time in Paris in order to acquaint himself with the system of the Abbé Sicard.

[2] The Rev. Josiah Thomas, Archdeacon of Bath, had caused great consternation by introducing himself into a Meeting called by the supporters of the Church Missionary Society in December 1817 and delivering a protest against the establishment of such a Society in the city of Bath. The Bishop of Gloucester was in the chair at the time, which made the Archdeacon's conduct still more significant.

spirit shown in the letters dear John Sargent[1] has published by way of defence, than by all the petulant and malignant effusions of Lloyd or of his curate.

My brother has lately been kissing the Pope's hand. He was very graciously received. He tells me that an Irish gentleman belonging to the Propaganda had lately a discussion with an Italian Catholic as to the salvability of heretics. The Irishman, having many Protestant relations, was unwilling to consign them over to wholesale destruction. He accordingly determined to refer the matter to his Holiness. 'My son,' says the old man, 'whoever is seeking the truth with all his heart is a member of the Catholic Church, whatever be his name.' I wish our English popes were half as liberal.

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

Barley Wood, April 11, 1818.

Poor dear Marianne! I believe her conscience is tender, for she was guilty of a little disingenuousness. She never wrote me a syllable of her intention till the very day before she set out, and then told me it would be too late for me to answer her as she should be gone the next day, but begged me to write her some warnings when she was abroad. I would speak with all due tenderness, but I must say that three visits to France within two years of the death of her excellent mother is not a good example for Henry Thornton's daughter. I am sure it would be painful to her incomparable friends and protectors, the Inglises.

The good old lady's animadversions did not meet with sympathy from Macaulay, who in any case would have been unwilling to admit that Henry Thornton's eldest daughter, for whom he cherished an hereditary affection and admiration, could do wrong. But on this occasion he had given his particular approval to the proposed expedition to France with some friends as likely to be beneficial to the health and spirits of a girl who, before she was eighteen, had been called upon to pass through the furnace of affliction, and whose present position entailed upon her much care and responsibility. He assured Mrs. H. More that Sir Robert and Lady Inglis were themselves much addicted to travelling in France, and were delighted that Marianne should have the opportunity of a short change of

[1] Rev. John Sargent, rector of Lavington, and author of the *Memoir of Henry Martyn.*

scene. Mrs. Hannah More herself was an excellent French scholar, and had an extensive knowledge of French literature. Lord Macaulay once related an anecdote which she had told him of her going, in her early life, during one of her visits to the Garricks, to a bookseller's shop in London, and of hearing, while she was turning over books, a gentleman, who was in conversation with the owner of the shop, at a loss for the French word for mahogany. She came forward and supplied *acajou*, upon which the gentleman requested an introduction, and to her dismay she found her interlocutor to be the notorious John Wilkes. He was so enchanted by her ready wit that he followed her from the shop, and begged to have the honour of continuing the acquaintance.

Mrs. H. More's letter, proceeding as it did from a woman of unusual cultivation and who had mixed at one time largely in the world, is a remarkable instance of the strong prejudice which existed at that period in England against the French nation. Macaulay, who had many friends on the other side of the Channel, was constantly engaged in combating this prejudice, and in refusing to insert inaccurate and detrimental attacks upon the French people, and French literature, in the *Christian Observer*. Upon one among many such occasions he writes to a friend who had urged him to reconsider his refusal, and to ask the Editor, who always treated his requests as commands, to insert a particular article:

'The author has sadly overloaded his picture. I can say most honestly, and I know many whose experience exactly tallies with mine, that to my eyes Paris was far less offensive in point of profligacy than London, and infinitely more decorous. Besides he makes no distinctions. He allows of no travelling out of England. Surely this is to shut up many sources of improvement. He would have been much more successful had he been more measured and less declamatory.'

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, April 17, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I never suffered myself to feel an hour's disquiet about Mr. Archdeacon Thomas's movements. I did not entertain a moment's doubt that it would tend to good. And now in two or three short months behold the effect. The list of our Society's friends as well as its funds are swelled

beyond expectation. Persons have become subscribers and advocates who had scarcely heard of its existence until this controversy arose, while it has taken a firmer hold than ever of the attachment and affections of its former friends. This, however, is but a small part of the good thus done. Our Bishops are roused from their dead sleep. Heathen nations have at length become the object of their professed concern; and if even of envy and strife they send forth Missionaries to carry abroad the everlasting Gospel, therein I will rejoice. The Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, you probably know, have appointed a committee of three persons, the Bishop of London, Dr. Watson, and the Bishop of Gloucester, to prepare a Report as to what should be done by the Society in the way of Missions, and to prepare also an address to the nation calling on all good Churchmen to concur in Christianising the world. They are also some months hence to have a King's letter requiring sermons to be preached and collections to be made for the object in every church and chapel in the kingdom. What a recognition of the duty of evangelising the heathen! Even if they should fail in effecting great things, or in obtaining pious Missionaries, they will have settled for ever the question of the propriety of Missionary efforts. The duty of engaging in them will have been solemnly recognised by the highest authorities in the State. The work in one sense will have become national. I own that this view of the subject does console me for all that has taken place. But if we go further, and suppose that pious Missionaries may be found and sent forth, then we may look forward not merely to the direct good which such men may effect among the heathen, but to the reflected influence of their efforts and of their relations of those effects on the minds of our Archbishops and Bishops and Clergy. There also will they feel how surprisingly the Bible Society has prepared their way, and their prejudices cannot but soften.

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

Cambridge, October 23, 1818.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I would have written earlier had I had anything to communicate, which, however, is not even now the case; so that all my information must be that I am alive, and well and comfortable, that Cambridge is a strict exemplification of the old maxim, *Magna urbs, magna solitudo*, and that I live among my small circle of friends as familiarly and as quietly as if we were in a desert island. I have resolved to have no second order of acquaintance, no deputy-friends who

torment each other and themselves by ceremonies which only betray the coolness of their regard, and by a measured interchange of the dullest visits. I will be social and not gregarious.

I could not trust myself to say and can hardly venture to write all I feel upon entering on this world of hazard and danger and competition and honour. The evils of Cambridge, from all that I have been able to learn, are evils which must be sought, and from such a depth of moral degradation I trust that the goodness of God, my own education, and the connections which I have formed will preserve me. Its honourable distinctions are, it seems, the hard-earned, but the certain fruit of exertion and perseverance. If I would not willingly fail of attaining to some share in them, I trust it is not from selfish motives. I am sure I never valued any human applause so much as your quiet approbation, nor desired any human rewards so much as your pleasure in my success. And I am far less desirous to return loaded with medals or distinguished on the tripos-paper, than to acquire here those accomplishments and that information which may qualify me to inherit your public objects, and to succeed to your benevolent enterprises. There is an anecdote in Roman history which always affected me much. Fabius, who when he was a child had been carried on his father's knee on his triumphal entry into Rome, insisted that when he himself came home with similar honours his father should enter his chariot, and share the honours of his son. I never had a higher ambition than that we might, if it please God, triumph together over the enemies of humanity, and I will do my utmost to obtain those weapons of assault and that armour of defence which literature furnishes for such contests in this seat of its dominion.

My dear mother, I send you my most affectionate love. My dear Jane, are your tears dry? I kiss you with my 'mind's lips.' Farewell. T. B. M.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

I am glad to find that the Bishop of Bristol[1] courts your correspondence. I would it might tend, poor man, to quicken him in his spiritual course. And yet he has considerable susceptibility of mind. When in Scotland about three or four years ago with his daughters, he came in the evening to a small inn in the Highlands, which proved to be so full as to be altogether incapable of receiving another visitor. The Bishop and his party were much distressed; the night threatened to

[1] Dr. Mansel, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

be boisterous, and no resource seemed to remain but that of sleeping in their carriage. The minister of the parish, an old and valued friend of mine, Dr. MacIntyre, who himself told me the anecdote, hearing that an English Bishop was thus circumstanced, went to the inn and brought him and his daughters to the manse, where he entertained them with true Highland hospitality. After supper he begged the Bishop to go to prayer. This the Bishop declined. My friend, then about eighty, having called his family together and read a portion of Scripture, poured out his heart in prayer, and prayed at some length and with much feeling for the Bishop and his daughters. At the conclusion the Bishop was in tears—he seemed quite melted, and talked of nothing else during the rest of the evening but the folly of sacrificing the pure and substantial joys flowing from religion for all the world had to bestow. In the morning he showed the Bishop his church, and while viewing it said to him: 'My Lord, will it be too much if I ask the favour of your filling my pulpit for a few seconds and giving your blessing to me and my people.' The Bishop mounted without hesitation, and raising up his hands to heaven and spreading them abroad, implored with fervour a blessing on the good old man and his flock. He seemed much affected. After breakfast he was going away, when Dr. MacIntyre said to him: 'My Lord, you have given me and my people your episcopal benediction: permit me, an old man tottering on the verge of eternity, to give to you and yours, before we part, never perhaps to see each other more, my blessing. He read the ninety-first psalm with a few simple comments, and then knelt down and commended the Bishop and his daughters to God and his grace. The Bishop said he should never forget the lessons of important instruction he had received at Glenorchy, nor the lessons of Christian kindness and charity towards those who might differ from us in external forms which his short stay there had taught him. 'I trust,' said he, turning to his daughters, 'that you and I will be the better for our unlooked-for but providential meeting with Dr. MacIntyre as long as we live.'

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, October 26, 1818.

I explained to you in a former letter what we had done with a view to complete the abolition of the Slave Trade at the Congress. I have now to state the progress that has been made.

When Mr. Clarkson reached Aix-la-Chapelle he communi-

cated both to Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington the address of which I sent you a copy. Lord Castlereagh pledged himself to nothing specific, but he promised to do all he could for our object. The Duke was more decided. He said the Portuguese must absolutely be forced to give up the trade. 'They must do it.' He was very indignant with them and the French also. He saw no reason why the Slave Trade should not be declared piracy. It was its proper designation. And he would do his utmost to forward the object.

Clarkson had a long interview with Alexander, who gave him a cordial reception. He told Clarkson that it was not to be endured that Portugal should continue to resist the united wishes of Europe by retaining the Slave Trade for a single hour after all the other nations had abandoned it. 'I take shame to myself,' he observed with a strong expression of humiliation, 'before God, that from too great an anxiety to maintain concord at Vienna we should have left there this great work unfinished. It was a great and criminal omission, and it must not be repeated. We must now overrule all objections, and have an early and universal extinction put to this dreadful traffic. When I consider what I owe to the unmerited kindness of the Almighty, who by His providence rescued me and my people from the oppressor who threatened to overwhelm us, I feel that I should be the most ungrateful and inexcusable of human beings if I did not labour with all my might to liberate others still more oppressed, and especially our wretched brethren in Africa. Count upon me in this matter.' Much more passed on this subject equally honourable to him and cheering to us.

The Emperor conversed with Clarkson on other subjects, among others on the schemes of Owen of Lanark, who is now at Aix-la-Chapelle presenting memorials with his works to the assembled monarchs. In substance what he said may be thus given:—'I altogether disapprove of Mr. Owen's views and plans. He proceeds on the assumption that man may become a perfect being even here. Who that knows his own heart and the demands of God's law would ever dream of this. I have learnt for some time at least that to make men good is the work of the Holy Spirit, and of him alone, and none but those who pray earnestly for His aid and cherish His influence can ever attain any degree of real goodness in this life. Mr. Owen also insists much on certain facts as proving his theory. But facts in the hands of such a man are anything he chooses to make them. I distrust all such facts as contradict Scripture. This is the fountain whence we must draw our knowledge of man's real state by nature, his possibilities of improvement,

and his future destiny, and all that is inconsistent with this must be rejected as false. Mr. Owen's defect, after all, seems more of the head than the heart. He appears to me deranged in his intellects.'

He spoke also of the Peace Societies to the following effect: —'Expecting, as I certainly do, the arrival of a period when, through the prevalence of the Gospel, nations shall learn war no more, I cannot disapprove of any societies who propose to hasten so desirable a consummation. I had hoped at one time to connect with the Holy Alliance a plan of arbitrating national differences so as to avoid all future appeals to arms, but things were not ripe for it. As an approach to it I mean to propose that, as the sovereigns of Europe now know each other as friends, there shall a meeting take place between them once in every three years for the general objects of redressing wrongs, conciliating differences, checking tendencies to war, removing causes of discontent, and advising with each other as to the means of preserving the general tranquillity, promoting the general happiness, and diffusing knowledge, civilisation and the blessed light of religion throughout the world.'

What shall we say to all this? What but rejoice together, and prostrate ourselves in thankful adoration before Him who has the hearts of all in His hands, and has prepared this mighty instrument of His mercy and grace.

I went down with Tom to Cambridge last week, and have settled him very comfortably at College. He and Henry Thornton have their apartments under one roof and by themselves, and they have taken to each other in a way that is very gratifying. The tutor I have got for him is George Stainforth, a son of our friend and neighbour, and an early schoolfellow of Tom's, who feels warmly interested in his success, and who has highly distinguished himself as a classic. He has one or two other valuable and hard-working friends living close to him, and he seems disposed to follow my recommendation of confining himself for the present pretty much to this small circle. I had a letter from him two days ago which is promising: may the progress and end correspond to the beginning! Pray write him a line when you can to strengthen him. He will receive with filial reverence whatever you say to him.

We have got into a very comfortable house, within one mile of Wilberforce and Stephen, and not quite two miles from the Babingtons in Downing Street. I have returned to town for an important cause which I have to conduct about Slave Trade, and have besides decided on prosecuting Thorpe for his last libel.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

Cadogan Place, November 24, 1818.

Another letter arrived yesterday from Tom which I enclose. It is addressed to his sister Jane, and has given me almost more gratification than any else I have received from him. Every word is so appropriate and so kind and so judicious. May God preserve him in his present apparent purity and simplicity of mind.

I send you besides a pamphlet in French from dear, indefatigable Stephen's pen. The French is corrupt in some places, but nothing can hide out his powerful mind, his vivid feelings of manly indignation, his bold and fearless avowal of Christian principles. I bless God for having formed such friendships as that of Stephen's. One such is a compensation for a thousand Thorpes and Marryatts united.

We are getting settled by degrees and comfortably settled. In all probability this will be our latest earthly sojourn. May it prove a scene of daily preparation for a better.

Inglis, I find, means to see you in the course of a week. He has long ardently desired it. His wife will be with him. They are without exception the kindest people I ever knew. They have many estimable qualities and endowments. True kindness, gentleness, courtesy, everything that can flow from genuine and undissembled Christian affection and Christian humility in union, distinguish them in a very marked degree.

FROM JAMES MILL, ESQ.[1]

1 *Queen Square, April* 13, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the information which your kind letter has just communicated to me. I do not think it at all unreasonable that Mr. Grant should be careful to receive real co-operation in the business over which he presides. There must be a governing authority somewhere, and if those who were the head should always be counteracted by those who are the subordinates, there would be nothing but anarchy and confusion. If I were to accept an office which in its very constitution implied that it was an office for carrying into effect the will of another, I should think it not my duty, but a violation of my duty, to attempt to make it an instrument for giving effect to my will in counteraction to his. I did not allow myself to think of this office without considering the

[1] Mr. James Mill had published in 1818 the *History of India*. In May 1819 he was appointed assistant to the Examiner of Indian correspondence.

difference in some points (and after all they are not many) between my views of the mode of governing India and those of Mr. Grant; and without being satisfied that I could consciously become that sort of instrument in his hands which the nature of the office implies. I may perhaps fancy that in some things some difference of mode might be attended with better effects (I put it as an hypothetical case); but if, in the present state of things, I see nothing better than the plans of Mr. Grant which have any chance of being carried into effect, there could be no reason in such a case why I should not do what lies in me to carry them into effect in the most perfect manner. And, in fact, I have no manner of doubt, if my qualifications proved to his mind in other respects, that we should proceed harmoniously together. I do not by any means say that it is impossible I could in an office receive a command from the superior of that office which I should not think it my duty to obey. But if I could not obey I should think it my duty to resign, certainly not to endeavour by means either direct or indirect to give efficacy to my will in opposition to his. These are my sentiments, and most assuredly my conduct should be correspondent to them. But I know not well how they may best be vouched for to Mr. Grant.

All I know of the Board of Control is, that Mr. Canning, I am told, speaks favourably of my book; but I have never been introduced either to him or to Courtney, and I know not how far they would be disposed to recommend a man whose opinions are, in many respects, so different from their own.

I have nearly finished the *Life of Dr. Buchanan*, and shall probably knock at your door with it some morning early enough to catch you.—I am, with sincere thanks, my dear sir, most truly yours, J. MILL.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, *May* 8, 1819.

Since I last wrote to you I have been daily mending, both in health and spirits, and am now pretty much in my ordinary state of being, making some allowance for the exhaustion of the past week. At the Meeting of the Bible Society, Wilberforce was exquisite. Age, instead of damping the wings of his imagination, seems to have lent them new elasticity. It was the expansion and elevation of a spirit freed from its corporeal trammels and mundane feelings, and while it exulted itself in the goodness of God, and in the opening prospects of the Saviour's Kingdom, communicated to every other spirit a sympathetic glow of spiritual affection and heavenly aspira-

tion. His very countenance seemed irradiated with the light of heaven, and his voice spoke in every tone its accents. The Chief Secretary for Ireland[1] attended, and surpassed in the vividness of his eloquence anything I had before heard from him. The Duke of Gloucester was there and acquitted himself very creditably. He was quite astonished at the immensity of the crowd, and particularly struck with the burst of honest and heartfelt loyalty which resounded through every part of the Hall on some allusion being made by Charles Grant to the King. We had a Professor Kief from Paris, who stated himself to be commissioned by the French Government to assure us of their cordial favour and encouragement, and who brought with him three copies of the Turkish Testament which he had just finished at the expense of the Society, and for distribution in Turkey with the sanction of the French Government. I should be delighted to go down to you to talk over these and other matters at length, but I am at present tied to my post, as my nephew, who has been working very hard for the last six months, is gone with his wife to see the beauties of the Rhine.

Matlock, August 31, 1819.

Here we are for a few days a party of nine. Mr. and Mrs. Babington and their two daughters are visiting us, and we are enjoying the romantic scenery and luxurious tranquillity of this delightful spot. At the end of the week we part. I proceed to Manchester, and thence to Scotland on business. The rest of the party, after seeing Chatsworth and Haddon, will return to the Temple until the time comes for Selina and all her children to go to Cadogan Place.

I trust I shall find Manchester and its vicinity in a less ignited state than it has been in for some time past, and which I cannot help attributing in no small degree to the criminal supineness of the Government in not having more vigilantly laboured to repress the host of seditious writers, the *Black Dwarfs*,[1] *Medusas*, *Deists*, *Observers*, (not meaning, of course, one *Observer*), which have been so industriously exciting the evils which now threaten to overwhelm the country. I do not think they are guiltless if they are induced by the intimidation of parliamentary speeches, or the apprehension of verdicts of acquittal, to abstain from applying themselves to the radical extirpation of these grand germinal movers of sedition and rebellion. They are awakening at length, I trust, to a sense of their duty in this respect. When I have seen Manchester, and

[1] Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg.
[1] The *Black Dwarf*, a London weekly publication edited by Richard Carlile.

passed a day or two with Brougham at his castle on the border, which I mean to do in my way to Scotland, I shall be able, perhaps, to say more on this subject.

I have read your *Sketches*[1] with care, and I hope with profit, and I trust they will prove extensively useful. It would not, however, be honest in me not to say that I do not go along with you in what you say of Foreign travel with the same unqualified acquiescence with which I am disposed to adopt your sentiments on other points. However, even there, I less object to the sentiment than to the somewhat harsh and hostile air with which France is treated. I should have already put the book into the hands of half-a-dozen pious Frenchmen, but that I fear there are passages in it which would seem to them to go so far beyond the truth of the case, and to show so much of unkind feeling towards them as to excite a strong prejudice against your other works. I am quite sure you did not mean this, and I am quite sure also that this hostile and forbidding air might without much difficulty be changed in a future edition for one more conciliating, for one which, without compromising your own opinions, might make French readers feel at once the justice of the opinion, and the kindly feeling of the writer. The readers of English in France are now very numerous, and your writings are very likely to get into very general use among them. I feel, therefore, exceedingly solicitous that even their prejudices should be a little studied at least in the manner of dealing with them. I know you will forgive me for this remark, which is called forth by a strong desire to extend your usefulness in a country which more, perhaps, than any other, stands in need of you; and for doing good to which I agree with Mr. Wilberforce in thinking that you are perhaps better adapted than any other English writer.

The close of the long reign of George III., and the beginning of that of his successor, were marked by a gloomy and threatening state of the political atmosphere, and Macaulay shared to the full the anxious forebodings with which serious men watched the signs of the times. His disposition and acquired experience, and a natural love of order led him always to entertain a decided inclination to range himself on the side of constitutional authority, and he regarded with unqualified reprobation the part taken in public affairs by the Radicals. He expressed frequently to his correspondents the conviction which he felt that evil days were at hand for England; and on one occasion

[1] *Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic.* By Hannah More. 1819.

he clothed the ideas which occupied his mind somewhat quaintly by writing that the whole enginery of irreligion and sedition were playing upon our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, and that every experiment of sap and mine was employing to upbear the foundations of the social edifice. His disgust against the advanced section of politicians was further excited by the partisanship shown by the Radicals for Queen Caroline, whose proceedings had excited his utmost abhorrence; and this feeling was a good deal intensified by the new relations which he had now formed on the Continent, where no toleration was shown for the public indecorum of her conduct.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, February 18, 1820.

London exhibited on Wednesday a sad and solemn aspect.[1] The day was gloomy. The churches were hung with black, and they were crowded to fulness with congregations in the deepest mourning. The impression of filial veneration and regret was certainly very strong.

You have heard of the King's difference with his Ministers. The subject was the divorce. He, I understood, was for carrying it through with a high hand. They would not be the instruments, and tendered their resignation. This was on Tuesday, the day before the funeral. He had sagacity enough to see that he would add nothing to his popularity in quarrelling with his Ministers about a personal object, while his father still lay unburied. He has therefore desired them to continue in office, which implies his yielding his opinion to theirs. There can be no doubt, however, that he will take as early an opportunity as he decently can to part with them. He will not forgive being thwarted on so tender a point. I am told he has been irritable and agitated. It is said that when the Archbishop of Canterbury came to ask him if they should pray for Queen Caroline he got into a paroxysm of anger which terrified his Grace.

March 30, 1820.

The enclosed wicked song Tom framed on his way the other day from Cambridge. It may amuse you, but it ought not to get out. There are some points in it which the person mentioned would hardly forgive, although the purpose of it is to turn the Radicals into ridicule. You will see something of his

[1] On the death of King George the Third.

in a less questionable style in the next *Christian Observer*. It is a paraphrase of the noble prophecy of Nahum, and I think is executed with considerable spirit. It was written before he went to college, but was afterwards mislaid, and I had forgotten it till I met with it again lately. He has been employed upon a larger effort than either of these in writing again for the Chancellor's Medal. The subject is Waterloo. I have seen it, and it bids fair for success. The subject has serious disadvantages, but he has produced something upon it which I think nearly as good as Pompeii, in some parts indeed better.

We are congratulating ourselves on the conviction of Burdett and Hunt.[1] The conduct of the judge, however, on the trial of the latter strikes us all with astonishment. He appears almost to have been acting under the impression of some strange, undefined influence arising from intimidation. It is scarcely possible on any other supposition that a man of Bayley's lights could have confounded, for example, the cap of liberty borne by the Manchester rabble, the proper emblem of blood and revolution, with the Cap of Maintenance borne before the King; or that he should have admitted for a single moment that Hunt's interpretation of the motto on his banner, 'Equal Representation or Death,' could have the slightest foundation in anything but the grossest and most barefaced perversion and sophistication. The judge strangely submits it to the jury whether it may not have meant, as they alleged, that unless they obtained an equal representation they would starve. This is really outraging the common sense of the nation in a way that would be most ridiculous, if it were not, viewing the matter in its effects, most mischievous.

The Radicals carry things their own way in Westminster and Middlesex. The Ministry will still, however, have a sufficient majority. And on the whole I am friendly to a strong opposition, for I cannot forget that Ministers are men, and need a check.

May, 17, 1820.

I may well be ashamed of my long silence. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that it has literally been owing to want of time. I have begun a letter to you at least ten times in the course of the last fortnight, and have been stopped in the very beginning of it by something which could not be postponed. Scarcely a day has passed since the 1st of this month without a meeting of some kind or other which I was under the necessity of showing myself at, and in some cases of assisting to prepare reports for. All this made it more difficult to

[1] Sir Francis Burdett was tried at Leicester for a seditious libel. Henry Hunt was charged with having conspired to call a meeting at Manchester for illegal purposes.

overtake the ordinary and urgent demand of counting-house business, especially as Tom Babington has been absent a part of the time in Wales with Lady Barham, where he and his wife and children now are. And to add to the pressure, they have placed me on the Grand Jury for Middlesex, which requires time when I am least able to spare it.

You will be glad to hear that I prevailed on Lord Gambier to omit the stave at the conclusion of the Church Missionary Meeting. He did it with evident reluctance, but at the same time with a real good-humour and kindness which endeared him to me. It really was no small sacrifice for him to make. He does not, you know, speak well, but he sings admirably; and no one can appear to more advantage when leading a concert of two thousand voices in singing 'Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord.' The argument which decided him to give it up was one drawn from the delicate circumstances of the Bishop of Gloucester, and the obligation which lay upon us to do nothing which might make him suffer any unnecessary reproach from so courageously coming among us. We ought not to subject him to have it said that he had been attending a conventicle, or singing psalms in a tavern. The Bishop felt the omission to be a great relief, and was thankful for it, but most of the Dowager Religionists and all our young Misses were sadly disappointed, and had they known the part I had had in their disappointment, I should, I fear, have fared ill among them. The practice, I trust, has ceased for ever.

At the Bible Society Meeting Lord Harrowby came into the hall unexpectedly. One feeling seemed to pervade the meeting on his being recognised. The thought which seemed to strike every mind was this, that, but for the special interference of Providence, he would have been a murdered corpse.[1] The image which presented itself irresistibly to my mind was that of Ings the butcher plunging the dagger into this Christian statesman's heart.

Robert Grant made one of his powerful displays. It was even sublime in some parts, but it was too ethereal for common minds, and it also came too late in the day. Brilliant as he was, some brutal persons at the extremity of the room became impatient, and he was actually coughed down. It was most provoking, but what human enjoyment is without its alloy? It was a mistake to call up one who had so much to say, and could say it so well, at half-past four o'clock when the meeting was exhausted partly by excitement, and partly by having been many of them shut up in the hall for seven or eight hours.

[1] This refers to the Cato Street conspiracy, which was to have been put into effect at a ministerial dinner at Lord Harrowby's house.

Your friend Tom is reading, I hope, hard. He got a Trinity scholarship, as did also Henry Thornton, during the last month. One of the exercises for the scholarship was to translate extemporaneously into English verse a Greek anacreontic entitled 'Venus crying Cupid whom she has lost.' Tom's translation of it was as follows:—

Oyez, Oyez, I 've lost a child,
Cupid the beautiful the wild,
He rose from bed at break of day,
Spread his light wings and skimmed away.
You 'll know him by his roguish wiles,
His tears more sweet than others' smiles,
His little tongue for ever prattling,
The quiver at his shoulder rattling,
His rapid step, his laughing face,
His plumes that wave with fairy grace.
I grieve that I cannot proclaim,
In proper form, his father's name.
In truth, the heaven, the sea, the earth
Disown the little rebel's birth.
All groan beneath his cruel sway,
And all detest whom all obey.
Look to it, Masters, and beware
His fatal trap, his hidden snare.
Perchance while I recount his arts
He's weaving nets for poaching hearts.
He's there! Stop thief! I caught his face
Glancing from its old hiding-place;
See, see, where nestling close he lies
In the blue heaven of Clara's eyes.

I had written thus far when I met the Duke of Gloucester, who not only begged to address the cover of this letter, but to have his kindest regards conveyed to you.

Mrs. Hannah More, in a letter to her friends M. and Madame Huber, had commented with severity upon a passage which occurred in the *Life of Madame de Staël*, by Madame Necker de Saussure, which had just appeared: 'Le Juge suprême sera clément envers le génie.' Her strictures led to a long correspondence with Madame Necker de Saussure, of whom Madame de Staël once said, with rare humility: 'Elle a tous les talents qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertus qui me manquent.'

TO MRS. H. MORE.

May 24, 1820.

I enclose a packet from Huber which arrived yesterday, and which will, I think, gratify you. Your letter has evidently had

its effect on Madame Necker already in some degree, and I doubt not will work on a mind so evidently ingenuous, until it produce still more decided results. She feels she has been wrong, and though she is uncomfortable under the feeling, it is salutary, and I trust will issue in good.

London, June 19, 1820.

Having a member of Parliament at my elbow, I have determined to send you the enclosed note which I received from Brougham about a week ago. Notwithstanding Brougham's hopes expressed at that time, the negociation[1] still remains open. He said, however, that the main points are settled, but I fear there is too much irritated feeling in the parties more immediately concerned to allow of those liberal concessions on minor points which would terminate all further discussion, and restore the public mind to a state of quiet. There seems today no expectation of any favourable decision being announced to Parliament. The anxiety on this subject is somewhat increased by the insubordination which has appeared among the Guards. It is said that perfect tranquillity has been restored, but it is a truly awkward thing that, in the present state of the country, we should not be able implicitly to rely on the fidelity of the only species of force which can effectually repress disorder. We must, I think, have recourse to our yeomanry and volunteers in order to keep the regular troops in due order, and to prevent their acquiring such a sense of their own value and importance as may endanger the public peace.

One of the examiners of the poems sent in on the Battle of Waterloo told Tom a few days ago that his poem would have gained the prize had he dwelt at more length on the details of the fight, that here the soldier had decidedly the advantage, and was able to expatiate with more freedom and particularity of description. He said, however, that they were considering whether they should not publish his also.

I heard Henry Venn (our dear friend Venn's eldest son) preach yesterday for the first time. It was a sermon of great power and still greater promise. It is delightful to see a fourth generation of Venns thus taking their stand on the Lord's side. The second son goes out to India in a few weeks with higher honours on his head, both literary and moral, than any young man has yet carried away from the East India College.

July 12, 1820.

I presume you are as full of the Queen at Barley Wood as

[1] With the Queen.

we are at London. She has caused a very unfeminine bustle here, and attracted great crowds. I, however, went not near the scene, nor sought one look of her royal person, which I understand has been sufficiently exposed to the gaze of the passing mob; neither would I permit one of my house to go there though within a mile of us, and my young folks felt a curiosity to see a queen. Wilberforce[1] has raised himself by his interference. He has probably saved us from a shocking inundation of impurity and licentiousness in the shape of examinations, and also from much popular effervescence. Brougham is, I believe, really solicitous to conclude this affair without noise.

Your donation to our infant asylum I gave to Brougham, who is our treasurer, and who felt personally gratified by the gift.

Madame Necker evidently does not understand you or your principles. If it is true, however, as the Hubers observe, that she is eagerly endeavouring to acquire religious light under some apprehension of her own blindness, she will doubtless be led to it by a way she now knows not. Even the little friendly discussion which has indirectly taken place between you may lead to this end, by leading her to consider the whole subject more accurately, and to read your writings more attentively.

Macaulay frequently went over to France on business connected with the Slave Trade, and his brother, General Macaulay, was in the habit of residing for part of each year in Paris, where he mixed freely in the best French society. Both brothers had formed acquaintance which gradually ripened into intimate friendship with a few persons of distinction in the political and literary circles of the French capital, and particularly with the son of the celebrated Madame de Staël, Baron Auguste de Staël, who had attained an unusual mastery over the English language. Sir Walter Scott remarked his proficiency with astonishment, and said Baron de Staël was the only foreigner he had ever known who could speak English like an Englishman.[2]

His sister Albertine, the only daughter of Madame de Staël, who was married to Victor, Duke de Broglie, the French statesman, became a close and lifelong friend of both the brothers; and in conjunction with her husband and Baron de Staël she assisted them materially in their labours against the Foreign

[1] See *Life of William Wilberforce*, vol. v.
[2] Sismondi praises him highly, and says: 'Auguste de Staël a de la sagesse dans les pensées, de la grâce et de la pureté dans le style.'—*Lettres de Sismondi à Madame d'Albany.*

Slave Trade, while Macaulay on his side endeavoured to the best of his ability to help them to promote benevolent and philanthropical schemes in France, and enlisted for the furtherance of these objects much of the machinery of the Religious Societies upon the other side of the Channel.

The Duchess de Broglie and Auguste de Staël had both been educated in the tenets of the Reformed Church of Geneva, and had passed their youth chiefly at Coppet. They united grave and serious views of life and a strong sense of duty with polished manners and a sweetness and benevolence of disposition which fascinated those who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship. The strong bent of their minds to religion, which they steadily practised in the midst of the temptations of the most brilliant society in the civilised world of that period, and the interest of which they consistently made the first aim of their lives, formed immediately a link of sympathy between them, and the grave hard-working stranger who had come among them. From the Duke de Broglie he always received the most cordial support and sympathy in his labours, and the Duke constantly wrote to Macaulay to keep him informed of the progress of the struggle which he was carrying on in the French Senate for the abolition of the Traite des Nègres.

The attention which Macaulay during his visits to France paid to the celebrated Abbé Grégoire, formerly constitutional Bishop of Blois, who was living in his old age in great poverty and isolation at Auteuil, occupying his time in literary work, excited considerable disfavour among his Parisian friends. Grégoire's recent election to the Chamber of Deputies had been annulled by a Royalist majority, and he had been pronounced unworthy of sitting there upon the ground of complicity in the condemnation of Louis XVI. This accusation he always strenuously denied as far as regarded the infliction of the penalty of death, and it should be added that he had run a good deal of risk during the Reign of Terror by exerting himself to liberate the refractory priests, and by supplying them with the means of subsistence, and that he was actually denounced at the Jacobin Club as desirous of Christianising the Revolution. But the supreme merit of Grégoire in the eyes of the Abolitionists was that, in 1794, he had proposed and carried in the National Convention the total Abolition of

Slavery. It will be remembered that in the same year Macaulay and the infant Colony of Sierra Leone had suffered almost total destruction at the hands of these friends of liberty.

Another Frenchman with whom he made acquaintance about this time was M. Louis Dumont, who must not be confounded with M. Dumont, of Geneva, the friend of Bentham. M. Louis Dumont, a permanent official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was a man of a modest and retiring disposition, but possessed of considerable attainments, and his zeal and intelligence proved of great assistance in the agitation against the French Slave Trade. The similarity which was before long apparent in their tastes and views brought him into very close relations with Macaulay; and soon after their first introduction to each other they began a correspondence, which lasted, with some intervals, until Macaulay's death, and which was evidently a source of great pleasure to them both. M. Dumont, in an exquisitely clear handwriting, but one so minutely formed that it is the despair of the decipherer, bestowed upon his correspondent long disquisitions about the state of political parties in France, united with gloomy anticipations as to the course of events. The chief object of his terror were the prolétaires, who, as he explains, 'sont ceux qui n'ont pour subsister que les ressources de leur travail. Ce mot est nouvellement francisé.' Macaulay was in no way wanting on his part, and kept his friend thoroughly informed about public affairs in his country.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Calais, September 11, 1820.

The inns at Dover were very full and uncomfortable. It is a shocking place for smells, arising from the mud and stagnant water on every side. We made a most pleasant passage from Dover to Calais in about three hours and a half. On getting to Calais I went to Dessin's Hotel, which is to the full as well arranged and as clean as the very first inns in England.

On going to the passport office I was obliged to wait while a sharp-looking fellow, eyeing me with a keen sort of glance from head to foot, described my person. His description of me is as follows: 'Age de 52 ans, taille d'un mètre 70 centimètres. Cheveux bruns, front haut, sourcils bruns, yeux gris bruns, nez moyen, bouche moyenne, barbe brune, menton rond, visage ovale, teint ordinaire.' I really do not believe that if you had

been put to it, though you have known me for twenty-four years, you could have given so accurate a description of me as this Commis du Bureau des Passeports did in a few minutes.

You would be astonished to find how universal is the conviction among the English I have met here, and at Dover on their return from the Continent, that the Queen will be acquitted; how strong also is their expectation that if she is not, there will be a convulsion in England. They are wrong, I think, in both points. Such, however, is the case. All I have met with seem astonished that I should dissent from the above opinion.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Paris, September 26, 1820.

I first went to Dumont, but he had gone out. I next called on Grégoire, whom I found at home, and with whom I had a long and very interesting conversation. He took me in his arms and kissed me on both cheeks on my announcing my name. We have made arrangements for meeting the Abolitionists, and for exciting a stronger effort in this country for enforcing the laws against the Slave Trade. There is a generous warmth about the old man which is delightful. At ten o'clock to-day I am to receive some persons on this subject at my apartments, and to-morrow morning I am to meet Grégoire again.

Paris, September 27, 1820.

Dumont and I dined together yesterday at Very's, and spent the evening in talking over a variety of subjects, chiefly connected with the Slave Trade. I was occupied a great part of the morning in receiving visits, some of them interesting—one from M. Morenas, a gentleman from Senegal; another from M. Monod, a Lutheran pastor of Paris; a third from M. George, a coloured man of intelligence from Hayti. To-day, as soon as I have had my breakfast, I go to Grégoire to consult him and some friends, and I have afterwards an appointment to go to the great School d'Enseignement Mutuel.

I yesterday had a peep at the Duchess de Berry as she was going to take a walk in a garden attached to the Tuileries. She was in deepest weeds, and seemed hurried and agitated. She is a little woman, and was attended by about twenty men, all of them full six feet high, besides which she had a guard lining the way from the palace gate to the garden to keep off the mob. By the way there was no great assemblage, and those who were present were perfectly silent; not a single note of any kind was sounded.

You cannot think what a variety of temptations have been put in my way of laces, and gloves, and caps and bonnets of the most beautiful form, for Madame ma femme and Mesdemoiselles mes filles. But I have been obliged to resist them all, and I know not that I shall be able to bring a single thing to prove my own taste and to gratify theirs. *Mais nous verrons.*

Paris, October 1, 1820.

I passed a very pleasant afternoon with M. Cuvier. His wife and daughter were pleasing and intelligent, and several savans were collected there, among others, my friend M. Humboldt, the great traveller. What has chiefly occupied me for some days past has been the affair of the French Slave Trade, about which I have been endeavouring, and not, I hope, without success, to excite some interest. M. Humboldt is a warm and intelligent friend, and he knows all who are of the same disposition in this place. He is very urgent with me to try the effect of a letter to the Duke de Richelieu stating facts and requesting an interview; but I greatly doubt the expediency of this course, and my doubts are greatly aided by my desire to be at home.

It is very curious to remark what a complete line of separation in air, manner and appearance there is between the English and the French, particularly the ladies, and yet I like Paris and the French altogether much less than I did. They are at the same time a very extraordinary people, and not the less extraordinary when one views the variety of their admirable institutions both of utility and benevolence, and yet contemplates them as almost without God in the world. Religion, however, is much more thought of and spoken of than it was when I was last here. There is, among the Protestants especially, an excitement of a very hopeful kind. Their collision with us has been useful. But they are very cold and timid still, and can only be considered as active when compared with their former absolute torpor. As for the Catholics, there is a great revival among them of the worst parts of their superstition, and which stands in offensive contrast to the open and avowed infidelity of the mass. There are here Societies actually formed for giving to the public cheap editions of the works of Voltaire against Christianity, just as with us there are Societies for distributing Bibles and religious tracts at low prices. It is a painful state of things.

The poor Duchess de Berry must have nerves of superhuman strength. Ten thousand men of all arms were collected to-day under the windows of her apartment, and the noise of trumpets and kettledrums and fifes and hautboys was enough to distract

a person in sound health. Poor thing! What she must have suffered on the night of her accouchement. Matters advanced so rapidly to their completion that it was likely to be all over before any witnesses could reach the scene of action. She was in terror lest, if a boy, it would be represented as a supposititious child. She cried out in an agony to throw open the door, and call the soldiers in who were on guard. This was done, and a number of them came in just in time. The appointed witnesses came nearly about the same time. And there are some who even now do not scruple to question its being really the son of the Duchess de Berry, but a changeling. I heard very fervent prayers put up for her to-day in the Protestant Temples.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, October 17, 1820.

To return for one moment to the old subject, the Queen. In France they laugh at us very heartily! They have no doubt of the guilt—but oh the folly—the more than childish folly of convulsing the kingdom and risking a revolution for the sake of what may have been done or may not have been done *dans ce genre*, by a cast-off wife of upwards of fifty. They believe, one and all, that the Radicals will prove too many for King and Parliament. And it must be admitted that never on any occasion was there such blundering, such gross and fatal mismanagement, as on the part of our Government. Their best friends admit it. And the worst of it is that there is no move of retreat which does not raise most serious apprehensions in the mind of every reflecting man.

Macaulay had taken a house at Brighton, the air of which place his wife thought advantageous for her children, and for several months of every year she was now in the habit of residing there with them, while her husband remained at Cadogan Place, and only contrived to pay his family occasional visits of a few days at such times as his numberless engagements permitted of absence from London.

The year 1820 was one of continual agitation and anxiety in the political world, and the prosecutions against irreligious publications which were instituted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, on the Committee of which Macaulay was an active member, gave rise to great excitement. In the following letter allusion is made to the trial of Richard Carlile for editing and circulating publications which the Society charac-

terised as blasphemous and seditious; and against Davidson, a printer in Smithfield, for printing the Deist's Magazine.

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

Barley Wood, October 28, 1820.

I am sick at heart at the state of the country and the prospect before us. It has pleased God to make this pernicious woman the rod of his wrath to punish our sins. Radicalism is triumphant. Even in this obscure corner we are deeply infected. Mr. Wylde, at his Tithe dinner the other day, could prevail on only five men out of fifty to drink the King's health. At a Court Leet held at Wrington a day or two ago, the Cryer of the Court positively refused to utter the usual dismission, 'God save the King,' before the magistrates, etc.!

I am glad, however, that we have still some honest juries; witness Mr. Carlile and Mr. Deist, I forget his other name. Are we to consider the trial as really over?

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, November 4, 1820.

The argument on my affair came on again in Chancery yesterday morning, and the pleadings closed about two. The Vice-Chancellor, before whom the cause was tried, has given a very clear indication that his decision will be entirely in our favour; but he said he thought it right to look at the cases that had been cited by counsel before he pronounced his judgment. There seems no doubt on the part either of our counsel or of the adverse counsel that it will be in our favour. You are aware that this is not a trial of the merits of the case between me and Thorpe;[1] but an attempt of his, for the mere purpose of delay, to induce the Court of Chancery to interfere to prevent the trial from being brought in the Court of King's Bench until I had previously answered his interrogatories respecting the whole course of my life from infancy to age, and had produced all my books, papers and correspondence for the last thirty years. After the proceedings were over I went to Clapham.

I left again at half-past eight to return home, but before I got through Lark Hall lane, so thick a fog came on that Smith could not see his way. Instead of turning to Vauxhall he got across Stockwell Common, and we found ourselves on the footpath at Mr. Shewell's great house. By the help of a watchman we got into the Vauxhall Road again, but before we got to

[1] Some information about Thorpe will be found at page 287.

the 'Wheat Sheaf' at South Lambeth, Smith had again got on the footpath, and over it into a ditch about three feet deep, where horses, carriage, and all were immovably fixed. I am glad you were not there. I got out, and collected eight or ten men, who with some difficulty extricated the horses, and then the carriage, neither of which received any injury. I then got a man with torches to go before us the whole way over Vauxhall Bridge, along the Vauxhall Road, up Grosvenor Place, and then along Knightsbridge, and down Sloane Street home. Smith lost himself once or twice notwithstanding the torch, but my own accurate knowledge of every stick and stone of the way enabled me, by getting out, to set him right again. I got safely seated in my room by a capital fire about eleven o'clock, or a little later, and with a glass of warm wine and water dissipated any feeling of discomfort from my tedious expedition.

I have been so busy with my friend Thorpe, and in preparing for developing, as I must do in French, to the Duke Decazes,[1] the abominations of the French Slave Trade—added to which Tom Babington is again laid up—that I have had little leisure time since you went.

November 7, 1820.

I found the Duke Decazes a remarkably pleasant, simple, intelligent, kind-hearted man, professedly a warm friend to the Abolition, and disposed to exert himself with all his influence to promote it. He listened to me with great attention, and expressed his horror at much that I told him. He had with him an astute, cold-blooded Frenchman of the name of Séguier, who, while he professed to be an Abolitionist, was a thorough Slave-trader in principle, and tried adroitly to weaken the force of many of my statements. For example. 'Ay, that is very bad indeed, almost as bad as men selling their wives in Smithfield,' or as 'flogging the soldiers,' etc. However, in spite of the chilling influence of M. Séguier's affected philanthropy, but real misanthropy, his Excellency seemed deeply impressed, and has promised to do all he can. There were there besides the Duke and Duchess (a thorough Frenchwoman of nineteen), her brother and sister, the Prince and Princess Esterhazy, another prince of the same name, the Secretary of the Austrian Legation, and two or three others. The entertainment was splendid. It lasted about two hours. When over, ladies and gentlemen rose all together, and went into the drawing-room, where we had coffee. Afterwards the parties set themselves to act a number of ridiculous pantomimes. To give you examples. One was the play of *Cinderella*; the three ladies were the three sisters, etc.

[1] The Duke Decazes had recently been appointed French Ambassador to England.

Another was teaching reading by example. A tall young man marched into the room as stiff and straight as a poker, and another marched behind him holding his clenched fist over the crown of his head. This was to represent *Le Point* (poing) *sur l'i*. This silly play continued some time.

I go to Inglis's to-morrow, and on Friday I dine at Vansittart's. So you see what a life of dissipation I lead.

The Queen went down to the House to-day to protest against the Bill. She had hardly a dozen ragged boys following her. As she returned I met her, and she had a more numerous cortege, but still by no means numerous nor very noisy. I am exceedingly puzzled as to what is the best course: the majority is fearfully small.

November 16, 1820.

Sir R. Inglis was here yesterday, kind as usual. He has had all the windows of his house smashed. A stone fell on Miss Patty Smith's bed. He has applied to the Hundred to repair them. The thing was done without any previous warning, and evidently to serve the glaziers.

What a surprising revolution in the state of men's minds appears to be produced by a few months! I greatly question the continuance of this calm. But let us be thankful for it while it lasts. Would that our Legislature would improve it to the purpose of reviewing our moral state, and considering what can be done to mend it. Lord King, I hear, is about to bring Marsh's[1] eighty-seven questions before the House of Lords. I sent him, or rather made Hatchard send him, the *Christian Observer's* comment upon them.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, *November* 25, 1820.

I am glad Margaret has acquitted herself so well both intellectually and morally. I assure you I never thought her at all wanting in understanding, only her prominent quality is tender affection. Well, whatever credit they may have for improvement either morally or intellectually must be given to you, and I have much more pleasure in your having it than if I had it myself. I have always been disposed to prefer private education for girls. Among the advantages, they enjoy a greater range of intellectual conversation and of varied reading. A library such as ours is of itself an immense advantage, an

[1] Dr. Marsh, when appointed Bishop of Peterborough, propounded to all curates who applied to him for a licence the notorious eighty-seven questions, popularly known as 'a trap to catch Calvinists.' He took this course with the object of keeping his diocese clear of Evangelical clergy.

advantage perhaps which scarcely admits of calculation. Then consider the exercise which their faculties enjoy from merely listening to what passes around them in a family like ours, with the succession of well-informed and intelligent persons that is to be seen there. And undoubtedly it is no small benefit to be at home during Tom's holidays, which undoubtedly they might not be if at school. He certainly is of very great use to the very youngest of them. The very interest their affection leads them to take in his pursuits, and in mine also, is elevating to young minds expanding into life and action. I value, however, still more the course of regular and consistent discipline, applying chiefly to the state and temper of the mind, which it is in the power of parents to pursue; the affectionate but decisive check imposed upon bad dispositions; the vigilance exercised as to all indications of bad humour shown by pouting, harsh tones, and quick and unkind replies.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, December 4, 1820.

My wife has told you of her safe arrival with her tribe of girls, who all returned with their mouths and their hearts too, I verily believe, full of Mrs. H. More. Hannah entertained us for a long evening with all the displays of impromptu wit to which she had listened at Barley Wood, and has frequently broken in upon our dulness since with recollected flashes which had been omitted in the first recital.

I am afraid you will think we have become radical in the *Christian Observer*.

I assure you that my great objection to Ministers is that they seem to be betraying the country into the hands of the Radicals, instead of carrying out a more vigorous line of policy on their parts, and above all, an endeavour to infuse into the Bench of Bishops, and into the various Chapters, and among the Clergy, as far as their patronage goes, a spirit more congenial to their office, and more adapted to these times of rebuke and blasphemy. However, this last is a separate question from their late conduct in respect to the Queen, which I quite agree with.

Mortlock carried the two New Zealand Chiefs to see the King. The King was very kind and attentive, showed them his palace, gave them an immense cocked hat apiece and a helmet. He asked one of them, Shunghee, how many wives he had. 'I got five,' said the Chief. 'Five! Ah, it is far too many. How do you manage them? We find one in this country more than enough.' 'When they make noise,' replied

Shunghee, with a very arch look, 'I flog 'em.' The King laughed heartily, and said it was a very good plan for quieting a riotous wife.

The Royal Literary Society, I see, is to-day advertised. I have no high opinion of it, but one cannot refuse to join such men as Vansittart, J. C. Villiers, and the Bishop of St. David's, who are the chief movers, even when the project is not very promising.

London, June 11, 1821.

You will be glad, I know, to hear from me before it reaches you from any other quarter, that Tom has again gained the medal for the Chancellor's English prize poem. The subject is Evening. The candidates were thirty-two in number. Some of the poems, Brown says, were very good, but he adds that the Examiners were unanimous in assigning the prize to Tom. He came home only four or five days ago, and you may conceive the ecstasy of his little sisters when they learnt the news. They were quite wild with joy. The writing-master, who was with them at the time, thought they were all mad. I am glad to see Tom retain all his exquisite relish for the domestic circle. He seems to seek no other pleasures as a relaxation from graver pursuits than are to be found there.

This occurrence of the medal somewhat deranges our plans. Tom is to spend the summer and autumn in Wales under a tutor, in, I hope, hard study, and my plan is to accompany him thither and leave him there. After having passed two days with you, we purpose making our tour from you to Llanrwst, where Tom is to be deposited, as interesting as possible by choosing the best line of scenery, about which we must take counsel of you when we see you. I am arranging to take John with me, both for his improvement intellectually, and for the confirmation of his health.

I have had all my leisure engaged with my work on the Slave Trade, an abstract *raisonné* of the Parliamentary papers lately laid on the table of the House.

For some years past, Mr. Wilberforce and Macaulay had been assiduously endeavouring to direct and aid to the best of their ability the efforts of Henri Christophe, the black Emperor of Hayti, for the improvement and civilisation of his subjects.

To them Christophe looked with confidence for advice and instruction, and they not only engaged in a laborious correspondence with him and his Ministers, and suggested and organised numberless schemes to accomplish the laudable purpose

in view, but they actually undertook the arduous task of selecting and sending out to him the multitude of persons of various descriptions who were required to form the minds and habits of the younger generation in Hayti. Professors for the Royal College, amongst whose number were classical, medical and mathematical professors, schoolmasters, divines, surgeons, physicians, a tutor for Christophe's sons, governesses for his daughters, were some of the individuals whom the two friends despatched to Hayti. It might reasonably be expected that persons so qualified would understand the positions which they were accepting and the risks which they were taking, but it was otherwise with uneducated people; and to labourers, such as the ploughmen who went out in 1819, 'four raw creatures' as Mr. Wilberforce terms them, the conditions under which they found themselves, when Christophe's death occurred a year later, must have been very alarming.

The responsibility which they had thus undertaken weighed heavily upon the minds of both friends. In 1817 Wilberforce writes to Macaulay: 'It has occurred to me on reflection that we have not been duly mindful of the importance of improving the female character in Hayti. Do be turning your mind to the best modes of improving Hayti.'

But unhappily all these hopes were frustrated by the unexpected death of Christophe, who committed suicide in a fit of desperation upon receiving the news that his troops had revolted against him. Macaulay always retained a great admiration for his character and abilities, and believed firmly many of the accusations against him to have been calumnious reports emanating from slave-owners and from his French enemies. Macaulay insisted on the fact that Christophe had shown himself an inflexible patriot, superior to all the advantages offered him as bribes, first by Napoleon, and afterwards by Malouet, Minister of the Colonies under Louis XVIII. 'In short,' he writes, 'when we consider his whole history, raised from a slave to the command of armies and absolute power, and call to mind his military achievements, and the propriety and dignity with which he exercised the functions of government, we may rank him among the eminent men who have brightened the page of history in different ages of the world.'

Christophe's family had to fly for safety, and as was natural

under the circumstances, his widow and two daughters sought a refuge in England with the friends who had done so much for his assistance. The poor women arrived under the protection of a young officer who had facilitated their escape, and Mr. Wilberforce was able to place them comparatively at ease financially by paying over to them at once the balance of a large sum of money with which Christophe had commissioned him to procure more schoolmasters. Macaulay's daughters remembered Madame Christophe as a handsome woman, with remarkably dignified and quiet manners.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, September 20, 1821.

I saw the ex-Queen of Hayti yesterday and her two daughters. She and they are in deep mourning, which, with their coal-black countenances, give them a somewhat sombre aspect. The mother is, I should think, about fifty-five years of age, pleasing and modest. The daughters are, I should think, twenty-four and eighteen, pretty good-looking; but you need be under no apprehensions respecting Madame Christophe. She is not likely to come near us. But if she had, you might have rested perfectly easy on the score of morals. I have no doubt whatever that the young women are perfectly modest and virtuous. Neither mother nor daughters will be dependent on any one except for counsel and kindness in this land of strangers. They will be amply provided for from their own resources.

Sir Charles Macarthy[1] gave me a commission to find a wife for him; a lady of good sense and good nature, and who is capable, and will be assiduous in superintending all plans of female education and civilisation at Sierra Leone. The girls are amused with this commission. They have been proposing Miss Tibbs.[2] I think she would hardly hit the taste of the Chevalier. But do you think of any one—I am quite in earnest —who would not only be fit but able well to fill the throne at Sierra Leone? Patty Linton is a little too old, and not very likely to promote education much. But there is Miss. Frowd.[3] What a capital sphere would open to her as Lady Macarthy!

[1] Governor of the Gold Coast. He was killed in fighting against the Ashantees in January 1824, and his head was carried off as a war trophy.

[2] Their governess, who superintended the education of more than one generation of Babingtons and Macaulays, and was considered in those families as an old and valued friend.

[3] Mrs. H. More's devoted companion.

It is very hard that England will not afford the man a wife; I will venture to say in Scotland I could get him his choice of a dozen in a week. The girls have also been recommending the Rose of Neasden. Well, do think for the poor man.

I have had a very urgent invitation from Stephen to go down to him at Missenden, which he paints with all the ardour of his glowing pen, as comprising every rural beauty which a poet's fancy can imagine. But I must take care of my girls at present, and be at home with them in the evenings, and I am not sorry to have so good an excuse for staying at home, for I assure you going from home has no charm for me, however I may be compelled to it, when your presence deprives me of an equally valid excuse with that which I can now prefer.

Tell Mrs. H. More that we are seriously preparing matters for introducing Dr. Chalmers's local system of Sunday instruction among the poor of London; that at least there may not be any of them who shall not have heard of God and Christ, and Heaven and Hell, and who shall not have had the call sounded in his ears to turn to God, and to flee from the wrath to come.

I should have been glad of a more comfortable account of our dear friend, but we must expect to be hearing of the gradual loosening of the pins of her earthly tabernacle, preparatory to her taking her flight from this world of care and pain and sin to that world of peace and happiness and purity to which she has so long aspired. Oh, my dear Selina, what is all this world can give us, this world which so occupies our thoughts and our anxieties, this world so uncertain in its possession, and so unsatisfying, not to say corrupting, in its enjoyments, which is worth an hour of that solid peace, that calm sunshine of the soul, which arises from a consciousness of the favour and friendship of God! Oh, this treacherous world, with all its deceitful and unsubstantial promises, how does it steal our hearts from God! He has been pleased to give me some severe lessons (not as severe as the occasion required) on this subject, and I bless Him for them with my whole heart. I needed them. God grant that they may not miss their aim. My mind has of late been much exercised in considerations of this kind, and I have been made to see, and I hope to feel, more of the vanity of the world, and its tendency to wean the heart from God, and to lessen the influence of spiritual and eternal things upon us than I have ever felt before. God grant that the impression may be more durable than similar impressions have been before, and that I may learn not in speculation only, but in practice and experience, to estimate things temporal and eternal at their true relative worth, to feel

that the former are as nothing but dung, nay less, compared with the latter. How often do we say this without suffering ourselves to reflect how little we feel it, and what hypocrites we are in uttering the sentiment and professing to feel its force, when the prevailing bent of our desires and pursuits give the direct lie to our professions.

I am to meet Buxton and Cunningham and some others to-day to see if we can set on foot Dr. Chalmers's plans of locality in Spitalfields, in the hope that thence they may spread over the metropolis. This is a matter of immense importance. May God give His blessing to the undertaking!

An acquaintance which had arisen between Macaulay and Dr. Thomas Chalmers soon ripened into a close friendship through the similarity of their aims in life. The system, which that celebrated divine had inaugurated at Glasgow for the purpose of placing religious instruction on Sundays within the reach of the poorer classes, was organised so efficiently that it was impossible for any persons to escape the oversight of those entrusted with the responsibility of their spiritual welfare. As soon as Macaulay was fully informed of the nature of the plan, he became strongly impressed with its advantages, and with the help of a few friends endeavoured to put it into practice, commencing with the parish of Smithfield. The plan appears to have been soon extended to other parishes in London, and in 1826 Selina Macaulay refers in her Journal to teaching every Sunday, with the assistance of her sisters, at the local school in Gray's Inn Lane.

As an illustration of the extreme difficulty that exists in bringing home instruction to an intellect which has never been cultivated, Macaulay used to relate that upon one occasion when Dr. Chalmers was staying on a visit to him, and had been asked to conduct family worship, he gave an exposition of remarkable power upon a portion of Scripture. Macaulay, desirous of ascertaining the effect which such an unusually interesting address had made upon the minds of the household, asked a young man-servant what he thought of it. The poor fellow expressed enthusiastic delight; but on his master pressing him further to learn what had specially pleased him, he explained, 'Oh, sir, it was all about my native place. You know I come from Bath.' Dr. Chalmers had, in his exposition,

constantly employed the word *both*, and had pronounced it with a strong Scottish accent.

Cadogan Place, September 21, 1821.

MY DEAR SELINA,—I got up about an hour and a half ago, and have been employing a part of my time in praying that it would please God to continue you in health for many, many years to come, for my sake as long as he shall spare me, and for my children after I am gone. Certainly I have cause to thank God that I have ever known you—you have been a helpmeet for me. I owe you much, and I owe him much who gave you to me. I have not indeed done all I might and ought to have done to promote your comfort—you have had much, I know, at times to bear with—and your patience and forbearance have often been tried. I feel also that I have been but too remiss in the great duty of exciting in you as well as myself a more undeviating and earnest attention to the things which belong to our eternal peace. May God pardon my sinful negligence in this respect, and enable us to commence and persevere in a course of more uniform and persevering attention to the one thing needful. I feel myself to have advanced far in my journey, and to have been wearying myself with much unavailing toil, labouring indeed not always for the meat that perisheth, but certainly losing sight too much of that meat which endureth to everlasting life. God grant that I may now be enabled to redeem time for the great work of rectifying the effects of past negligence, and of that alienation of the heart from spiritual objects and attachment to the things that are worldly and sensual which negligence never fails to produce. May we both feel daily more and more how entirely subordinate all things else should be to the great consideration of saving our own souls and the souls of those committed to our care. May we feel the weight of our responsibility in this respect more and more, and labour and strive to be found of God in peace when he comes to call us hence.—Ever yours most affectionately,

Z. MACAULAY.

FROM THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

Playford, November 19, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—I sit down to write you a letter which I have had upon my mind for some time, and which I trust only to your eyes and those of Mr. Wilberforce, to whom I wish you to send it when you have perused it.

I invited our amiable friends the Christophes, as you know, to spend three weeks or a month at my house, with a view of

taking them from expensive lodgings as well as of showing my respect to the widow and the fatherless, and of giving Captain Sutherland time to be looking out for a proper situation for them on leaving me. Whether the report of the ladies to him, after having been some time at our house, was too favourable, as it related to our kind treatment of them or their comforts under our roof, I cannot say, but Captain Sutherland made a proposition to me at which I was astonished, namely, to take the family into my house to board for four or five months. I told him I thought he had mistaken both my situation and character, and besides, other difficulties stood in the way.

By having so large a family in our house, we should be hindered from continuing our hospitality to our friends. Besides, to take such a family for such a length of time could not but derange my finances, and I revolted at the idea of taking money from my friends. These reasons, however, did not satisfy Captain Sutherland, and he renewed his application again and again. He urged that money was no object to them, and that if I would consent to take them and suffer a remuneration, he would consider it as an act of charity in me, and so would the ladies themselves. At length I consented to mention the matter to Mrs. Clarkson. She gave it a full consideration, and the pity for them which was first excited in her when I put the question to her increased on the further consideration of it. Besides, in their melancholy situation (for when they are alone they are more disposed to be sorrowful) society seemed to her to be necessary, and something like the balm of comfort. These and many other considerations, and particularly an expression of the ladies that they should be nowhere so happy, and let me add the belief that Mr. Wilberforce and yourself would be more satisfied that they should be under our quiet roof than elsewhere, so operated upon my wife that she seemed to forget the excursions necessary for her own health, and to be disposed to devote herself to their comfort. At length she gave her consent, and mine followed upon the same principles; and the hateful idea of taking money on such an occasion was in some degree got rid of by my proposing that Captain Sutherland should, on the departure of the family from us, leave with us what he thought to be only a reimbursement of the additional expenses incurred by us after the first month. Thus the matter was to be left to himself, but no specific sum to be named. To Mrs. Clarkson, already worn out, it is a tremendous task. How she will get through it I know not! Nothing could reconcile it to her but the idea of doing good, and the knowledge, the knowledge from actual

experience, that those for whom she interests herself are so amiable and estimable as to be worthy of all the attention which we can bestow upon them. A more delightful family never entered a person's house. Their dispositions are so amiable, their tempers under such complete subjugation, and their minds so enlightened, that it is a pleasure to live with such people. Thus you see we have taken them into our house; and I have thought it proper to write to you, and through you to Mr. Wilberforce, to tell you so; to tell you that they will probably be provided for here till April next, and to explain to yòu upon what terms, in order that you may not give me the credit of a generous action by taking so large a family without some reimbursement except for the first month, and that you may not suppose them to lie under a weight of obligation to me, which they cannot repay. But I trust this to no other ears than your own, leaving all other persons to make their own surmises on the subject.

I come now to other parts of the story in connection with that now told you, for a very different purpose, for enabling you to form some judgment about Captain Sutherland.

About two days after the matter had been agreed upon, he informed me that he had ordered a black maid-servant to come from London to wait upon them at Playford. I thought this extremely strange, as nothing had been said before about such a person, and as such a person would take up another bed and another room, and thus still more limit my power of receiving my other friends; but understanding that this female had accompanied them from the Cape to Port-au-Prince and from Port-au-Prince to England, and believing she might be essential to the comfort of the ladies, I did not say one word in opposition, but received her, though it was doubtful whether my servants would harmonise with a person of this description.

In the course of about two days after this, Captain Sutherland informed me that he should return to London in three or four days, and that on his arrival there he should send down a man-servant, and a young lady as a companion for the ladies, and to teach them drawing and other accomplishments: in fact he wished them to have a separate establishment in our house. Observe, he did not ask my permission, but said he meant to do it! Observe a lady at a hundred pounds a year salary besides her board, and a man-servant to clothe, board, and pay! Observe that each of these was necessarily to occupy another room and another bed, when one of the great objections to taking the ladies at all was that I should be deprived (for want of rooms and beds) of receiving my friends as heretofore! I cannot express to you the indignation which I felt at the authority

usurped on this occasion, though I hope I commanded my temper. I refused the proposition, however, in the most determined manner, stating unequivocally that if the matter were pressed again, I should consider the agreement of keeping the ladies as null and void. I had already made great sacrifices to accommodate him and them, but to have my house filled from the top to the bottom, and not to have a bed even for my own son when he came to see me, was not to be endured. With respect to the man-servant, I had already hired one in addition to my own, for whom I had provided a bed in the village. But as to taking an unprincipled, licentious man-servant out of place from London, of whom no one knew anything, into my house, it was what no gentleman would allow.

In short, I spoke to him in so decisive a manner, that he dropped the subject, and has never resumed it since. I have reason, however, to suppose that this was only a part of a more expensive plan intended, for the next day a horse-dealer from Ipswich brought him a fine horse to look at; and on questioning him about it, it appeared that he was actually going to buy two carriage horses, and to hire, if not to buy, a coach for the ladies. This, of course, implied the hiring of a coachman also. Thus, whether I liked it or not, I was to be driven out of my own peaceable way of living, and to take within my premises the three ladies, the black maid-servant, a governess, a coachman, and a footman, that is seven persons besides two others (an additional man-servant of my own whom I had hired on the occasion, and an occasional woman-servant) and two horses. Being, however, invincibly resolute, I turned the whole system topsyturvy, and compromised with him that we should keep entirely as we now are, *i.e.* the three ladies and the black maid-servant; that I would hire for them a carriage and a pair of horses at Ipswich sometimes once and sometimes twice a week; that I would hire them musical instruments at two guineas a month; and that I would get a drawing-master to attend them from Ipswich.

I had scarcely got over this difficulty when I had occasion to oppose myself to his wishes again. He stated that it was his intention to let them remain quiet at my house till after Christmas, when he would take them to London for a fortnight to let them see the world, and then return them to my house again, by which proposition it appears that he thought he could do just what he pleased with my house and family. However, I did not express myself hastily on this part of the subject. I reasoned with him, and I added that if they left me at the time he spoke of, I thought I should not desire to receive them again. Since that time he has, I believe, abandoned his

London excursion scheme, but I fear that when they leave our house he will be dashing into unnecessary expenses. He talks of buying them a coach when they go to London in the spring, and keeping horses and servants. He proposes in the summer to take them to his own friends to Sutherland in Scotland, the most remote county in it, to ship them and the carriage in a Leith smack, and to travel in the carriage from Edinburgh to Sutherland, and so back to London. He proposes also, when he has sold all the jewels, to provide for the mother and the girls separately, and to get the two latter married when they go back to Port-au-Prince. But I trust the ladies have too much good sense to follow all that he has in design for them.

With respect to Captain Sutherland himself, I know not what to make of him. At times I am much pleased with him. I am always pleased with the deep interest which he seems to have in the welfare of the ladies, and the attachment which he seems to bear them. At other times I have no patience with him. He says one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. When he was here last he made them uneasy by lecturing them on their expenditure; and the next day, finding they were uneasy, he sent for a carriage and took them to Ipswich, and ordered a carriage three times besides in the same week, and once besides for himself, thus giving them an example of extravagance. These facts will enable both you and Mr. Wilberforce to assist me in forming an opinion concerning Captain Sutherland, who is but twenty-six years of age, and giving me your advice both as to my future conduct with respect to these ladies and as to the captain himself; and this is the more necessary because, whatever may be their gratitude to him, and whatever attachment they may bear him, it cannot be doubted both that Mrs. Clarkson and myself have a certain hold upon their minds That he has done much for them in preserving their jewels, and bringing them to England, and in putting them in the way of being served by Mr. Wilberforce and others, cannot be doubted, but they do not owe their lives to him as he has once asserted. They owe them to their own exemplary and benevolent conduct. They had more than a hundred orphans, whom they brought up, educated, fed and clothed, and the whole country knew this. They spent their time in visiting the sick and aged, and relieving the poor. General Richard (the Duke de Marmalade, who was afterwards shot by Boyer[1]), the murderer of the Prince Royal, went to Sans Souci expressly to murder them; but he was disarmed by an unexpected blow, as it were, on the conscience. He said, 'This woman (the Queen) has three times saved my life. I

[1] General Boyer, President of the Republic of Hayti till 1843.

cannot do it.' When the ladies went to the Cape, people from town and country flocked in with poultry, vegetables, and money for their daily support. At this time some officers of Christophe, supposing they had jewels, entered their house to murder them for the sake of plunder. They debated the matter in the room below where they were, and when they had resolved upon the deed the soldiers and sentinels (of Christophe) said: 'You can get nothing there, for they are daily fed upon charity. Besides, what evil have they done? Have they not always been doing good? You shall not murder them while we are here, and the very attempt to do it will be followed by the revolt of all our regiments in their favour.' Thus was their design frustrated, and a report being afterwards spread that their enemies had engaged a pirate vessel to take and murder them on their way to Port-au-Prince, several persons joined in hiring a proper vessel at their own expense to carry them thither, in which fifty young men, all armed, volunteered to accompany them.—Yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

TO T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

Brighton, December 27, 1821.

This world is made up of perturbations—a word which leads one almost involuntarily to Ireland. You have doubtless been much perplexed and concerned by the sudden removal of Charles Grant, and the unfeeling way in which it was done. It was announced in the newspapers before he or any of his friends had the very slightest suspicion that anything of the kind was dreamt of. And even now it does not appear that they either hinted to him any disapprobation of his measures, or that they have any blame in reserve. It seems to have been a hasty and unadvised concession to the bigoted Orange and Anti-Catholic parties. Lord Sidmouth seems to have acted very brutally. He had lived with Charles Grant while in Ireland, acted towards him and Robert in the most open, friendly, and confidential manner, consulting them most unreservedly on everything, and approving of all Charles's measures of Irish policy. And then, after this, to vote for his removal without a reason that he could produce, and merely, as is supposed, to please the Duke of York.[1] It is clearly his cross which Charles is now bearing. His attachment to the Bible cause and to Bible religion, his uncompromising purity of principle,

[1] Lord Glenelg was unfortunate in being obnoxious to more than one of the Royal Princes. When the Duke of Clarence came to the throne he took no pains to conceal his dislike of him. See the *Greville Memoirs*, vol. iii.

and his paternal government of Ireland, raised up a host of secret enemies. I find the Conynghams, who are now here, have been deeply hurt by his refusal to grant them a place they had solicited for some dependant, though he would have violated the rules of the Service in doing so: and something is darkly said by persons about them that it was foolish in Charles not to have secured a friend at Court by a deviation from strict rule. All these things are doubtless good for the soul's health, and I only hope he will not compromise his own dignity by accepting some paltry office (they talk of Surveyor of Woods and Forests) as a sop to prevent him from speaking out plainly on the subject of his scandalous treatment.

The Royal Chapel, in which Hugh Pearson[1] is to preach regularly before His Majesty, is to be opened and consecrated on the first of January. I hope to be present, and shall send you some account of the ceremony.

FROM THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

Playford, January 31, 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I trouble you with a few lines on the subject of the affairs of our poor ladies, who are well in health and cheerful in spirits, and whose amiable dispositions and gentle and correct manners occasion them daily to grow in our love and esteem. I am persuaded that there is nothing which the Christophes desire so much as to be respectable. There is nothing to do but to show them all possible kindness as opportunities occur, and not to appear to wish to influence them. If they themselves feel something of shyness respecting Abolitionists, it arises from their fear of being confounded with Africans. I can pity their weakness. I have observed that very few persons can bear to be reminded of any circumstances in their history which may be thought degrading. Even La Fayette appeared not quite well pleased with an allusion to the dungeons of Olmütz.

You gentlemen who live in London know, I fear, but little of the distressed state of the country. How the Government will be able to collect their taxes in the ensuing year nobody can divine, and if the taxes are not to be collected, how is the interest of the Funds to be paid? This state of things has affected my mind as it relates to our poor ladies, and I therefore earnestly recommend it to you to take into your serious consideration what would be the safest investment for the money which will come from the sale of their jewels this very

[1] Dr. Pearson, afterwards Dean of Salisbury and father of Hugh Pearson, the Canon of Windsor.

day, as well as whether it would not be prudent to remove some of the money which has been already invested in our Funds into others. The great question after all is the comparative security between the English and Foreign Funds, and I am free to confess that I think almost any foreign Funds more secure than our own at this moment. I should certainly prefer the Danish or the American, but the balance of trade is so much against the Americans that the difference of the exchange greatly diminishes the interest. Sutherland has acted with great propriety of late. He tells me he will abide by your judgment as to the placing out of the money, and also that he is desirous of adding your name to his own in any investment he may make, as well as in removing any which may have been already made.—Yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, May 25, 1822.

You would see by the cover of the newspaper yesterday that I had arrived here safely. After a long conference at Doctors Commons on Captain Irby's and Captain Scobell's matters, the result of which will require considerable exertion during the next week or two, I got to my office and found Tom Babington well. I called on Mrs. Clarkson, but she was gone, and on Cropper, but he was out. W. Smith and I went together to the House of Commons when the West India Sugar question was expected to come on. After waiting, however, in the gallery listening to the discussion on the new measure of finance and the alleviation of taxes which you will find in the newspaper of to-day, and admiring the blunderings of His Majesty's Ministers, which appeared to me quite extraordinary, until ten o'clock struck without our question coming on, I thought it high time to get something to eat. I adjourned to a Coffee-house and dined heartily, and went quietly home to bed, into which I got about half-past eleven. I was up to-day at five, and after having worked for three hours at the Memorial for Irby and Scobell, I went to Stephen's. He had set off at six for Missenden. I was invited to breakfast at Mr. Wilberforce's to meet the Duke de Broglie and De Staël. We sat down to breakfast there at half-past ten. We had much interesting conversation. I got away from them about twelve, and came into the City to attend a meeting of East India merchants, from which, after a long discussion, I did not get away till nearly four o'clock. I am now sitting down after having dressed for

dinner at the office, waiting for the coming of a coach to carry me to Buxton's brewhouse.[1]

May 31, 1822.

I shall be able to write to you but a few lines to-day. I wrote to Henry desiring that he and Charles may come to-morrow afternoon. I shall dine out at Evans's, but I shall be with them till six and the whole of Sunday. On Monday I dine at the Babingtons; on Tuesday at Battersea Rise; to-day I breakfasted at W. Smith's. After breakfast Mr. Smith and I went to the Colonial Slave Registry office to examine the record there, and after having satisfied our inquiries I called on the French noblemen, and had a long and interesting conversation with them on the Slave Trade. I am at this moment dining previous to my going at three to a meeting of friends on the West India Sugar Bill preparatory to presenting our petition to the House of Commons and to the discussion they are likely to raise. You will be glad to hear that the Quakers have fully met my suggestion, and are about to come forward as the advocates of the Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies.

June 4, 1822.

We were kept late last night by the Duke de Broglie and De Staël at the Political Economy Club. I slept at the Hummums, and walked to Cadogan Place this morning, wrote some letters, met the Liverpool deputation about West India Sugar at half-past eight, called on Charles, breakfasted with Lord Calthorpe at half-past nine, called on Drummond, Buxton, Dr. Lushington, etc., and was in the City by eleven. I am going to Sir R. Inglis to-day, but return this evening, as I have a meeting with Brougham at nine to-morrow.

The death of Lord Castlereagh occurred in August 1822, and the immediate result of the painful event was favourable to the aspirations of the Abolitionists. The Duke of Wellington, whose views upon slavery were decidedly in sympathy with their own, went out to conduct the negotiations at the Congress of Vienna in Lord Castlereagh's place. As one of the principal subjects before the consideration of the delegates was the Slave Trade, it was thought desirable that some competent person should be at hand to furnish any information upon that subject which might be of service, and General Macaulay was selected as specially qualified for the position,

[1] The dinners given at the Brewery in Spitalfields consisted professedly of beefsteaks cooked in one of the furnaces. When Lord Grey dined there while Premier, he is said to have consumed six beefsteaks.

both on account of his long friendship with the Duke, and of the ease with which he was able to converse in the French and Italian languages.

On arriving at Vienna he now perceived that the seven years which had elapsed had made a considerable alteration in the Emperor Alexander, and that his enthusiastic zeal in the cause of Slavery had greatly cooled. When the place of meeting for the Congress was transferred in October to Verona, the General felt some scruples at following the Duke there, and waited at Innsbrück until he was able to ascertain that his distinguished friend would not think his presence intrusive. His hesitation was quickly removed by receiving a very cordial letter from the Duke, dated Verona, October 17, 1822, in which he says: 'I know of no difficulty in your coming here, exceptiug that of obtaining a lodging, and I am quite certain that your presence here will be no inconvenience to me. Indeed I shall be very happy to see you.' In a letter to his brother, the General highly praises the admirable zeal, perseverance, judgment and temper which the Duke displayed in dealing with his colleagues at the Congress, and, above all, the straightforward honesty with which he met the diplomatic artifices which were opposed to him.

General Macaulay also mentions that he conversed with the Duke on the subject of the Catholic claims, and related that the Duke told him that if a satisfactory Concordat were established between the English Government and the Pope, he would himself go down to the House of Peers and move Catholic Emancipation. On the 31st of May 1828 General Macaulay wrote to recall this conversation to the mind of his illustrious friend, and added:—

'If that was your view of the question then, how much more imperiously ought it not to guide you now? The Minister who happily concludes that most vital matter will be hailed by an admiring world by a name

"Which every wind to Heaven will bear,
Which men to tell and angels joy to hear!"'

Mr. Wilberforce was so enchanted with General Macaulay's proceedings throughout his delicate mission that he writes: 'I shall love all generals the better for it as long as I live, and so I hope will my children after me.'

The band of philanthropists in England kept a close watch upon the proceedings of the Congress, and were much exercised in their minds as to the advantages which might accrue to some of the more comprehensive of their benevolent schemes if properly pressed upon the attention of the plenipotentiaries at Verona. On the 19th of October Zachary Macaulay writes: 'In all my communications with the Duke I have pressed the point of privacy as strongly as I could. Both the Duke and the Emperor seem earnest. May God bless what is doing!' In answer to a suggestion from Mr. Wilberforce that it might be possible to induce the Pope to co-operate with them in their Abolition proceedings, he writes on October 22: 'I wish we had thought of the Pope before. I never once dreamed of his existence in all my musings on our affairs. He ought certainly to be got to publish a Bull. Can you not set Canning on this? He is a favourite with the Pope.' This was done, and before long Canning sent to Mr. Wilberforce the draft of a letter to Cardinal Gonsalvi.

CHAPTER XII

BUSINESS EMBARRASSMENTS

THE creation of the African Institution after the abolition of the Slave Trade had been hailed with satisfaction by all who desired to see that infamous traffic finally swept away, and it fulfilled the expectations raised by its establishment. The constitution of the board was a remarkable one; the Duke of Gloucester presided and scarcely ever was absent from a meeting, while the peers and members of Parliament who formed the greater proportion of working members were unremitting in their attendance. But the same reasons which had contributed to render it a powerful instrument in the hands of the Abolitionists at its commencement and for some years afterwards, served rather to retard than to accelerate progress in the great cause when interest in the subject of slavery became more widely disseminated throughout the country. The influence that a committee, which included among its numbers no less than five Premiers, besides numerous other members of each Ministry, was capable of exercising upon the Governments of foreign nations was absolutely invaluable, and it also constituted a repository which was easily accessible of trustworthy information upon the Slave Trade at home and abroad.

But as time went on it became plain to the discerning eyes of one at least of the members of the board that the work of the African Institution was completed, and that now a society of a more popular and elastic nature was needed; a society that should be capable of inaugurating the radical improvement that was urgently required in the condition of the slaves, and of pursuing the vigorous measures which alone could accomplish it.

'This substitution of the power of Anti-slavery association was an improvement of which the credit was mainly due to Mr.

Macaulay. No man knew better than himself the vast importance of diffusing knowledge on any topic on which the public were required to act, and it was therefore part of his plan to publish Colonial intelligence in a periodical work. He undertook to be its editor and compiler. Hence originated the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the first number of which appeared on the 30th of June 1825; and thus was formed the nucleus of a system to which, under the blessing of God, all the subsequent success must be ascribed.'[1]

In Macaulay's opinion the time had arrived when it was desirable to organise a system of agitation through the length and breadth of the land; and heartily as the Duke of Gloucester sympathised with the cause of Emancipation, it was impossible for a Royal Duke and for Cabinet Ministers and other members of the Government to lend their names to such a course of action.

But all things come to those who can wait, and the opportunity for an alteration of policy came in the natural course of events. Mr. Wilberforce, finding that his growing infirmities debarred him from the conflict which he had hitherto conducted with so much success, had with the approbation of his friends taken the important step of offering the leadership of the Anti-slavery party to one who indeed proved worthy of the trust.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was a man singularly fitted by nature to occupy the position the acceptance of which was now urged upon him. His ability, sincerity and determination of purpose were calculated to inspire confidence in his followers; he spoke easily and well, and was always heard in the House of Commons with attention; and in addition to his other recommendations he was endowed with a kindly and generous spirit which conciliated opposition. He felt considerable hesitation, however, as to acceding to the proposal of undertaking so difficult and arduous a task; and in the course of the autumn of 1822 Macaulay accompanied Mr. Wilberforce on a visit to Cromer Hall, where Buxton was then residing, in order to assist in overcoming his reluctance by argument and entreaty. But Buxton had meanwhile, after deep and earnest reflection, come to the decision that the path of duty was too clearly marked before him for any choice to be exercised as to entering upon

[1] *Anti-Slavery Recollections.*

it or avoiding it; and therefore upon their arrival they had the satisfaction of being able at once to enter upon business.

Buxton had summoned to meet them Lord Suffield, and Dr. Lushington, who had a few days before written to Macaulay: 'I cannot express to you the pleasure I feel at your coming to Cromer. Your superior knowledge of the subject, and inextinguishable zeal, will, I hope, enable us to do some real good.'

The question of what would be the wisest course of action in future was now discussed in all its bearings, a plan of campaign was sketched out, and their various parts assigned to each member of the conclave. Macaulay, as has been seen, had already matured in his mind the scheme of an association that should be formed with the special view of organising those active measures against slavery in which the more cautious members of the African Institution shrank from involving themselves. He now felt that the moment had arrived for putting the idea into execution; and his colleagues agreed fully, and assisted in every way to bring the new society into being. In January 1823 the same friends assembled again at Marden Park, under the roof of Mr. Wilberforce, and to use the words of his biography: 'Long and deep were their deliberations how best to shape those measures which were to change the structure of society throughout the western world.' Indeed there was little intermission in the work of preparation for the supreme effort. On the 5th of February Macaulay writes to Mr. Wilberforce: 'We are to have a select party to-morrow at Lord Calthorpe's, purposely to talk over slavery. If therefore you are drawn to town, you will know where the conspirators are assembled.' And again on the 8th of February he writes: 'I have had two long talks with Brougham, and have gradually opened to him our feelings and views. I cannot help hoping that we have gained him. He offered voluntarily to write an article on slavery for the very next *Edinburgh Review*.'

Macaulay was much engrossed also with the formation of the Anti-Slavery Society. The offices were taken for it in Aldermanbury, and at first the change of tactics was viewed with some suspicion by the older members of the party. The *Christian Observer* says: 'Mr. Macaulay projected the Anti-Slavery Society. We can well remember that he was looked upon for this as a visionary and wild enthusiast, even by some of his nearest

friends. Before long a periodical publication under the auspices of the Society became necessary, and in the pages of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* we found an ample supply of important materials, which, in common with all other Anti-slavery advocates, we rejoiced largely and gratefully to use.'

The *Anti-Slavery Reporters*, which Macaulay continued to publish regularly till his death, were of absolutely vital importance to the cause of Emancipation. To the *Anti-Slavery Reporters* all the combatants for the freedom of their unhappy fellow-creatures held in a bondage worse than death looked for their supply of ammunition for the battle. When once facts were passed by Macaulay, no further confirmation was required. They were accepted as established by friends and foes alike without demur, and to use the words of an eminent member of Parliament, 'Whatever Macaulay says may be taken for gospel and quoted.' Besides the Reporters he showered forth pamphlets upon every part of the subject, and it is not possible to exaggerate the weight which was attached by the advocates of the cause to his opinion, and to the information which he collected and arranged for their use. 'You and Stephen are the authors-general for our cause,' writes Mr. Wilberforce; and the Editor of the *Christian Observer*, Mr. Wilks, bears a testimony, which is specially valuable as coming from a contemporary of Macaulay, to the humility with which he accepted criticism of his own literary productions.

'Some features of our friend's character ought to be noted, especially his repugnance to harsh words in controversy, and his great modesty in reference to his own opinions in writing and his openness to conviction, though from his patience of research and his calmness of judgment those who knew him always regarded his conclusions with great deference. Thus, for example, upon our sending him some animadversions, in our opinion unmerited, upon the reprehension with which he had spoken, in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, of the conduct of the French Government respecting the Slave Trade, though he was not really more severe than Lord Londonderry and the Duke of Wellington in their diplomatic papers, he says: "I return Mr. ——'s note, for which I am sure I feel obliged to him. So few will take the trouble of amicably telling us our faults in private, that we ought to feel grateful to those who do."

'Mr. Macaulay's great calmness of spirit, with his correctness

of judgment, his caution in statement, and his long habits of careful writing for the press, might reasonably have made him somewhat tenacious of what he had penned, yet the papers sent by him generally were accompanied by such a note as the following: "Exercise a calm and impartial judgment, and do what you may think necessary. I most unfeignedly distrust my own suggestions. I abandon them wholly to your criticism, adoption or rejection.'

'Mr. Macaulay was often said to have the pen of a ready writer, which in one sense was true; but such an expression does not do justice to the toil and patience which he exercised in collecting his facts and weighing his arguments; and even where requisite, particular words or expressions. Thus he says: "I feel quite with you about expressions in the *Anti-Slavery Reporters*, and yet what can I do? I brooded for hours over certain words in this one, and yet I found it was best to use the expressions of the official documents in cases of so grave and atrocious a nature. I had thought of putting the words in Greek, but the very inquiry such a thing must cause was undesirable. Even a blank which I tried led to the same result. In short, I did not see how the expressions could be changed without failing in giving a clear and adequate impression of the enormity of the case. Still, (he adds with his usual diffidence), I may be wrong, and should be glad to reconsider the subject."'

During the whole of this year the pressure of work was extreme, and considering that Macaulay, as Mr. Wilberforce writes, was doing the work of four ordinary men, no surprise will be excited at finding that he broke down in the month of March, and was laid by with a severe attack of illness. As usual, however, he was at work again as soon as he was able to leave his room, and indeed there was little possibility of sparing his services at such a crisis. In addition to the Anti-slavery work, the Rev. Samuel Wilks, who had succeeded him as Editor of the *Christian Observer*, unfortunately fell ill just at this time, and there appears to have been no person available except Macaulay capable of taking Mr. Wilks's place as temporary editor. The correspondence which Clarkson always maintained with him was particularly heavy during this period when Clarkson was busy in composing pamphlets on Slavery, and depended upon Macaulay to supply him with every description of information necessary for his publications, and also for the revising and editing of them; and it appears that Macaulay was con-

stantly assisting to put the statements into a more condensed form, and criticising the diffuseness of Clarkson's method of writing. The letters which passed between them are, as a rule, too technical and monotonous in subject to quote with any advantage.

Extraordinary as it may appear, Macaulay found sufficient leisure, with all these occupations, to take up other objects of interest. He carried on active communications with the Baron de Staël upon the Greek question among other subjects, and exerted himself energetically to organise meetings in London in support of Greek independence, of which he was a strong advocate. His family were spending the summer months with the Babingtons at the Temple, where he had intended to remain with them; but his health was in so unsatisfactory a state that although, as he tells his wife, he was suffering from no definite complaint, only 'fatigue without just cause,' he was ordered to Leamington, and went there at the end of July. Mrs. Macaulay was very anxious that as soon as he should have finished his course of treatment at Leamington he should join her at Allestree, Mr. Evans's country-seat, where that kind friend had invited Macaulay to spend some weeks in order that he might enjoy the entire rest which his medical advisers urgently prescribed for him. Many combined causes, however, compelled him to decline this pleasant and congenial invitation, and to return to London. He had to superintend the appearance of an important work he had composed, which was to be brought out during the autumn by his friendly publisher Hatchard. 'If I may judge of your health by your labours,' writes Mrs. H. More in September, 'I should suppose you had the strength of Hercules.' For this pamphlet, which was entitled, 'The Slave Colonies, or a Picture of Negro Slavery drawn from the Colonists themselves,' he had taken his information exclusively from the official returns from the Crown colonies; and the result of the presentation collectively of a mass of terrible facts, the accuracy of which was established beyond dispute, had an immense effect upon the public mind, all the more so probably on account of the simplicity of the narrative, and the absence of any dramatic attempt to heighten the horrors described as constantly practised under the sanction of English rule. This ghastly and

awful record served as a manual to which for many years the adversaries of Slavery applied for the necessary material for their attacks upon it. Macaulay, who seldom referred to his own labours, remarked that the preparation of this work had been specially difficult, and had cost him a good deal of time.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

Rothley Temple, June 14, 1823.

A letter has just arrived to reproach my negligence in allowing so many months to pass without my sending you a single line. My health at times has been such as to incapacitate me for much exertion. Our Slavery cause at the same time was preferring irresistible claims on every moment I could redeem from business or from languor, and the unexpected success in rousing public attention and feeling which was the result of our first efforts was a powerful motive for continuing them. I must now inform you that I have gained Brougham for our cause, and that he wrote an article on my pamphlet on Negro Slavery for the *Edinburgh Review*. Also that in a conference with the Methodists I induced them to promise to come forward and furnish us with evidence when required to do so. But may God give us patience, for we are sorely in need of it!

You have doubtless heard that the new Bishop of Calcutta[1] is our friend, and is willing to act in conjunction with the Missionary Society.

Here we are, eleven Macaulays in a body, and with us the Gisbornes, so that with the Babingtons we form altogether a large and imposing party. The Temple is beautiful at present, and its peaceful air is quite enchanting to one so long in populous cities pent. Every breeze seems loaded with fragrance and health. And then there is the spirit of its master diffusing peace and serenity around him, and contributing by his unaffected cordiality of Christian kindness to the happiness of all who approach him. I rejoice in the opportunity of making my young folks acquainted with this fascinating scene of tranquil enjoyment, the result of Christian tempers and affections.

FROM BARON DE STAËL.

Coppet, July 2, 1823.

I consider your brother's stay in this country is a very happy and important circumstance for the first of human interests.

[1] Reginald Heber.

Though the conduct of the majority of the Lausanne and Geneva clergy is not to be justified either in a religious or in a philosophical and political point of view, yet I am sorry to say there has been on the part of the more evangelical people, whether natives or foreigners,[1] such a want of prudence and even of charity, as to indispose several well-meaning and enlightened persons who feel the inefficiency of old moral precepts unsupported by the true Christianity of the heart, but whose minds are repulsed by exaggerations or narrow views of men or things. Your brother has already done considerable good by his wisdom, and will, I trust, prevent the widening of the chasm.

I am in great hopes a Bible Society will be formed at Vevay immediately.

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Brougham, Saturday Evening.

I heard Irving[2] with no little admiration, but truly I read him with very much less. I agree with you that he shows very considerable powers; but then he is so long—so affected, and often so extravagant, and his taste is so very bad, and his doctrine (his new kind of purgatory for instance) so odd—that I cool down to temperate, if not below. Compare him with Hall[3]—why he is not to be named in the same year.

I expect Denman here to-morrow, and after a week we go together to Scotland. I have not been there for fifteen years.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, September 8, 1823.

I have desired Hatchard to send you by the first opportunity a work which has cost me some labour, and which has grown to a far greater size than I had intended. If it do any good to the poor Negroes, I shall have my reward. I suppose you do not read *John Bull.* I do not buy him, and never read him but when I am abused, which I have been pretty plentifully of late. But then being abused in very good company, and being found worthy of abuse in such a cause, one has a compensation for being so bespattered and bemired. The best of it all is that our cause gains, and I have no doubt will gain daily; and I cannot help flattering myself that dear

[1] See the *Lives of the Haldanes*, chapter xviii.

[2] The Rev. Edward Irving was at this time minister at the Presbyterian Church in Hatton Garden.

[3] The Rev. Robert Hall, the eminent Baptist preacher.

Wilberforce will still live to see his great work finally accomplished in the emancipation of every slave within the British dominions.

We have been hearing this great northern light[1]—I need not name him—who has given employment to the periodical press and the caricature shops for the last five months. I was agreeably disappointed. He is a good actor; but he is not merely an actor. There is much of miserable taste and of affectation of the older time; there is a sovereign contempt of all the ordinary restraints of good writing; and an almost foolhardy indifference to qualifications and consequences; there is an absence also of the lovely and winning graces of Christian oratory—a scowl and air of defiance, rather than the gentleness and meekness of the Saviour. But then there is power and talent and earnestness and intrepidity, all exercised in the best of causes and for the best of ends. He is a man to make those tremble who never trembled before. He has unquestionably, with much of uncouthness and rudeness, an eloquence which irresistibly arrests and rivets the attention. There is no sleeping or yawning while he speaks. There is even little or no criticising. The criticism is an after-thought when the discourse comes to be recalled. He has the advantage of Chalmers in speaking English very intelligibly, and also in knowing how to take imposing attitudes; but he is quite his inferior in grasp of mind, in soundness of judgment, in tact and knowledge of the world, in Christian prudence, in humility, and in spirituality.

Though averse to mere sermon-hunting on principle, I really can forgive those who go to hear Irving even again and again. It is a very different thing from the humdrum of our best preachers, intellectually considered. The man puts forth his whole energies, and they are no mean energies, and he arouses and interests you in spite of yourself.

Poor Wilks has of late been a severe sufferer, and I fear much his health will hardly stand the fag of the *Christian Observer*.

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Brougham, September 16, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have now received your whole remittances of sheets, and I have the work complete. A most important one it is, and will be a very useful one. I only grieve to see how much you have curtailed what I said of yourself. Had I reflected that this was likely to follow, I should

[1] The Rev. Edward Irving.

have been very unwilling to let you undertake the friendly office of revising my poor share in the debate. I wonder you could make anything ostensible of it, and I especially rejoice that my protestation (for the sake of which chiefly I spoke) is fairly given and will thus be preserved. The work comes in good time for use in the next number of the *Edinburgh*.

Clarkson, when here, wrote to Southey at Keswick, and at my instigation remonstrated in our joint names, but 'with no unfriendly voice,' on his never having made head against the common enemy, and especially on the *Quarterly Review* being obstinately silent for fifteen years on the subject of Negro Slavery. He writes that all Southey's attempts to procure insertion have failed, but I enclose his letter. I replied to Clarkson in a style which I hope he showed Southey, as it was fitted to work him up to more vigorous efforts in that quarter where he really ought to have great weight.

I returned yesterday from my tour in Scotland, which gratified me beyond expectation, as it showed a degree of improvement in public feeling and principle quite singular. The Glasgow dinner was held solely on principles. Right or wrong, they had not one of them the least personal acquaintance with us, save one or two of the Parliamentary folks there, and these in no way set it on foot. The points for which they sung their loudest and most general note were all unconnected with any party, unless love of liberty and pure government, of education, free trade, Abolition, and national freedom be such—of these were their talk.

The toast of the Abolition was judiciously coupled with Clarkson's name, who had just been raising the country against the state of Slavery itself, and yet not a voice was raised against Graham's speech, and the toast was drunk unanimously and with shouts. Several planters and merchants were present.—Ever yours, H. BROUGHAM.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, September 26, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I yesterday received your long and interesting letter under your Bishop's passport, and we were all much gratified by it, not only by its contents, but by the indications which the length of it, the clearness of the writing, and its able and acute criticisms afford us of the state of your bodily powers. The praise bestowed on your criticisms will appear perhaps a little selfish, at least suspicious as to their motive, when I go on to tell you that they coincide, so as to be quite remarkable for their coincidence, with the concluding

observations in the *Christian Observer* on Irving, and which you will now shortly see. I am afraid he will feel them to be severe, and yet I was most anxious to avoid whatever might tend unnecessarily to irritate or to alienate him. I cannot help regarding him, notwithstanding his eccentricities, as a most useful and important auxiliary or rather leader in the cause of Christianity. He stands much in need, however, of friendly admonition, and if he will but listen to it, I shall entertain high hopes of benefit from his exertions.

Irving set off yesterday for Scotland to be married. I had a note from him a few days before in which he expressed considerable sensibility to the attacks that are making upon him, and which he considers, (a little in his way), in bearing him down to be bearing down the cause of Christ—for which cause alone he says, with much of warmth, he desires to labour. 'At the present moment,' he observes, 'the thing that occupies me wholly is to devise some method of bringing the gospel into contact with the minds of the world, and to practise what God directs me to as the most likely to succeed. In which high concern, having little advice or aid of others, I am obliged to devote myself to it entirely; for this to rest, for this to be busy, for this to think, to speak, to act, and to pray. And the opposition with which they endeavour to bear the cause down by bearing me down, does only make me the more to stand fast for the sake of that to which I am ordained in the Church.'

As for our friend Jebb, my hopes from him are not high. He is an amiable creature, and writes and talks beautifully, but hitherto his labours have tended to little purpose except that of hindering the cause of the Bible. This is lamentable.

Our future domicile is now fixed. It is in Great Ormond Street, on the spot which was formerly occupied by the Lord Chancellor of England. It is a very commodious and a cheap house, two great recommendations to a man of small means and a large family. It is within a furlong of Dr. Wilson's[1] chapel. We expect to be fairly set down in it for life in less than a month.

FROM T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

Temple, October 28, 1823.

MY DEAR ZACHARY,—I am sorry to see the course *John Bull* is taking, but may God arm you against his malice, and enable you to feel 'none of these things move me!' To be sure, you have a full measure of 'dishonour' and 'evil-report' in your

[1] The Rev. Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was incumbent of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.

course, and earnestly do I wish that I could smooth your path. But the great consolation is that all is no doubt working for good to you, and you may certainly even take to yourself Christ's address to His followers at the very commencement of His ministry, 'Rejoice and be exceeding glad.' The wonder is how the cunning even of Satan can conjure up such a train of false and execrable accusations. But he is not only the 'Tempter' but the 'Accuser.'

I feel for my dear sister almost as much as for you. I am sure she would rather have been slandered herself. However, though she will feel all this abuse most acutely as far as it affects you personally, she will not have so keen a sense of it as you in other views which will be most important in your eyes probably.—Yours affectionately,

T. BABINGTON.

TO T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

October 29, 1823.

Your kind note of sympathy is very cheering to me and my wife. I think we feel the abuse sit less heavily upon us than might be supposed. I have been long used to such uncivil buffetings, and from the moment that Brougham so kindly, but incautiously, mentioned me in the House of Commons as the author of 'Negro Slavery,' I foresaw all that must follow. However, the cause is one that can sustain some share of obloquy, and I only pray that I may bear it without being unduly provoked or depressed. Personal abuse is now the only game of our adversaries. The battle is no longer a battle of principle; that ground is gained. If they can draw us into a personal encounter they may hope to divert the public mind from the important points. It seems, therefore, incumbent on us not to be drawn into personal discussions except they furnish some ground for judicial proceedings.

TO T. F. BUXTON, ESQ., M.P.

London, November 11, 1823.

MY DEAR BUXTON,—Chinnery, Canning's private secretary, stated lately in a party, stated openly and loudly, that the insurrection in Demerara had been instigated by Wilberforce, Buxton and Co., that he was as confident of it as he could be of any fact. This conduct was witnessed by a friend who was actually present and heard the words, and on whom I can place implicit reliance. Canning, I think, ought to know this.

This incident has set me reflecting on all that has been

passing, and has led to the following recollections and considerations.

You will recollect how I held up my hands in utter astonishment at hearing that Ministers had begun their operations by abolishing the whip; by an act, in short, of the most direct interference between master and slave, and that an act of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. The whip, be it remembered, is the grand badge of slavery in the West Indies. Its use is identified with the servile state. Can we wonder that the poor slaves should confound this ever-present symbol of slavery with slavery itself, and that they should regard its abolition as but another name for emancipation? In whatever degree, therefore, the disturbances in Demerara are to be traced to England, (and I do not believe they are to be so traced), they must be considered as the work of Canning, Bathurst, Horton and Co., instead of that other reviled and calumniated firm.

You may also recollect what was *our* plan had we been allowed to proceed in our own way by Parliamentary enactment. It was not to interfere with a rash hand and in the first instance with the plantation discipline, or with the direct authority of the master, but to adopt measures which would have a powerful influence on the condition and character of the slave, without disturbing for the present the settled relations of plantation economy. Our plan was, and had we been allowed to proceed by Parliamentary enactment, successive acts would have been adopted to the following effect:—

1. To remove all fiscal obstructions to manumissions.
2. To oblige the master to manumit whenever the value of the slave as appraised should be offered to him.
3. To abolish compulsory labour and markets on the Sunday.
4. To promote religious instruction.
5. To legalise and protect marriage.
6. To make the evidence of slaves admissible *pro tanto*.
7. To cause them to cease from being treated as chattels.
8. To secure them in the possession and transmission of property.

These various measures would have interfered little, at least visibly, with the exercise of the masters' authority. They would be either measures of remission, not leading at all to relax the bonds of discipline, or measures of silent and progressive improvement, producing no sudden change of state, but preparing the slaves gradually, and in no long time, for the grand change of substituting a moral impulse to labour for that of the whip, and of making the slaves amenable to law and not to individual caprice. And then what substitute has Government provided?

You may recollect that both Stephen and myself proposed, when we first learned that orders had actually been sent out to abolish the whip, to represent to Mr. Canning the inexpediency and even danger of the proceeding. But then it appeared a very invidious office to attempt to check the career of benevolence, especially as the order had actually been sent before we had the slightest apprehension that such a thing as issuing the order was thought of. It would be said that as Ministers acted in conjunction with the West Indians, they must be acting on the best information, and our intervention therefore would seem like a wish to have the credit of having our views adopted instead of theirs. It seems important that Ministers should fully understand this. Not indeed that I myself have any fear of mischief even from actual and instant emancipation if the due and obvious precautions were taken, but it must be allowed that Ministers, without taking any of the necessary precautions, have taken that course, short of emancipation, which was most likely by the slaves to be confounded with it. No danger would arise, in my opinion, even from emancipation if not resisted, nor from the present measure if not resisted, although even in that case a substitute ought to have been provided for the whip. But I could not dare to hope that the abolition of the whip in the first instance would not be resisted, and would not therefore lead to evil. I should therefore have pursued the more cautious order of proceeding already mentioned, were it only to prevent our good from being evil spoken of in consequence of any disasters which might have occurred contemporaneously with any more precipitate course.—Yours very sincerely, Z. MACAULAY.

It might have been thought impossible for Macaulay to add to his daily labours; and in the campaign now opening for Emancipation, the multifarious and difficult questions for the treatment of which he was held responsible would have taxed beyond human endurance the energies of any person who was not entire master of his subject. But he perceived clearly that it would be impossible, even for him, to have his mind free to devote to the cause which he had at heart, if it were necessary for him to continue to give that attention to his business which he had hitherto invariably done notwithstanding all his other numberless avocations.

Under his guidance the house of Macaulay and Babington had prospered, and had weathered successfully one severe storm which had convulsed the City; and with pardonable pride he

relates in his private correspondence that he had, during more than one monetary crisis, been able effectually to come to the assistance of friends of far more considerable position in the financial world than himself. His partner and nephew, Mr. Thomas Gisborne Babington, had proved an excellent coadjutor; and although some allowance must be made for the partiality with which Macaulay regarded the heir of Rothley Temple, the son of those beloved relations to whom he was so deeply indebted for his highest blessings, yet probably there was a good deal of foundation for the confidence which he reposed in his partner, who, as long as he was acting under his uncle's orders, carried out his plans successfully and in a most competent manner. Later on Macaulay writes:[1] 'I had found his judgment in the main a sound one, and had had reason in general to be satisfied with his providence, intelligence, and activity.'

With the deliberation which characterised all his proceedings, Macaulay reviewed the situation in all its bearings, and calmly counted the cost which the sacrifices he felt his duty demanded of him would entail. He thus arrived at the conclusion that for some years to come, during the stress, at any rate, of the Anti-slavery struggle, he would yield to his partner the labouring oar in the concern.

'This was agreeable to him,' continues Macaulay, 'and it fell in with the objects I had at heart. When I entered on the great Slavery controversy I saw the time and thought it would necessarily occupy. Reserving to myself, therefore, a right of being consulted on all matters of moment, I yielded to Tom the conduct of current business.'

But as this was to be the case, Macaulay thought it only just to relegate to his nephew also the larger share of the profits, and under these altered circumstances considered that his duty to his own family necessitated for the present a much stricter economy in his way of life, so that in order that his children's future interests should not suffer, he should have it in his power to continue to lay by what he thought proper. He therefore removed, as has been seen, to a house in Great Ormond Street, which, although large and comfortable, was in an inexpensive district of London, laid down his carriage, and

[1] To General Macaulay, 1826.

reduced as far as possible all expenses not immediately affecting the advantages of his children.

It may be doubted whether the course of conduct pursued by Macaulay was prudent, but as far as can be gathered from his correspondence, his wife cordially acquiesced in the wisdom of his arrangements; and felt that with their large family, and the expense of educating and placing their sons out in the world, it was far better to meet the difficulty in this manner. She maintained upon this occasion, as she always did through all her married life, her steady resolution in no way to impede her husband in the path of duty, never to throw obstacles in the way of his conscientious performance of it, and whether she entirely agreed in his views or not, to assist him heartily in carrying them into execution. Mrs. Macaulay's penetration, however, was less at fault in regard to the character of her nephew than that of his father or uncle. But she appears to have mistrusted her own opinion, as she was much attached to him personally, and to have hoped all would be well against her better judgment. She was also reassured by the sensible measures taken by her husband for guarding against any change of policy in the management of the business.

'I said to Tom,' writes Macaulay,'[1] that I should be at hand at all times to refer to and to assist. This was our general understanding. You know I have not been a great absentee from town, and when in town I pass a considerable part of almost every day in the Counting-house. My absences have been very infrequent.'

He entered into a distinct understanding with Mr. T. G. Babington that no change was to be made in the conduct of the business without consulting him, and that any matter of importance was to be brought to his knowledge before a decision should be taken upon it. With regard to the branch establishment on the West Coast of Africa, he drew out clear directions for the guidance of his partner, copies of which were sent to the heads of the House at Sierra Leone.[2] In these Macaulay gave definite orders that no alteration of any description in carrying on business should be made without a direct reference first to himself. Having taken these precautions,

[1] To General Macaulay, 1826.
[2] *Correspondence with the Sierra Leone House*, Oct. and Nov. 1823.

which appeared to him amply sufficient, he yielded early in the year 1823 to his nephew the first place in the House, and felt himself at liberty to enter with a free mind upon the great Anti-slavery controversy, and to consecrate to it the greater portion of his thoughts and time.

He has been mentioned as furnishing an instance of 'an individual who, in his passionate desire to benefit his fellow-men, neglected to secure the interests of those who were nearest and dearest to him. But a closer study of the circumstances under which Macaulay resigned the chief participation in the management of his own business, so as to be able to rearrange his life with the design of more completely devoting all his powers to the great Anti-slavery struggle, sets his conduct in a different light. At the same time, although such a study may mitigate the censure which has been attached to him on this score, yet it is possible that it may not wholly exonerate him from the charges that, as the first and best energies of his mind were undeviatingly concentrated upon the work which he believed had been allotted to him by the Almighty as his appointed service in this world, the attention which he was able to spare to his other duties was necessarily therefore somewhat divided and irregular; and that, in dealing with the persons to whom he delegated his authority, he did not sufficiently exert himself to exercise that penetration into character of which he certainly was possessed.

For three years Mr. T. G. Babington reigned supreme at the Counting-house, and in those three years he accomplished the ruin of himself and his uncle. Strange to say, the first whispers of misfortune appear to have reached Macaulay through an indirect channel. Colonel Nichols, who commanded the British troops stationed at Ascension, paid a visit to Sierra Leone, and was entertained at the establishment of Macaulay and Babington. This officer was disgusted by the scenes of revelry and profusion which he witnessed there, and feeling convinced that a man of Macaulay's high character must be in ignorance of the habits of his representatives, had the courage and kindness to inform him in confidence of what had passed during his visit. Macaulay's attention was at once aroused; and disconcerted and alarmed by the vagueness and evasions with which his inquiries were met by his partner, he lost no time in

sending out to Sierra Leone a peremptory order desiring that one of the two principals of the House there should sail immediately for England, and bring with him the books of the firm and all accounts. The head manager arrived accordingly in London in November 1826.

The state of affairs now disclosed was appalling. From the moment Mr. T. G. Babington had taken the helm the Sierra Leone House had gone entirely wrong. Under Macaulay's management it had been a most productive concern, as the consignments of goods sent out were disposed of at once for ready money, and large remittances sent home regularly in return, while the accounts and books were carefully kept, and transmitted at constant intervals for the inspection of himself and his partner. Now enormous masses of unsaleable goods had been accumulated at Sierra Leone; and the lowest estimate of the unsold property at that time there could only be put at a hundred thousand pounds, while large additional shipments to a great amount had already been made and were on their way. In addition, a system of credit had been permitted, which allowed little hope for the realisation of back payments; and the establishment itself, which had in its numbers been carefully apportioned to the requirements of the business, had been greatly increased; and for no apparent reason the salaries of the clerks had been considerably raised, in many cases even to five times the amount at which Macaulay had left them in 1823. But beyond all outlay, there was still worse to be discovered. The liabilities undertaken in the name of the firm were very numerous. New factories, with expensive establishments, had been formed at the Isles de Los, Rio Nunez, Tasso, and many other stations, and supplied with buildings and machinery; and several ships had been purchased, and fitted out for keeping up communications with the distant factories. To crown all, the central establishment at Sierra Leone had been directed to keep open house for entertainment with the view of promoting trade, and it may easily be imagined to what disorders this injunction led in such a climate and such a locality.

Macaulay soon found that it was quite useless to press his partner for explanations. He secluded himself entirely upon the plea of health, and neither his father nor his uncle could

extract any information from him to assist them in their investigations. The most probable explanation of Mr. T. G. Babington's extraordinary proceedings is that, being a man of an enthusiastic and sanguine turn of mind, and very romantic in his ideas, he had conceived some project of a great mercantile house which should occupy a commanding position upon the West Coast of Africa, and exercise a princely hospitality; and that as soon as the restraining influence of his uncle's common sense was removed, he had endeavoured to put his project into effect.

It is characteristic of Macaulay's disposition that he wasted no time in reproaches. He had, indeed, cause to suffer from cruel disappointment and mortification. Of the two managers of the Sierra Leone House, one was a man of considerable character and position, who might well have been expected to check any mismanagement upon his own authority, as well as to have at once warned Macaulay. The other, Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, was a connection of his own, to whom many years before at his own expense he had given a first-rate business education in order to qualify him for the position he held, where he received a handsome salary, and had hitherto enjoyed unlimited confidence. It is truly unaccountable that two such men should have entirely succumbed to the temptations offered them, but their minds appear to have been dazzled by the brilliant prospects of fortune which the new turn of affairs held out to them; and the laxity of management at home, where no accounts were asked for, and every encouragement was given to extravagant expenditure, had led them, incredible as it seems, to neglect altogether keeping any accounts or books.

There was no necessity for Mrs. Macaulay to urge her husband to turn his attention to his affairs, and she displayed at this trying crisis an admirable calmness, and gave full support and sympathy to him in his difficulties. She writes from Barley Wood, where she was on a visit to Mrs. Hannah More in November 1826:—

'Tom Babington's conduct is most unaccountable, but he is a man of a weak mind, and totally unfit to manage such a concern as yours. He is always in a state of excitement, and must have something going on. I hope he will remain at Bath long enough to enable you to fix your plans. But after all, poor fellow, I love him very much.'

'It will now require all your decision and firmness to make the most of your present knowledge of your affairs. All I can do is to pray to God to give you wisdom and health. It does appear to me at this very critical moment that the resolution which you have formed of devoting yourself with energy to your own affairs is very wise.'

Macaulay lost no time in taking decisive measures. After making himself acquainted with all that Mr. Kenneth Macaulay could tell, he despatched authoritative orders to the acting head of the establishment at Sierra Leone. His letter is excellent in its self-restraint and clearness; and, knowing the country well, he was qualified to enter into every detail, and to give distinct instructions as to the carrying out of the various measures of retrenchment, while he left his substitute no choice as to the necessity of their adoption. This being accomplished, and his grasp of the reins being regained, Macaulay appears to have felt considerable relief. He dealt kindly and sensibly with his relative Kenneth Macaulay, who appears to have been honestly penitent for the past. His proceedings, and those of the assistant manager, excite the more astonishment when it is remembered that they had been conducting the branch at Sierra Leone since 1815, in perfect accordance with the views of their employer; and that the letter, before referred to, which he addressed in 1823 privately to Kenneth Macaulay and his colleague on resigning the management to Mr. T. G. Babington, ended with the words: 'In short, you will perceive that my policy is to discourage everything which tends to draw us beyond Sierra Leone. That is our place, and I dread the forming of new establishments of any kind.'

Macaulay endeavoured now to relieve the apprehensions of his brother-in-law, Mr. Babington, who had suffered through all the troubles of this time greatly, as a man of his character must have suffered, on grounds of principle, in addition to the inevitable anxiety about his property, and the fear of his estate becoming involved in the difficulties of his eldest son and heir; and the two men permitted themselves to believe that the danger had been tided over, and that a prosperous future might be in store for them.

But the respite was indeed short, and a thunderbolt fell upon the unfortunate house of Macaulay and Babington. News

came in the course of the summer of 1827 of the failure of a firm of Calcutta merchants whose correspondents they were; and to his infinite amazement and horror Macaulay found that Mr. T. G. Babington had, during the three years of his disastrous rule, made his firm responsible for the advance to them of very large sums of money. He wrote to his nephew on the 9th of August a letter quietly stating the liabilities of their firm, and ends by saying: 'I make no reflection at present on this state of things, being content in the first instance to submit it to your and your father's deliberate consideration.'

Kenneth Macaulay returned to the West Coast in the spring of 1827; and during the remainder of his life appears to have endeavoured to the best of his ability to reduce the affairs of the House to order, and to carry out the views of its principal partner in London, who never for a moment relaxed his vigilant watch upon the establishment, but sent out by every mail, in his own handwriting, minute and exact directions upon every particular of the business. It was, however, far otherwise with his colleague, whose misconduct proved a serious embarrassment. On the 12th of December 1827 Macaulay writes to Mr. T. G. Babington :—

'The accounts from Sierra Leone contain abundant evidence of ——'s gross mismanagement. Further confidence in him seems out of the question. The remittances will not even pay the interest we have on our debts at Christmas. Now, under these trying circumstances you will feel it to be material to look before us, and to calculate and husband our means with the utmost care. I could have wished therefore that you had prepared me for your drafts. Will it not be best to give me two or three weeks' notice of your demands, as two or three hundred pounds is now a serious sum with us?'

The answer he received was not much to the point. His nephew replied that he grieved from his very soul that the burden should rest upon his uncle alone, but that as far as regarded himself he found that his mental agony had affected his susceptible frame, and that he could not dwell upon such subjects at all for the present.

But whatever course Mr. T. G. Babington might choose to pursue, on the part of Macaulay himself there was no remissness. Besides the lengthy and laborious correspondence he

carried on with the Sierra Leone establishment, every detail of the business in this country now came under his own supervision, and as time went on he began to see reason for serious alarm. It became apparent to him that his partner had undertaken far more extensive engagements than he had been willing to disclose. In fact, he had, on the authority of the firm, borrowed from time to time large sums of money from persons who were interested in Slavery and other philanthropic objects, and friends of his father and uncle, and as the acceptances for these fell due, it was plain to Macaulay's mind that ruin and disaster were before him.

He made a further earnest appeal to his nephew for help and information, but was only met with evasion. He had specially referred to the case of Mr. Evans, the member for Leicester, who had been induced by the representations of Mr. T. G. Babington to make a large loan to the House under the erroneous idea that Macaulay was cognisant of the application. 'I was no party to the application to Evans,' Macaulay writes, 'and was an utter stranger to the whole transaction.' His nephew replied, in entire ignorance of the feelings he was exciting, that he thought he had done well in applying to Mr. Evans, and that, being aware of his father's and uncle's extreme delicacy towards Mr. Evans, he had written himself in a style that could not but gratify him, and believed it would afford him pleasure to assist them.

TO T. G. BABINGTON, ESQ.

August 1828.

MY DEAR TOM,—I have received your notes of explanation, and though they clear up in some measure the uncertainty of the case, yet I am constrained to say that they are anything but satisfactory. On the contrary, they have had the effect of causing in my mind no small portion of alarm and disturbance. The consideration that your debt to the House, already so unaccountably large, is to be swelled by between two and three thousand pounds more, independently of all calculations of interest for the excess, is of itself no light matter. But even that would sit comparatively lightly upon me notwithstanding the very large amount to my credit, which I fear is sunk for ever. I had completely reconciled myself to them, and had no thought of recurring to them. But what has recently passed

has given an entirely new colour to things, and makes me fear that even now we may not know the worst of our state.

But at what point am I to conclude that the system of irregularity has stopped? I stand in apprehension that every fresh investigation into matters may bring some fresh matter like this to light. Let me beg you, my dear Tom, to review your banker's book, your cash-book, your memoranda, and all the means to which you have access, in order to leave no doubt on these matters, which certainly have distressed me beyond measure. I would have spared you the pain of referring to them if I could have done so with justice to you and to myself. —Yours affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

This appeal had no effect, and the elastic resistance which Mr. T. G. Babington opposed to all the inquiries addressed to him defeated for the time even the efforts of his father to elucidate the situation. Happily these financial troubles in no way influenced the affectionate relations between the Macaulays and Babingtons, and the regard which existed between the two families seems to have been intensified by the common misfortunes which had befallen them.

FROM THOMAS BABINGTON, ESQ.

Leicester, February 17, 1829.

MY DEAR ZACHARY,—I am corresponding with Tom on this affair with you; but he is thrown into such a state that there is no hope of his doing anything in person towards bringing matters to a point. I have thought it necessary to decline undertaking the business for him, but have suggested to him to place it in the hands of his brothers, telling them that I would do all I could to put things in the best course as far as the estate is concerned. It is altogether a grievous affair, and falls heavily on an old man like me; but I look to my God for strength and holy affections. I have carefully abstained from all painful topics as much as possible in my letters to Tom. Poor fellow! his mind has been strangely thrown off its centre. Trials are good for us: may we feel this more and more!—Yours most affectionately, T. BABINGTON.

The final result was, that after consulting those friends whose knowledge of business made them competent to advise, and with the full approval of Mr. Babington, the partnership was dissolved, and Macaulay was released from any further liability

for his partner after January 1829. But he had lost in the miserable struggle the whole of his fortune, and had to prepare to face the world with his large family as best he could.

TO GENERAL MACAULAY.

January 28, 1829.

DEAR COLIN,—The partnership between Tom Babington and myself has been dissolved. His debt is, of course, secured on his reversion, and George and his father are now considering the means of raising money to pay it. My power of liquidating your claim will depend in part on the success of their arrangements. When Tom Babington quitted London he left me with engagements to a large extent, of which he had kept me uninformed, and which could not be postponed. He had been taking up money on all hands. I have paid off all the outstanding claims upon us, as they became due, to a very large amount. Now our obligations are confined to our immediate friends. I have effected this without any lessening of credit in the City, and with a fair prospect of gradually recovering from abroad the means of satisfying these more indulgent creditors, who, like yourself, know the case thoroughly. The payment of Tom Babington's debt would of itself settle more than all the House owes. I have been hindered all along from pressing on him by a variety of considerations affecting not only him, but his father and brothers; and my anxious desire, of course, is that the raising of the necessary funds on the security of his estate might not lead either to discredit or to disadvantageous borrowing, but that the best and most opportune time should be waited for.—Ever yours most affectionately,
Z. MACAULAY.

Very early in 1830 accounts reached England of the serious illness of Kenneth Macaulay, and when these were soon followed by the news of his death, Macaulay, at the suggestion of his wife, resolved on sending out without delay his third son to take the management of the Sierra Leone House, with the view of gradually winding up the concern. The youth of Henry William, who was only twenty-four years of age, might have been considered a drawback; but he had profited greatly by the excellent training he had received in the house of business at Liverpool of some Quaker friends of his father's, where he had been employed up to this time, and the choice proved thoroughly successful. In three or four years, during

the course of which he visited England more than once to consult with his father, he closed the business; but he remained at Sierra Leone for some time longer upon receiving the appointment from Lord Goderich of Commissioner of Arbitration. The salary attached to this office was so large that in the circumstances of his family he did not feel justified in declining it; and finding that he was able to be of material assistance to his father, he remained at Sierra Leone till after Macaulay's death.

CHAPTER XIII

VISIT TO PARIS

FROM BARON DE STAËL.

Paris, December 9, 1823.

MOST DEAR SIR,—I need not say how happy your visit to Paris will make the Duke de Broglie and myself. Indeed we are in great need of it: we want some new impulse. The general state of Europe, and especially of France, is so apathetic that everybody, whatever be his feelings, partakes more or less of the prevalent disease. And no person has greater sway than you have to revive what little good there may be amongst us.

Notwithstanding various kinds of difficulties, our Bible Society is thriving, and appears to enjoy the special blessing of Providence. The Strasburg Society[1] seem now to express a wish to become our auxiliaries, and our excellent friend Admiral Von Huell has succeeded in establishing a Bible Society at Marseilles, where our efforts had been hitherto fruitless.

The little Paris Missionary Society, trusting more to the goodness of her cause than to her resources, has taken a house for the reception of Missionary students, where two young men from Basle are actually established. Thus far we have reasons for gratitude. But with regard to the abolition of the Slave Trade, I am grieved to say things are as bad as ever.

But you will judge by yourself, and whoever has a spark of religion or humanity in his heart will be with you when you come here. Let me beseech you once more to take care of your health, which is so important to the good cause.—Yours affectionately, A. ST.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Boulogne, December 15, 1823.

I shall be setting off hence in about an hour towards Paris. The number of English here is quite surprising. Numbers of

[1] The Strasburg Bible Society, as is related subsequently, had specially excited the wrath of Mr. Haldane by a Preface which they prefixed to the Bibles distributed by them.

English families seem quite domesticated here, their names, in brass plates, permanently fixed on the doors, and on many of the houses where the English lodge there is painted on the outside, 'Sonnette pour les Anglais,' as if it had been a matter of course that they should be inhabited by English. I was very much struck with the tallness of the English women who are here as compared with the French. The French, however, are swelled out with an enormity of petticoat, approaching almost to a hoop, while the English women make themselves as ridiculously slim and angular, every part of the shape being made obtrusively visible. Our young women have greatly the advantage in point of looks—the coarseness of skin produced by paint is remarkably contrasted with the freshness of the English complexion, and the beautiful smoothness of the skin. But then the French women, with all the immense convexity of petticoat, and of the flowing cloaks which in this weather wrap them from head to foot, have a *légèreté* and buoyancy in their tread, and a steadiness in their carriage, approaching to elegance, of which our women know nothing. They have not learned to walk. I hope they have learned better things; at least some young ladies whom I know and of whom I often think.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Paris, December 19, 1823.

MY DEAR SELINA,—I saw my friend —— and spent an hour with him very agreeably. He is full of information as to the state of parties, general feelings, etc. It seems that at the present moment there is some schism among the Ultras. For some of them, and that a large party, the Ministers are far too moderate. They wish nothing short of a return to almost absolute power, together with indemnity to the Emigrés and the larger endowment of the Clergy. The Ministers who are the responsible persons find great difficulties in all this, and they are anxious to shield themselves against the fanatics of their own party by substituting septennial Parliaments for the present mode of an annual renewal by fifths. De Chateaubriand has written a pamphlet and some newspaper articles on this subject, which are, of course, complained of as being undignified in a Minister of State, and it is very curious to see how much things are changed. The opposition of the Liberals to his scheme he scarcely condescends to notice; his efforts are directed to overcome the reluctance of his friends of the more fanatical class. These are quite outrageous against the moderation of the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain, and yet it is they who

are forcing forward all these fêtes unpalatably both for the Duke and the Minister, as still forming in the eyes of the public their triumph. But I must have done with them for the present, or I shall not be able to get through half the day.

The French West Indians are pressing their Government very hotly to renew the expedition to St. Domingo for the sake of *légitimité*, to restore the cart-whip there. It is thought, however, that the Government will not consent to encounter the risk.

By this time my side began to pain me more than usual, probably the effect of fatigue. I had a little dinner, and went to bed early. I made them give me a night-lamp and lay a fire in my bedroom, intending to proceed according to my wont. But the lamp was extinct by two in the morning, so I had no remedy but to lie patiently in bed till past seven.

I went first to see the Baron de Staël. He was from home, but I saw the Duke de Broglie, and was introduced to the Duchess. They were as kind as kindness could make them, and they insisted on my being back to dinner at six, when De Staël would be there. I consented. They both seem very delightful persons, and appear to be as thoroughly the English man and wife as you can imagine. She had three nice children at her apron-strings. Having sat with them for half an hour, I went to call on Grégoire. The old man seemed quite in raptures at seeing me; and I could with difficulty get away from him after we had occupied two hours in interesting conversation on a variety of subjects. He is one of the few persons I have ever met with or known who seems to feel what is called in England spiritual religion—a sense of abiding responsibility, and a habit of communion with his God and Saviour. And what is it that has procured this man such disfavour that he is almost repudiated by all who wish to keep terms with society in France? It is not that they can allege against him that he has not been upright and conscientious in his views; but that, during the effervescence of men's minds in this country, his own being one not of the least fervid, he uttered expressions which remain on record, so pointed and so piercing in the way of animadversion, as some persons have not the magnanimity ever to forgive. But I have only got to the morning of Thursday, and I have got already to the end of my paper. I called on Baron Humboldt, and renewed my acquaintance with him. He is now writing on slavery. From him I went to Sir Charles Stuart, the English Ambassador. By this time, and with writing a letter to Huber and one to Colin, and reading the papers of the day, I found it time to prepare for my dinner at the Duke's; but here I must stop.—Yours affectionately, Z. M.

P.S.—I learn that my letters are all to be opened at the Post

Office, and have therefore erased a name you will guess at. What a vile system!

Paris, December 21, 1823.

I dined at the Duke de Broglie's on Thursday. The party was small but pleasant. The Duke, the Duchess, the Baron, M. Rémusat, Miss Randall, and a younger brother of the Duchess. We sat down to dinner about half-past six, and rose about half-past seven to go back to the drawing-room. I came away at eight, not being in high feather, and went to bed early. On Friday morning I got up at my usual hour, pretty well on the whole, and employed myself in collecting some very curious statistical information respecting Paris by means of Dumont, who furnished me with materials from his bureau. About ten Baron Humboldt called and sat for an hour and a half, and left with me some manuscripts he had prepared on the subject of the West Indies to look over and correct with a view to their appearance in a great work he is about to publish. Afterwards Baron de Staël came, and remained for a couple of hours conversing on a variety of subjects. From him I learnt, among many other things, that our old acquaintance Des Bassayns, the husband of your old friend, is appointed to the office which is called here Sous-chef to the Minister of the Marine and Colonies, corresponding with the situation which with us would be created by uniting the offices of Mr. Croker and Mr. Wilmot Horton in one. I must see him and feel his pulse on the Slave Trade. I dread him, however, for he is a slaveholder himself.

About three o'clock I went out to Galignani's Reading-room, and cast my eye over the English newspapers for Monday and Tuesday, and among others over *John Bull*, who I see has been not a little forbearing. While I was thus employed, who should jog me on the elbow, to my utter dismay, but ——. He immediately entered on *John Bull*. Fortunately, nobody dare speak there but in a whisper. I doubt not, however, when he quitted me he took care to *whisper* to every one he knew who I was, and that it was the poor gentleman whom the *Bull* had been goring. He is the man of all others in the world who most exactly reminds me, you may tell Tom, of Horace's imperturbable and inextinguishable associate in the *Via Sacra*. I dread his fastening upon me some morning at ten and hanging on till six. I went to dine with Faber[1] at six, and passed an hour and a half or two hours not unpleasantly with him and his family. Le petit Edouard was as talkative and intelligent as ever. From M. Faber I learnt the probability of my letters being opened if they went by

[1] See *ante*, p. 315.

post. They retained in memory, he was assured, my Bible Society and Slave Trade machinations in France, and especially my communications with the Duke de Broglie, and they would take care to watch me. I got home by eight o'clock, and employed myself in writing for a couple of hours.

Saturday morning I was pretty well, but the weather was very bad. Indeed, there has been little good weather since I came. Dumont called at my breakfast-hour, and gave confirmation to all that Faber had said as to opening letters. He told me to be very careful as to what passed before my *valet-de-place*. They were one and all spies of the police. Whenever Louis entered the room Dumont immediately ceased to speak French and spoke English. What a state to live in! I spent a great part of the forenoon writing. I afterwards went out in a fiacre, and put my letters into one of the most distant receiving-houses, where there was comparatively little probability of their attracting notice. I delivered them in and paid for them just as the bags were closing, so that if they are noticed at all it must be after getting to the General Post Office. Being in her part of the town I called on Madame Aublay. She had been thrown out of a cabriolet about a week before, and had run a great risk of being killed, or at least having bones broken, but she escaped with a shake and a few bruises. She has moved her apartments for the sake of being close to the Church of St. Sulpice, which is the great resort of the Catholic bigots in Paris, so that to say a man is a Sulpician or that he is a bigot is, in fact, saying the same thing. She is become a thorough Roman Catholic in heart, although she has not yet made her public recantation. Poor thing! she seems utterly lost amid the mazes of controversy, and what she seems to desire is an infallible authority on which to repose. All ends in this: to be saved the trouble and risk of deciding for oneself and judging of one's own state. And then with her religion is evidently no pleasant service. Complaints broke out of the thorny path that was to be trod, of the good works that must be done, the sacrifices that must be made to meet the requisitions of Christianity as interpreted by her spiritual guides, and all this in a querulous tone. It seemed to be a question between gold and penances and prayers on the one hand, and assurance of heaven on the other.

I dined at home at six, Dumont dining with me, and we had much highly interesting conversation. He brought me a message from the Count d'Hauterive[1] (Under-Secretary of

[1] 'Alexandre Blanc de Lanautte, Comte d'Hauterive, demanda à être nommé à la direction des Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. On le lui accorda.' —*Nouvelle Biographie Générale.*

State for Foreign Affairs) requesting to see me next day at nine. After Dumont had taken his leave about eight I dressed, and set off in a fiacre to the soirée of the Duchess de Broglie. There I remained till past eleven, and could have remained much longer but from a prudent regard to health. On going I found only the family assembled. Soon after appeared M. Guizot, one of the very ablest men, I do believe, in France. He is thoroughly master of English literature, and speaks English tolerably. He has lately published six volumes containing Memoirs of the principal characters who figured in the revolutionary period of English History—such as Cromwell, Hutchinson, Clarendon, etc., and is going on with the work. He is a devoted admirer of Mrs. Hutchinson. I shall get the work; I shall be anxious to know the light in which a remarkably acute, candid, and intelligent foreigner views both the transactions and the men of that remarkable period. One expression dropped from Guizot which sufficiently indicated his feeling about it. He said it was emphatically the age of mighty men. Our party at length consisted, besides eight or ten of the *οἱ πολλοί*, whose names I did not even catch, and who seemed merely to fill vacant spaces in the room, of the Marquis de Jaucourt, the President of the Bible Society, the descendant of one of the noblest Huguenot families; Lord John Russell; Count Molé, who had been Minister of the Marine in France in 1818; the Baron Pasquier, who had been Minister of Foreign Affairs for several years prior to the accession of the Ultras to office; his Grace the Archbishop of Malines, better known by the name of the Abbé de Pradt; Count Mollion, who had been Minister of the Finances under Bonaparte; M. Terneaux, the first manufacturer in France, a man of immense wealth and a member of the Chamber of Deputies; M. de Merzey, or some such name, who had been Postmaster-General during Pasquier's Administration, and in that capacity had often opened the letters of his present hosts. The only persons with whom I had any particular conversation besides Guizot were Count Molé and the Marquis de Jaucourt. I never saw a more engaging countenance than that of the Count. He had been the only French Minister who had done anything for our cause. He had passed a good law which he intended to have followed up with others and to have carried into effect, but by some intrigue or other which is inexplicable, except by the influence of the Slave-traders, he was removed from office. I expressed to him the gratitude we felt for his exertions in the cause of humanity, and we entered with the Duke de Broglie on a consideration of what ought to be done at the opening of the Session. They both agreed it would be right to begin with

presenting a long and argumentative petition, to be eventually turned into a pamphlet for universal diffusion, embodying the facts of the case, and following this petition up with a resolution that it was expedient to visit Slave-trading with ***une peine infamante et afflictive.***

They both agreed that the present Ministry were more likely to favour such a measure than their predecessors, the Pasquier Administration. Remembering his rogueries of old, and his evasions when the discussions were proceeding with France about two or three years ago, I did not choose to be introduced to him. His appearance is that of a man of talent. He carries with him the air of superior station, is stately and somewhat reserved, and, as it appeared to me, condescended to grace the soirées of Madame la Duchesse merely to increase his chance of getting again into power. But as the Duke and the Baron both told me, we cannot, of course, object to such adherents of Liberal principles; but as for trusting him again with power without good guarantees, it would be, of course, what we should not consent to.

A number of ladies also joined us, but who they were or what they said, I know not. It was agreed that I should dine again with the Duke on Monday, and go afterwards to a meeting of la Societé de la Morale Chrétienne, which has a Committee *pour l'abolition de la traite.*

I was excessively amused and interested by this party. Guizot's powers of conversation are very extraordinary, and his wife's, I understand, are no less so. She is regarded as the Hannah More of France, both on account of her conversational powers and the variety and utility of her writings.

Paris, December 23, 1823.

I found the Count d'Hauterive, an old man with a face uncommonly wrinkled, and a tall and erect person, his features the picture of comedy. His age I should think about seventy. He began immediately after a few compliments had passed to enter on the question of the Slave Trade. He admired our warmth, he said, on that question. It was very laudable. It would do good; it would forward the extinction of the Slave Trade and slavery some years before it would otherwise have been extinguished: that was all, and it was enough too, considering how difficult it was to do good in this world. But why did we look at the Slave Trade with such intense interest, especially the French Slave Trade? Could we find nothing else to excite our sympathies? Did we think nothing of thousands of Hindoo widows burned annually, and of all the other thousand forms of misery that appeared around us? In

England you have many rich and idle people who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves with projects of benevolence. Here the great business is to live, and that of the Government to defend itself against the rude assaults of violent men. The people take no interest in this matter, and the Government has not time to attend to it. Besides, if you were in earnest, if you were really sincere in your principles, why do you not abolish slavery, why do you not free the offspring of those whom you admit you have reduced unjustly to slavery? So far are you from being enemies to slavery that you rapaciously stripped France of one of her best possessions, the Isle of France, in order to swell the number of your slave islands.

This was not all said in one long speech, but in the course of a conversation interrupted, of course, by many opposing considerations.

I have now answered the whole of your two letters, which have been very gratifying to me. All I have received tend to make me wish myself at home again; indeed I do not see that I shall gain much by remaining here. The weather is dreadful, and home is on the whole the best place for an ailing man, or at least a man liable to ail. Not that my apartments here are are not comfortable; they are highly so. Not that I do not meet with the utmost kindness on all sides; but still it is not home, and besides the expense is heavy.

I must let M. d'Hauterive pass. My conversation with him, however, ended more satisfactorily than I had premised at first. I left him, went to the ambassador's chapel, and came home, and lay on my sofa the rest of the day.

I went to dine at the Duke de Broglie's. We were a family party. Old La Fayette was to have been there, but had not returned to town in time. I afterwards went with the Duke and the Baron to the Société de la Morale Chrétienne, where I sat an hour, and was not only received to the honour of sitting next to the president, but was elected a member in very flattering terms. I met there with M. Jullien and his son, M. Coquerel, and various other acquaintances, and a meeting was appointed for Monday next to discuss Slave Trade matters. The Duke's carriage then brought me home.

Tuesday (yesterday) I went out to call on Des Bassayns, now the Baron de Richemont. I really felt much better than I had yet been since my coming to France. I had a feeling which I had not yet had of comfortable health. I found him at home, and received from him a very cordial reception. He introduced me to his wife and daughters, and among the rest of them to Selina, the loveliest of them all. There were three of them, fine showy young women. The mother spoke of you

with great regard and affection. They live quite in a gay and fashionable style. His sister, it seems, is the wife of M. de Villèle,[1] the Prime Minister of France. I had an invitation to all the ladies' soirées on Wednesday evenings, and to the girls' music on Saturdays. I could not get away from them for full two hours.

Here I am on Wednesday morning between six and seven, writing by a wood fire, wrapped in my plaid, with two candles burning before me.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Paris, December 27, 1823.

Family events are by far the most interesting you can give me, so let me have all, however trivial. I rejoice that Tom is all you could wish in my absence. Love to him, and also to poor Selina, of whom I should like, as to health, to have had a better account. May God bless and keep them and you, and make us all a blessing to each other!

I wrote yesterday to you, and to Tom, and to Stephen, and the Editor of the *Times*, and enclosed the whole in a packet to you, which I gave into Sir Charles Stuart's (our ambassador) own hands, he promising to transmit it in his own bag to the Foreign Office, to be forwarded to you. He is apparently very hearty in our cause, but thinks nothing can be done. I sat also some time with Baron Humboldt and Grégoire, and some other friends.

I have learned that the circumstance which has affected Grégoire's standing in society was this. About the year 1792 or 1793 he was writing a letter to a French general, a friend of his, who was at that time fighting on the frontier, to whom also he was sending some presents, and he observed somewhat lightly and jeeringly that he hoped he might be able to send him in return the account of a victory gained, or a town taken, or enumerating various other things, and, foolishly, the head of a Bourbon among them. When he was elected a deputy of some department a few years ago this letter unfortunately made its appearance, and was sufficiently verified for the purpose of his adversaries. You know he was excluded from the Chamber.

I have been busy writing for the French Government on Slave Trade. What effect it will have I know not, but through Des Bassayns I have an opportunity of communicating with Villèle. They are, however, a sad, faithless set. If I could

[1] President of the Council of Ministers from 1820 to 1828.

accept of them, my engagements here would be greatly multiplied, but I am obliged to plead health.

At midnight on Wednesday I was to have gone to witness the High Mass in St. Roch, but did not, fearing cold, and glad I was I did not, for when I went there the next morning I found the stone floor plastered thick with wet mud, and I understand the crowds were immense, and a strong party of soldiers were called in to keep the peace.

I am to see Chateaubriand to-morrow, and to dine with d'Hauterive on Tuesday.

Paris, December 29, 1823.

I wrote to you on Saturday by the ambassador's bag. I went afterwards to see a splendid exhibition of Sèvres china at the Louvre, the only sight I have yet seen. I went in the evening to Des Bassayns'. His exhibition was still more splendid than that at the Louvre. I found an immense circle of gentlemen and ladies listening to his daughter's music and singing, and it continued increasing almost to a crowd till I came away about ten. I had written a long letter to Des Bassayns on the Slave Trade. He was too much occupied, however, to say anything more upon it than that he thanked me, and would talk to me upon it. He introduced me to several interesting persons, among the rest Marshal Macdonald and a Mr. Picher, who had been four years as a Commissioner from the King inquiring into the state of things at Guadaloupe and Martinique. I found him, to my surprise, nearly of my own way of thinking in these matters, and we had much interesting conversation. The picture he drew of the violent prejudices of the French planters was very striking. From Des Bassayns' I went to the Duke de Broglie's, and passed an hour very pleasantly there. I found Guizot, Pasquier, Rémusat, and some other interesting persons there.

The Government here affect to deny that there is any French Slave Trade carrying on at present. Their vigilance, they say, has put it down. Besides, it has become an unprofitable speculation, and must die of itself. I have availed myself of these statements as the basis of an argument for now adopting the measure of inflicting upon it *une peine infamante*, with a view effectually to prevent its revival. They seem struck with the use I have made of their facts, but I hope nothing from them.

A curious anecdote occurred to-day illustrative of the total inaccuracy of their statements as to the suppression of the Trade. A young lady of Paris was married two years ago to a merchant of Nantes. She is now on a visit to her parents;

and is a lively, ingenuous, naïve young woman of eighteen. A friend of mine, Dumont, who knew her before her marriage, was paying her a visit. 'Eh bien, Madame, qu'est-ce dont on s'occupe principalement à Nantes à present?' 'Ma foi, la traite.' 'Quoi la traite des nègres?' 'Ah oui, on ne parle d'autre chose que cela; c'est la grande source de leurs gains.' 'Comment donc, est-ce qu'il n'y a personne à Nantes qui fait scrupule de cette affaire?' 'Oh, mon Dieu, que non—mais oui —il y a un négociant, un M. Bosset, un homme très respectable, qui a répugné ce commerce. Il dit, ma conscience ne me permettra pas de prendre des actions (shares) dans ces expéditions. Je me borne, moi, à faire les assurances.' 'Et est-ce que vous trempez dans ce commerce aussi?' 'Ah oui. Hommes, femmes, enfans, tous s'y mêlent. Pour moi, j'y fis scrupule premièrement:—il me faisait horreur de déporter nos semblables et de les faire esclaves—mais ils m'ont dit que c'était pour la cause d'humanité qu'on faisait la traite, et j'étais contente.' She added that slave-ships were fitted out at Nantes actually under the windows of the person specially appointed by the Government to watch over the execution of the abolition laws.

FROM WILLIAM EVANS, ESQ., M.P.

Allestree, November 26, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am very glad you have decided to prosecute *John Bull*, because I know you would not have come to that determination without a good prospect of success, and the sentence of a Court will, I think, have a considerable and very good effect upon the public mind. But on whom is the expense of this prosecution to fall, which will no doubt be considerable?

Certainly it ought not to fall upon you individually. It would be most unreasonable in all who take an interest in this great cause to suffer those who have been the most laborious and most successful promoters of it to engage singly against all the malicious libels of the whole West Indian body as represented by *John Bull.* Perhaps it might be disadvantageous for it to be generally known that you were supported by any society of persons in your prosecution; but there could be no objection whatever to a few private friends joining you in it, and for one I cannot feel satisfied without doing it.

I conclude the story of the leader of the Demerara insurgents having been killed with a Bible in his pocket, with the leaf

folded down at the 8th chapter of Joshua, is a fable, intended to cast reproach upon the Scriptures and Missionaries.

Is there any more light yet upon the Demerara business?—Yours ever most truly, WILLIAM EVANS.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, March 24, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is indeed a long time since I wrote to you. But my hands have been very full, and my health and spirits have not been very strong. On the whole, however, I have been enabled to hold on my way, without any great interruption, and I trust to be of some little use in the cause which at present mainly occupies us. Our progress in it, though certainly falling far below our wishes, has far exceeded any anticipation we were led to form a twelvemonth ago. There is still much to be done, but we have gained much. We have obtained from the Government and Parliament a full recognition of our principles. We have united the mass of the public with us in feeling and sentiment. We have even forced the West Indians residing in this country to concur in the necessity and expediency of most of the practical measures we have proposed; and, though angry and growling, they nevertheless yield their reluctant assent to plans of reform. The laws which have been passed by the Government for Trinidad embody many, I may say most of our proposed improvements, and these are held out as the model for all the other Colonies which Government has pledged itself sooner or later to inforce upon them. The extinction of slavery therefore I consider as already provided for, and many living men, I doubt not, will see it with their eyes.

Farewell, my dear friend. May you enjoy more and more of the light of your Saviour's countenance till you come to see Him face to face.—Ever yours most affectionately,

Z. MACAULAY.

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Hill Street, May 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for your supplies of stories—but I want one other description of ammunition—in reference to official or other authentic accounts of the Insurrection.[1] If you cannot, let me have the accounts themselves—also the accounts (in newspapers) of the trial of the negroes, and especially of Jacky, into whose mouth they evidently put a confession.

[1] The insurrection in Demerara.

Excuse this further trouble, but the only hours I can work at the question are stolen from my rest—and I am obliged to work double tides—because I am very anxiously preparing a statement of the whole case for general circulation, and I apply to you as it saves me a good deal of time.—Ever yours,

H. B.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

London, May 15, 1824.

MY DEAR SELINA,—From the newspapers which go to you to-day you will see what passed in the House of Commons yesterday on Whitmore's motion. There seemed no disposition in the House to discuss it, and all we gained was that several important principles and facts were brought forward and recognised by Government, which though not acted upon now, may be acted upon hereafter. In the meantime Cropper is busy drawing up his plan for a Company for raising sugar by free labour, which I have no doubt will take, and must eventually knock slavery on the head. Brougham is very busy preparing for his still more serious attack on that system, an attack which it will be found very hard to parry.

I met Lord Lansdowne the day before yesterday. He told me he had received my letter and was much obliged to me for it. He begged to assure me that he was not one of those who felt any misgivings about us, but that he was anxious we should proceed with caution. I told him that to persons whose minds were not led to view the cause we had in hand in all its bearings, we might often appear to be acting rashly and incautiously, when in truth we were proceeding with a simple view to the interests of our cause and with great reluctance; that our sole dependence being on the strength of public opinion in our favour, it was an absolute duty not to permit that opinion to be warped by misrepresentation. Hence the necessity of our often appearing before the public, not from any wish to provoke or irritate, but for the purpose of preventing the effects of gross misstatements on the public mind. He admitted all this, assured me he wished us success, and should always be glad to see me and confer with me on any points I might wish to talk with him or to consult him about.

Lushington's Bill putting a stop to the Inter-colonial Slave Trade, about which we were so anxious, passed the House of Commons last night without opposition. While I was under the gallery Canning came to me to say that he had read my paper and was much pleased with it. It seemed to him by far the best plan of emancipation that had been suggested. I

must not yet consider him as committed to it, but he would weigh it very materially and let me know the result. This, of course, is very private. The plan is that for redeeming all the women slaves, which will secure the termination of slavery in a single generation. This is encouraging.—Ever yours, Z. M.

At a public meeting of the new Anti-slavery Society, which was held at Freemasons' Hall on the 25th of June 1824, Macaulay enjoyed the happiness of hearing his eldest son's brilliant advocacy of the liberty of the slaves. An interesting contemporary account of this exists:—

'Mr. Zachary Macaulay was completely overcome by his feelings, not only admiring his son's first speech in public, and the general enthusiasm with which it was greeted, but specially happy to see the support of his son given to the cause for which he was sacrificing his own life and his fortune. The tears stood in his eyes, and as he walked home with his eldest and his youngest sons he expressed himself with unusual warmth. In the course of the walk, however, he remarked, "By the way, Tom, you should be aware that when you speak in the presence of royalty, you should not fold your arms."

'This was Thomas Babington Macaulay's first speech before a public audience. I was present, and the incidents made a deep impression on me. The Duke of Gloucester was in the chair. This was just before the Whigs came into office, and was probably the only time that Brougham, Denman, Mackintosh,[1] and the Whig leaders appeared together upon an Anti-slavery platform. The meeting was a very remarkable one, the hall crowded, and the speaking warm and eloquent. Mackintosh was much excited, swung his arms about like the sails of a windmill, and amidst shouts of applause quoted Cowper's line:

"But there is yet a liberty unsung."

'In the midst of the discussion Orator Hunt stood up in the body of the hall, and attempted to show that the condition of the people at home needed more attention than that of the slaves in the West Indies. There was a great clamour, and the meeting refused to hear him. Brougham stepped forward, obtained a hearing for him, and then proceeded to answer him. "You are fortunate," said T. B. Macaulay to his brother Charles, "you will hear Brougham in reply." Macaulay's own speech was delivered with a rapidity as great as in his later efforts.

[1] The writer evidently mistook some other speaker for Sir James Mackintosh. See page 422.

'A little later there was an agitation in the hall, and O'Connell appeared working his way through the crowd, until amidst a great cheering he reached the platform, and stood near the front. A few minutes later Henry Drummond came in, and also worked his way up until he stood before O'Connell, probably the only person in the assembly unaware of O'Connell's presence. Pownall, a violent speaker, was discussing the charge brought against the Anti-slavery leaders of having accepted the putting down of the Slave Trade with the undertaking not to press for the abolition of slavery. Drummond, much excited, dashed into the debate, spoke a few vigorous and hearty words in favour of strong measures, and added, "Moderation is out of place—is thrown away; slavery will never be got rid of until some black O'Connell, some swarthy Bolivar, shall arise and strike off the chains." The applause was frantic. It was evident that Drummond was unaware who stood behind him, and those who knew him well knew the disgust with which he regarded O'Connell's public character. In the midst of the cheering O'Connell stepped forward, seized and shook Drummond's hand, adding that his reward had come when English gentlemen used his humble name as a symbol of freedom. Nothing could exceed Drummond's haughty disgust, of which O'Connell was well aware.'

FROM THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. STEPHEN, K.C.B.[1]

Lincoln's Inn, June 26, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—Among the many who rejoice with you and for you in dear Tom's success pray remember me as one. I did not hear him, believing that the less I have to do with you enthusiasts in places of public resort the more useful I can really be in private. But I hear but one voice of delight and mutual congratulation on all sides. Let John Bull and Thorpe hang themselves.

FROM SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Cadogan Place, Sunday, June 30, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—I offer you my most heartfelt congratulations on the splendid entrance of your son into the course of

[1] 'Stephen, who is one of the great apostles of emancipation, and who resigned a profession worth £3000 a year at the Bar for a place of £1500 in the Colonial Office, principally in order to advance that object, owned that he had never known so great a problem, nor so difficult a question to settle. If the sentiments of justice and benevolence with which he is actuated were common to all who profess the same opinions, or if the same sagacity and resource which he possesses were likely to be applied to the practical operation of the scheme, the evils which are dreaded and foreseen might be mitigated and avoided.'—February 1833, *The Greville Memoirs.*

public duty. You have well deserved the happiness of such a son, and it is peculiarly becoming that the first display of his genius should be in contending for that sacred cause to which the life of his father has been devoted. Such a beginning must consecrate a man's eloquence and secure it for ever from being profaned by application to an unworthy cause.

I extremely lament that it was really impossible for me to be present to have heard him and seen you. My health not only deprives me of enjoyments, but either hinders or enfeebles the performance of duties, and often crowds with indispensable business the intervals when it is itself more tolerable.

I hope that you will indulge me with the gratification of being made known to your son.—Most truly and faithfully yours, J. MACKINTOSH.

Serious annoyance and trouble were threatening Macaulay at this time from the increased scurrility of the attacks upon him in *John Bull*. These had been going on for a considerable period, but he was personally indifferent to abuse, and preferred to take no notice of them. His friends, however, in the Anti-slavery party, now came to the conclusion that the accusations made by the paper had passed the bounds of toleration, and that the interests of the objects which they had at heart would be damaged unless some reply were forthcoming.

In the year 1820 Theodore Hook had established the newspaper, *John Bull*, which was issued regularly every Sunday with its front sheet decorated with a Crown and a Holy Bible, and headed by the motto, 'For God, the King, and the People.' The calumnious personalities which, with unblushing effrontery, its pages aimed indiscriminately against all who held opinions opposed to those of the Editor exceeded every limit of decency and propriety. Macaulay was repeatedly accused of petty cheating and dishonest dealings, as well as of wholesale plundering on a large scale; his actions were grossly misrepresented, the meaning of his words wilfully perverted, low and base motives attributed to him, and false reports fabricated about public transactions in which he was engaged; and among numberless other equally unfounded accusations it was related how 'this holy body' had been dismissed in Jamaica for unnecessary severity to the slaves in his charge.

Although the virulence of *John Bull* was particularly directed against Macaulay himself, yet it was sufficient for any indi-

vidual to display a humane interest in the question of Slavery, or a spirit of friendliness or even of ordinary civility to Macaulay, in order to draw down upon himself the animosity of *John Bull.* The humour of its pages was no doubt appreciated by the generation for which they were written. At the present time it is difficult to extract amusement from wit which consists in attaching vulgar and opprobrious nicknames to persons whose only sin was their philanthropy; in calling Lushington, Stephen, and Wilberforce, 'Bethel, Barebone, Wilberforcian emissaries'; in making vile insinuations of immorality against 'these simpering saints'; and in pursuing the unhappy Demerara Missionaries with gross brutal jokes upon their inferior station in life and their sanctity, even after Smith's death had taken place in prison in consequence of the persecutions which he had undergone. Macaulay's own baptismal name gave the opportunity for constant delicate raillery, such as terming him habitually Saint Zachariah; finding that there was a large proportion of 'Zacharine matter' in West Indian sugar; and advertising 'a cunning Professor of Zachmackery.' One of the repeated attacks upon the scheme for a London University, in which Macaulay was taking a prominent part, and to which *John Bull* was violently hostile, goes on to say, rather drolly, that 'at the Cockney University Mr. Zachary Macaulay will lecture on Black Juries, the Salubrity of Sierra Leone, Humanity to our Fellow-creatures, and the virtues of Mr. Babington and Mr. Macaulay, Junior.'

Occasionally the objurgations are conceived in a loftier spirit, and Macaulay is addressed in a different strain: 'It is all jobbery and mystery; but we will never quit the subject till we have torn the veil asunder, and displayed the whole system of Macaulayism to the broad glare of day.' And again: 'The Editor of this paper says: "Your riches and wealth and station have always kept pace with your sanctity; and all your public proceedings of any kind are but with a view to your individual advantage"; and that "having made religion a cloak and garb," Macaulay had "made use of it to seize on all the good things the world can produce."'

It was finally determined by Macaulay's friends that in order to avoid the discredit that might attach, in consequence of those accusations being left unanswered and unresented, to

the advocates of Anti-slavery principles, an effort should be made to check this insolence. In accordance with this view, Macaulay's solicitor was instructed to proceed against the newspaper for defamation of character; and two actions for libel were commenced against *John Bull* on the 24th of January 1824. The defendants pleaded justification, but at the same time applied in Chancery for two Commissions to take evidence in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and to restrain proceedings in the actions until the return of the Commissions. Macaulay was strongly advised by his friends and colleagues not to acquiesce in the issuing of these Commissions. In accordance with their recommendation a demurrer was filed, but overruled after argument by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon. The Commissions were thereupon granted, but again Macaulay, under the advice of his Counsel, did not join in them.

It appears from a draft letter found among his papers that he was prepared to accept the advice of his Counsel as to his further action. It is, however, probable that no proceedings were taken by the defendants to issue the Commissions, as the subject is not referred to again in the pages of *John Bull*.

'We are of opinion that under all the circumstances of these cases the best course for Mr. Macaulay to pursue will be not to join in either of the Commissions, but in each case to present an Appeal to the House of Lords from the order overruling the Demurrer, and the order directing the Commissions, and when the appeals are presented, to apply to the Lord Chancellor to stay proceedings in the causes.

LANCELOT SHADWELL.
C. PEPYS.
W. A. GARRATT.

Lincoln's Inn, December 24, 1824.'

December 27, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Understanding that those who on account of your long and invaluable exertions against the Slave Trade, and in behalf of the Slaves in the Colonies, have so foully and perseveringly slandered your character, are resolved, and by certain recent proceedings in Chancery, are enabled, to avoid meeting you before a Jury, unless they shall be allowed previously to examine Witnesses under a Chancery Commission in Africa and the West Indies, we take the liberty of earnestly

recommending to you not to acquiesce in the taking such Evidence, although the immediate relinquishment of your Actions should be, as we are informed it is, the only alternative.

You would probably by a different course be subjected to years of further delay and enormous additional expense; and though you might, upon the return of the Commission, at length bring your Actions to trial (provided you and the defendants should live so long), it would be at the price of letting in against yourself hostile Evidence of a most objectionable and dangerous kind, the testimony of Witnesses unknown and unseen by the Jury, examined in your absence, and without a possibility of any cross-examination adapted to their particular statements, to their characters, or past conduct in life. The Commissions also would be executed in parts of the world where your enemies are notoriously very numerous, and would have an opportunity of stating against you, with entire impunity, whatever might suit their purpose.

We offer these remarks from an apprehension that the same anxiety to court every inquiry which induced you, against the opinion of many friends, to proceed by Action rather than by Information or Indictment, may still disincline you to abandon your Proceedings at Law, though you may do so with perfect consistency and honour.

To us, who have known you long and well, any vindication of your character from those idle aspersions of your enemies was at all times superfluous, and all impartial men must now be satisfied with your persevering and very costly efforts to obtain a judicial Investigation of every charge against you while a hope remained of confronting your Accusers upon equal Terms, or upon Evidence fairly taken in a British Court of Justice. If any man, adverting to notorious public facts, thinks you are bound in further defence of your character, to submit to inquiries under a Commission to be executed in the sugar Colonies, his candour or his judgment must be such as to make his opinion little worth your regard.

D. SYKES. W. ALLEN.
W. WILBERFORCE. R. PHILLIPS.
CALTHORPE. G. LUSHINGTON.
F. CALTHORPE. J. STEPHEN.
T. F. BUXTON. W. SMITH.
H. BROUGHAM. T. CLARKSON.
W. EVANS.

FROM W. WILBERFORCE, ESQ., M.P.

Iver Grove, July 2, 1824.

MY DEAR MACAULAY,—I take up my pen, the first letter I have written since my illness, to ask if it be a settled question that you are to send abroad a commission of inquiry into your conduct and character, for such appears the inference to be drawn from the account of the Vice-Chancellor's sentence in the *Bull's* case. The only point in dispute was whether *Bull* should file two Bills or one. It is surely enough to fill any prudent man with dismay, to be compelled to have it understood that his character is to stand the fearful issue of an inquiry into his life and conduct during a long course of years, comprising perhaps part of his life when he might not be governed by so strict a rule of conduct as in his after-life; an inquiry to be conducted in a country in which party spirit was immeasurably strong against him and all his, and in which the moral standard was set very low indeed. Surely if this be not absolutely settled, every effort ought to be used to prevent this settlement. Taking the deep interest I do in your well-being and comfort, I cannot but feel quite anxious on the point.

Now a word or two about Tom, to express my earnest wishes, to which my prayers shall doubtless be super-added, that his superior powers may continue to be employed to the glory of God and to the comfort of your advancing years. I hope he will recognise and maintain and achieve the dignity of independence, and that he will not be tempted by the strong inducements arising from an early deliverance from the grievous path of a profession, to forego without adequate grounds of preference the higher elevation and more extended usefulness he might secure by a more leisurely and self-sustained course. It gave me no little pleasure that Mrs. Macaulay and Tom's sisters witnessed his triumph.—Ever affectionately yours,

W. W.

FROM H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Cheltenham, August 8, 1824.

DEAR MACAULAY,—I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your letter. It is impossible for me at this distance of time to recollect precisely what was contained in the short address I made to the persons who attended the meeting of the Anti-slavery Society on the 25th of June, especially as I always speak extempore, never prepare myself, and merely give vent to the feelings of the moment; but as far as I can recollect I conceive that the substance of what I then said is contained in the paper I return to you.

I read with much surprise what passed respecting your prosecution of the *John Bull*, and I own I cannot comprehend the grounds upon which the decision was made. The whole of this is a very odd business; but you can only feel contempt at what has been said of you. You stand much too high to be affected by anything such a truly despicable paper can publish respecting you.—With sincere regard and esteem, I am always, dear Macaulay, very truly yours, WILLIAM FREDERICK.

CHAPTER XIV

ANTI-SLAVERY WORK

EARLY in 1825 Macaulay went down to Liverpool, where a large gathering was held at the residence of Mr. Cropper in order to introduce a scheme of a Company for the cultivation of sugar by Free Labour. Mr. Cropper, whose name was held in great reverence by the Anti-slavery leaders, was in the habit of devoting many months of each year to conducting at his own expense a campaign through different parts of Great Britain in order to diffuse the knowledge of the real facts connected with Slavery in our Colonies. His powers of persuasion and of influencing the opinions of those who listened to him were very remarkable, while it was commonly said of him, 'Give him pen and ink and he will demonstrate that black is white.' Upon the present occasion the plan of the Company which had been framed by Mr. Cropper met with so much approbation, that before ten minutes had elapsed after he had expounded it to the assembly, shares to the amount of £175,000 were disposed of. Some among the more vehement opponents of slavery urged that all the members of the Company should pledge themselves to refuse dealing with any grocer who sold West Indian sugar; but even at the risk of alienating powerful supporters Macaulay would not join in a measure which he thought very unfair upon tradespeople. He undertook himself to abstain from slave-grown sugar, but with his accustomed toleration for opinions which differed from his own, earnestly deprecated any compulsion being used upon others.

In France the Baron de Staël, who had acquired the support and sympathy of the Dauphin in his views, was actively engaged in preparing petitions in favour of Abolition, and numbers of merchants in Paris and Bordeaux came forward to affix their signatures to them. To second his exertions Macaulay kept the agitators well supplied with papers for information,

and an *Anti-slavery Reporter* in French, which he furnished constantly, was of especial advantage in securing hesitating adherents. One immediate effect of these measures was to increase enormously the number of foreigners who claimed Macaulay's attention and hospitality, and it was fortunate that he had a number of friends who were both able and willing to assist in doing the honours of their country to these visitors.

TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Ampton, April 5, 1825.

I have had delightful weather. I got to Sudbury about seven, and there I dined and slept. This morning I got to Bury St. Edmunds to breakfast, and here I am before noon. The party consists of Lord Calthorpe, Baptist Noel, Whishaw, Smyth, the Professor of Poetry from Cambridge, and young Fitzgerald. The country through which I have passed is not very beautiful and not at all picturesque, but there is an air of solid security and comfort which is most gratifying. The houses of the poor are well built and have enough of ornament in the way of flower-beds to convince you that their inmates are generally at their ease. Old and young seemed well clothed from head to foot. I have scarcely seen a rag or tatter since I left London, nor have I seen one beggar. The churches are, in general, noble buildings, most of them in the Gothic style, and of an antiquity which of itself impresses a sentiment of veneration. Some of the parish churches I passed would make most respectable cathedrals.

I am not sure that I was not better pleased on the whole with our little Prayer Book and Homily Society than even with the two great Leviathans. The Liturgy and Homilies are translated or translating into various heathen languages chiefly by Dissenters, who find that to their converts they can give nothing more likely to conduce to their stability and growth in grace, and as guides to their devotion, than the language in which the martyrs of the Anglican Church breathed out their souls before the throne of grace. We had a Chinese Missionary and a South American Missionary all testifying with one consent to the extraordinary acceptableness of our Liturgy wherever it was made known. One is almost led to conceive a hope that this same Church of ours may literally in time become *the* Catholic Church; and not the less, I hope, because that Church which arrogates to itself the name of Catholic is about to be relieved from all civil pains and penalties. I dined

yesterday in company with the Archbishop of Dublin,[1] who seemed horrified at the prospect. Both he and Richard Ryder, who was of the party, seemed to attribute a very considerable effect in favour of the Catholic claims in the House of Lords to the Duke of York's imprudent and unconstitutional speech. It is said to have decided Lord Liverpool on that side. This, however, is only rumour. One thing is certain, that he who used formerly to lead the opposition to these claims has not during the whole of the present Session, from the beginning to the end of it, said one word which has carried with it the slightest indication of hostility towards the Catholics.

FROM BARON DE STAËL.

Paris, April 24, 1825.

MOST DEAR SIR,—The Morale Chrétienne excited peculiar interest. The Duke de Broglie was in the chair, and on addressing the audience made a few observations in answer to a Mandamus of the Bishop of Dijon, in which it was said that Bible Societies were only a new mask for infidelity, and that there was neither morals nor Christianity in the Society of Christian Morals. This was followed by a most masterly speech by Guizot. But the circumstance which was most impressive was that a Quaker, Mrs. Elizabeth Walker, requested to address the meeting, and was listened to with great attention and emotion. Considering that the audience consisted chiefly of young men of a very liberal turn of mind, that is certainly one of the greatest proofs I could give of the progress of serious thoughts in France. Ten years ago the same circumstance would have excited nothing but laughter. Two days before, the same lady had already spoken with great power at the Tract Society.

I send you two copies of Benjamin Constant's speech on the law against piracy, in which you will observe a strong passage against Slave-trading.

TO T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

September 1825.

We settled much that was important at Cromer. I have nearly finished an analysis of the Parliamentary papers of last Session, which will shortly be published with notes.

Brougham's Bill for the opening of the Session is to be drawn on the basis of the Trinidad Order in Council, of Lord Bathurst's Instruction to the Colonies, and of the points agreed

[1] The Right Reverend W. Magee.

to by Canning. Adopting only what the Government has sanctioned, they cannot argue against their own principles. Next Session is to be one of active and unwonted exertion. Besides the Bill of Brougham, Lushington is to take up the case of Free people of colour generally, besides that of Lescene and Escoffery;[1] Mackintosh is to be engaged to take up Hayti; Whitmore, the sugar duties; Denman, the trial of slaves in Jamaica and Demerara; Sykes, the case of apprentices liberated from slave-ships; and Buxton, my plan of Emancipation, and the Slave Trade and slavery in the Mauritius. We are to prepare forthwith a pithy address ready to be printed in every newspaper in the kingdom the moment the Dissolution is announced, rousing electors to require pledges.

We are forthwith to prepare our correspondents everywhere for petitioning on the meeting of Parliament, and a Meeting will be held in London about a month before to give the tone and the example. The Speeches will furnish argument to the country; the Resolutions, models. Wherever it may be prudent to do so, public Meetings will be held in the large towns, and reports of the speeches put in the provincial papers.

During the winter of 1825 a financial crisis of more than ordinary magnitude occurred in the City, and in writing to various correspondents Macaulay enters into details respecting the anxieties and fluctuations of each day in a manner which shows how little he grasped the effect that the panic would have upon the affairs of his own firm, and how entirely unconscious he was of the degree to which it was becoming involved. He was much concerned on account of his young friend Henry Thornton, and writes that the London bankers[2] were worn to shadows in consequence of the agitation and alarm they had experienced.

FROM THE REV. MR. CUNNINGHAM, VICAR OF HARROW.

Harrow, February 22, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have had a long and most unreserved communication with Goulburn;[3] and if any suspicion lurked

[1] Free men of colour and British subjects who had been brutally and illegally expelled from Jamaica.

[2] 'The state of the City, and the terror of all the bankers and merchants, as well as of all owners of property, is not to be conceived but by those who witnessed it.'—*The Greville Memoirs*, vol. i.

[3] The Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Duke of Wellington's Administration.

in his mind as to your personal hostility to himself, I believe that it is wholly removed. I have also satisfied myself by the perusal of a quantity of correspondence with his overseers that he has been really anxious to do what might be done for his slaves. In 1819, hearing a bad account of the condition of his negroes, he sent out his brother, and by his advice put over them a man of the name of Richards, simply with a view to their benefit, and although being told that though he would benefit the negroes he would ruin the estate. Richards, however, mismanaged and reduced the estate during four years without doing a single thing for the slaves. Goulburn also engaged a Moravian Minister to go out to his estate, who afterwards disappointed him.

Goulburn's intense occupation is surely some apology for him, and the great liability to misrepresentation from overseers is another. He has now a new overseer, and has sent him out some time since orders embracing almost every regulation in Canning's Resolutions. I find him almost as angry with the West Indian legislatures as yourself, and disposed cordially to concur in every reasonable measure for securing the object of gradual emancipation. He has the strongest persuasion of the importance of substituting free for slave labour.

I may say to you in confidence that I pumped him hard to find what was the intention of Government, but he evidently does not know if they have any fixed intention. His opinion is that they ought—unless Brougham's Bill contains something outrageous, to permit its introduction—supposing Brougham's object to be to extend the provisions of Canning's Bill to the other Islands. I feel convinced that if Brougham is moderate there will be no debate, and that all will go very nearly according to your wishes. I urged Goulburn to deliver his mind on the occasion, and I think he will do so. But he says his misfortune is that the West Indians are as angry with him as the Abolitionists. Much will depend on the spirit and character of Brougham's speech, and of that you must endeavour to take care. I hope to be at the House on Wednesday.—Affectionately yours,

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The notorious Mauritius inquiry may be said to have been started in 1825, and during the next few years the collection of evidence for following it up strained to the utmost point the powers of every member of the Anti-slavery party.

'Of all the cases that the indefatigable industry of Mr. Macaulay brought to light this was by far the worst. All the books that ever were published, all the speeches that ever were

made, all the lectures that ever were delivered on the subject of slavery failed to produce a tenth part of the excitement and indignation provoked by the result of this inquiry. The Anti-slavery public, in any true sense of the term, was created by the Mauritius case.'[1]

The help of women in getting up petitions against slavery began about this time to be largely employed. Mr. Wilberforce, who was decidedly opposed to the interference of ladies in such matters, says that Mr. Babington agreed with him, 'grounding it on St. Paul,' but that Macaulay differed entirely from them both. Brougham warmly espoused the cause of the women, and wrote to Macaulay: 'I have letters saying that a Female Petition is disapproved of by the Society. I differ *toto cœlo*, but as it requires cautious handling I shall myself undertake it, and preach from this very fruitful text.'

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Hill Street, Tuesday Evening.

I received last night your enclosure, and the moment I get a few more materials, such as the sheets you promise, or any statement or hints of your own, I shall endeavour to steal an hour from law matters (which press at this moment) and send Jeffrey, if not an article, the materials from whence he can easily put one together. Now a thing has suggested itself to me. Lady Jersey is at the head of what is called the fashionable society of this country, and she is a thousand times better than that—she has the best heart and kindest feelings of any person you can name. Would it not be an appropriate mode of attacking the horrors we were talking of, to address a kind letter to her (say in the *Christian Observer*) calling on her to reflect on the degraded and brutified condition of her sex in our own dominions? She is a person of the strongest religious and charitable feelings, and quite sure to be interested even to enthusiasm, if the case is fairly and delicately pressed on her attention.

We agreed that the women would be our powerful and universally diffused allies, and there is hardly a better way of rousing those among them who have most influence on society than some such address as I am recommending. She is a very intimate and most valued friend of mine, but I am sure no private instances, however pressing, would have half the effect.

[1] *Anti-slavery Recollections.*

TO T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

March 4, 1826.

Canning's speech on Wednesday did us much harm. I had endeavoured to impress on our friends that all his facts about Colonial improvements were falsehoods, but the effect of his statements was such that the House would not have borne any strong language. It would have been impossible for Brougham to have brought forward the Bill with any chance for leave to bring it in. Thursday's discussion has to a degree raised us again. I set to work and produced a paper pointing out Canning's gross misstatements. I got Brougham, Denman, Lushington, and Buxton to read this yesterday morning, and I prevailed on Brougham to bring the matter before the House and to make it the ground for persisting in his original purpose. This he did, and did well, and his notice now stands for the 20th of April. The grand error of Canning throughout was representing as acts passed what were merely projects. Wilmot Horton endeavoured to palliate the incorrectness of the statements furnished to Canning from the Colonial Office by pleading the absence of James Stephen. Certainly he would never have introduced such a paper.

To the scheme which terminated in the formation of the University of London, Macaulay had throughout lent his hearty co-operation. It appealed to the intellectual side of his nature; and also, in furthering it, he was influenced by the strong opinion which it may have been observed he had consistently entertained and put into practice, that the friends of religion and of the Church should endeavour to keep a guiding hand upon educational and philanthropic movements, so as to be able to avail themselves of any opportunity that might arise of attaining their objects in part at any rate if they could not do so altogether. His name, therefore, is to be found upon the first Council of the University of London appointed December 1825, in company with James Mill, Grote, Brougham, Sir Isaac Goldsmid, Lord John Russell, and Joseph Hume. But his adhesion to the scheme occasioned some difference of opinion between him and the friends with whom he generally acted in unison, and several of those who had followed his advice and example, and had given the weight of their names to the new University, became much alarmed by the remonstrances and criticisms which were showered upon them. The

Christian Observer gives a good account of the position which he took up on this question.

'Mr. Macaulay was one of the Provisional Committee for forming the London University, and long took an active share in its management. In the matter of the London University we differed in opinion from our esteemed friend, but his objects and motives, as he explained them to us, were as follows: There was pressing need of an institution in London for academical education, as has since been abundantly proved. He thought as the pupils were to reside with their parents or friends, and not to sleep under the college roof, there was no real sacrifice of the principle of religious education by their going for a few hours in the day to lectures, as other students go to the Inns of Court or to hospitals, and he considered that the objection was in a good measure obviated by the plan which the Council had consented to, that three of the professors who were clergymen of the Church of England should open, as they did, a chapel in the vicinity of the University for the double purpose of religious worship and instruction on the Sunday, and for lectures upon the evidences of Christianity upon a week day. We merely state his opinion ; adding that it was chiefly by his exertions that these last measures were accomplished.'[1]

FROM HENRY DRUMMOND, ESQ.

May 22, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have received your letter with the plan of the new University, and your invitation to be a subscriber. I should to most people, except to you, content myself with parrying the application, but to you I must say that I much doubt the propriety of encouraging any systematic education which does not pretend, at least, to be founded on the Scriptures. I will grant that at the universities the religious part is a mere name; nevertheless that foundation, though only nominal, has served, like the Articles of the Church of England, to force back those, who have subscribed to them, to better accordance with them, than they would have had if there had been no foundation whatever. Three great principles have been warring against each other for these thirty years past—the Spirit of Despotism, the Spirit of Infidelity, and the Spirit of Popery; each pretending that if it could gain the mastery, it would bid the troubled sea of the nations be still: of this spirit of infidelity, all science, education, march of mind, intellect, and all the other cant, which is not founded upon the

[1] *Christian Observer*, 1839.

Scriptures, are part and parcel, and if you had considered the matter in the same light, I do not believe that you would have anything to do with it.

Your offer for the borough is not enough: my man wants five thousand.—Always yours most faithfully,

HENRY DRUMMOND.

A general election came early in June 1826 to complicate still further all these various questions; and throughout the stormy weeks which it entailed, Macaulay was incessantly engaged in assisting those of his party who had come forward as candidates. Upon more than one occasion he addressed on behalf of Mr. Evans an assembly of those freeholders of Leicester who were resident in London; and at a supper which was given to them, Macaulay was gratified by his own health being drunk, preceded by a toast which was peculiarly adapted to his taste, and which was received by the electors with loud applause—'The Abolition of Slavery all over the world, and may there be no symptom of it in the borough of Leicester.'

FROM T. B. MACAULAY TO MRS. MACAULAY.

Bell Inn, Leicester, June 1, 1826,

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have a short breathing time at present. But the public feeling is very excitable; and it is scarcely to be expected that it will evaporate in words. If Evans should fail, and Sir Charles[1] venture to be chaired, I would not answer for his life.

If De Staël really wishes to see public feeling in its highest state of excitement, and that not on mere party grounds, but on great principles, he cannot do better than come to Leicester. No town in the country, except the capital, has so many voters. Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham are unrepresented. At Bristol, Liverpool, and Nottingham, the only remaining towns in England which are more populous than Leicester, the right of suffrage is comparatively very confined. At Leicester there are very nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, and, I hear, about six thousand voters. If the baron would come hither, and proceed hence to Westmoreland, where the election would probably be later, he would see both a town and a country contest in the highest perfection. We confidently expect to be at the head of the poll.—Ever yours affectionately, T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] Sir Charles Hastings.

During these years continual allusions are to be found in the correspondence to the controversy which convulsed the great British and Foreign Bible Society upon the point of permitting the circulation on the Continent by their affiliated societies of the Apocrypha with the canonical books of Scripture. This practice appears to have originated in a desire to conciliate the prejudices of priests of the Greek and Roman churches, so as to induce them to sanction their flocks receiving and studying the Bible, but its opponents, at the head of whom was Mr. Haldane, declared that the Continental Bible societies were in alliance with Popery, Infidelity, and Rationalism. To justify this accusation they brought forward a case known as the Strasburg Preface, where the Committee of the Strasburg Society had published in 1819, at their own expense, an introduction to a Bible, for the printing of which the London Committee had paid. Their action was in direct contravention of the fundamental rule of the parent Society that the Bible should be circulated alone without notes or comment. The preface itself was pronounced by Mr. Haldane to be a deliberate attempt to pervert the Scriptures; and, on the matter being laid before the Committee of the Bible Society, Macaulay strongly supported the advisability of an inquiry being made into the affair, although he considered that Mr. Haldane greatly exaggerated the objections to the Strasburg Preface, and was unable to join in Mr. Haldane's sweeping condemnation of the foreign societies, several of which he and his brother the General had been instrumental in forming. The inquiry led to further discoveries as to the extent to which the Apocrypha had been incorporated with the Bibles for foreign distribution, but at length the question was apparently settled in 1822 by a resolution of the Committee that the circulation of the Apocrypha should be discontinued.

This resolution, although it was finally passed unanimously, had not been obtained till after prolonged debates; and Mr. Haldane, who harboured considerable doubts as to whether there was not danger of a relapse, remained steadily on the alert. His suspicions were well founded. Several of the members of the Committee of the Bible Society and a large number of its most eminent supporters took a very different view of the point in dispute; and constant attempts were made to

reverse the decision of the Committee, and to evade the limitations it imposed. In September 1824 Mr. Henry Drummond, who took an ardent interest in the subject, wrote to Macaulay to say that he and Mr. Haldane intended to bring the Apocryphal question to an immediate issue, and would no longer stoop to conciliate fears which they regarded as contemptible.

On the other hand, the adherents of the Apocrypha were active in their efforts, and were greatly strengthened by a formal protest against its exclusion, signed by twenty-six members of the Senate, which was sent up from Cambridge. The protest was based on the ground that the proposed action would impede the circulation of the Scriptures abroad, and was accompanied by a letter addressed to the President, Lord Teignmouth, by Mr. Simeon, in which he strenuously urged the duty of inserting the Apocrypha, if by that means the Word of God would be made more acceptable to persons professing the Romish and Greek faiths. This letter is answered by Mr. Gorham, whose name will be remembered in connection with an important judgment of the Judicial Committee in 1850, and the discussions which ensued in Committee were long and acrimonious. Mr. Haldane's spirit would admit of no compromise, and he soon began to issue a series of fiery attacks upon the Society, in one of which, to use Macaulay's own words, he pulverised Mr. Simeon's arguments. Macaulay deserves the more credit for his support of Mr. Haldane because most of his own friends were arrayed on the opposite side, and although his judgment led him to be of the same opinion as Mr. Haldane, his personal sympathies were entirely with his opponents. Also the mode of warfare adopted by Mr. Haldane and his principal coadjutor in the struggle, Dr. Andrew Thomson, an eloquent Scottish minister, was singularly repugnant to Macaulay's taste. His view, to which he steadily adhered in the face of all opposition, was that the Society itself should refuse to circulate or pay for the Apocrypha, but should leave its Branches free to follow their own course of action. He urged, and at last succeeded in obtaining, the appointment of a very small sub-committee, to examine into and report upon the subject; and when a few sensible men were at liberty to discuss the question calmly they soon arrived at an agreement. But

it was not at first easy to enforce an acceptance of this agreement upon the excited passions of some of the members of the General Committee.

The termination of the difficulties of the situation was, however, close at hand. The increasing violence of the assaults upon the Bible Society which were made by Mr. Haldane and Dr. Andrew Thomson, alienated many persons who would otherwise have been disposed to follow their lead, and Macaulay felt himself exonerated from any obligation towards Mr. Haldane, who, indeed, was not in a temper to accept from him any assistance which savoured of compromise. The result of the interminable sittings and long deliberations of the Committee was one which fully rewarded the admirable patience and judgment with which Macaulay, and a small knot of men similarly minded, had steadily striven to mediate between the two opposing factions, and to steer the Association clear of disruption. In May 1826 the exclusion of the Apocrypha from all Bibles published by the Bible Society was distinctly and finally recognised, while at the same time it was decided to continue the maintenance of friendly relations with the Foreign Auxiliary Societies whatever course they might think fit to pursue with regard to the Apocrypha, but to refuse to contribute to the funds of those among them who persisted in circulating it.

At the close of 1826 General Macaulay came into Parliament as member for Saltash, bringing his vote to strengthen in the House of Commons the Anti-slavery party who, during the Session of 1827, were harassed and depressed by the difficulties thrown in the way of the Mauritius inquiry, perhaps unavoidably, by the Government, and by the serious illness of Sir Fowell Buxton, brought on by over-work. Mr. Stephen writes on June 1: 'What is to be said or done in our cause! My hopes were never lower except in Divine interposition. In that view they were never stronger.'

No surprise will be felt at the effect which the terrible strain of these years of continuous misery and uncertainty about his private affairs had upon the physical health of Macaulay. In fact, it may be said with truth that he never recovered from it, and from that time he became subject to repeated attacks of nervous illness which rapidly undermined his constitution. It

is almost incredible that during the whole of this disastrous period, when he was experiencing such a complication of financial and domestic misfortunes, his steady attention and strenuous exertions in the Anti-slavery cause never for a moment slackened. Dr. Lushington writes in September 1829:—

'It is with extreme regret that I received the account of your indisposition. Private esteem and regard, I hope I may say, I truly feel for you, but I consider you of inestimable importance to our great cause; the exertions of others are trivial compared with yours, and for myself, I am daily more convinced that the continuance of that iniquity which you have so long striven to mitigate and suppress must bring down its just punishment.'

Not only did the numbers of the *Anti-slavery Reporter*, that publication of which, to employ Mrs. H. More's words, Macaulay was 'the sole and most prolific parent,' appear with unfailing regularity to bring their horrible tales of suffering and oppression before the British public, but other pamphlets continually proceeded from his pen upon the same subject, while he was punctual in his attendance in the Houses of Parliament to furnish information to Buxton and his coadjutors upon slavery questions. He managed all Mrs. H. More's worldly affairs, and was the medium for her interminable negotiations with her publishers; and notwithstanding the preoccupation of his mind and the painful personal anxieties which had gathered around his path, he never for a moment intermitted the attention which he had always paid to the requirements of friends. The endless demands which Mrs. H. More in her old age made upon his time were received with patience and kindness; and he continued to act as almoner to her, and to others whose claims he considered as binding upon him. About this time Mr. Wilberforce, when sending some cases of distress for Macaulay to investigate and relieve, writes: 'I rejoice that there is such a diligent man, and what is more, I love you so well that I can truly rejoice you are that man of diligence as well as ability, though you shame me by your efficiency.'

He also, as was before mentioned, received innumerable foreigners who brought letters of introduction to him from General Macaulay, who was in the habit of spending much of the year abroad; from the Duke de Broglie; and from the

Baron de Staël; letters which were no mere form, but enjoined upon him to enlighten and instruct the bearers, by exhibiting to them everything of interest in England, both in men and institutions. Upon one occasion the Baron de Staël writes:—

'Will you allow me to introduce to your acquaintance the two MM. de Turguenieff? One of them was Secretary to the Russian Bible Society, and is still a Councillor of State. They are represented to me by all who know them as two of the few Muscovites who are men of real merit, and their objects through life are of a good, useful, and liberal nature. They go to England chiefly to see courts of justice, schools, prisons, and religious and philanthropic societies. Therefore they necessarily come within your province.'

Macaulay appears to have ventured occasionally to make a mild remonstrance against merely ordinary social introductions being sent to him in any number, but no remonstrance was of much effect. An endless procession of Frenchmen of distinction; of literary, scientific and philanthropic individuals; and of Protestant pastors, appear under his guidance to have visited every conceivable asylum and institution for physical and moral maladies; and the lists by which some of the visitors prepared Macaulay for what they desired to inspect are appalling in their comprehensiveness. One gentleman sends a catalogue which contains no less than ten prisons, besides a variety of other objects, and yet with all these claims upon his attention there is no sign of any diminution in his ordinary correspondence. The replies to the letters which Thomas Clarkson addressed to him would of themselves alone have furnished occupation for the day of any ordinary person, as Clarkson exacted from him every species of information, and expected Macaulay to supply him with the whole of the material which he required for his numerous writings on slavery questions, and which he did not feel able to procure for himself, as he lived in the country. The patience and steadiness of Macaulay's letters under the heavy pressure is beyond praise, and is exhibited even when answering absolutely unwarrantable demands upon his time and attention. The only sign of irritation which can be discovered in all the correspondence of these years is in a letter addressed to an eminent ecclesiastic, who persisted in sending Macaulay all his

manuscripts to revise before publishing, and employing him to invest his money.

'You really ought not to send me any of your pieces for revision, for I am so blunt, and you are so thin-skinned, that it does not answer. What a host of disquieting inferences you have drawn from my note! I am quite amazed!

I am grieved about the stock, but you left the matter to my discretion, and I durst not venture, when stocks were already unnaturally high, to buy for you. You see now they are, as I anticipated, in a tumbling state. Say whether you would wish now to buy.'

FROM MR. BROUGHAM TO LORD LYNDHURST.

1827.

Allow me to wish you all manner of joy on your elevation to the Great Seal, and to say how much more agreeable I feel it to act with than against you. Now that it is to all appearance over, I may say I have felt few things more painful in the discharge of my duty than finding myself acting against an old and esteemed friend.

I am of necessity prevented by the singular position which I occupy from ever suggesting anything to be done in favour of any connection of my own—but there is a step which I strongly recommend to your early consideration, not more on account of the young person I am going to allude to, than on account of the new Government we both support. Let me strongly advise you to give an early token of favour to young Macaulay. He is the greatest genius now coming into the profession. He has certainly written the very best things I have read of late years: I mean those extraordinary articles on Milton and Machiavelli; and his professional talents I know are of a high order. Make him at once a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and you do a lasting service to *our* Ministry. His father is an old friend of mine, but I should have written this letter if I never had seen him, on account of our common cause.

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

It is painful to me to tease you, but this Mr. Cadell must be followed up. I should be glad if he would come to a resolution about purchasing my books and copyright. My life is very precarious, and I have much to settle for both worlds. I am a good deal harassed with petty cares. I am come to that age

when the grasshopper is a burden, and I have many grasshoppers, but the time is short; I wish it could be more spent in repentance for the past and preparation for the future.

I have had another letter from my very discreet bookseller. I cannot forbear quoting his report of your conduct towards him: 'I cannot forbear expressing my great gratitude for the obliging and gentlemanly manner in which Mr. Macaulay has negotiated and brought to conclusion with me the purchase of your copyrights and remaining books.'

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

York, August 8, 1827.

Many thanks for your letter and its enclosure. I am extremely shocked about Canning;[1] not that I think the administration endangered by his death; but the event is in itself most affecting. The death of the Princess Charlotte herself was less so. To fall at the very moment of reaching the very highest pinnacle of human ambition! The whole work of thirty chequered years of glory and obloquy struck down in a moment, the noblest prize that industry, dexterity, wit and eloquence ever obtained, vanishing into nothing in the very instant in which it had been grasped. Vanity of vanities —all is vanity.

Brougham has been very unwell too, but he is now pretty well recovered, and the only effect of his indisposition is to give a milder and more subdued manner to his speaking, which, in ordinary cases, is an improvement. He has heard from Lord Lansdowne, who speaks, he tells me, highly of my article. I shall be probably at Rothley Temple on Saturday.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, August 24, 1827.

I admire your great Bible doings. Here, unhappily we are assailed with slander and the tongue of strife. Dr. Thomson appears to possess a degree of restlessness and pugnaciousness second only to Buonaparte; and it is plain that nothing is equal to the extent of his ambition but the complete overthrow of the Bible Society. The issue, however, will be such, I doubt not, as his rival experienced when he encountered the snows of Russia. We are now, I am persuaded, taking the true course to render all such attempts abortive, calmly pursuing our course in distributing the word of God, and calmly satisfying

[1] Right Hon. George Canning died at four in the morning of the 8th of August 1827.

every fair inquiry as to our proceedings. I wish indeed that our Committee had never contended for the Apocrypha. I saw all the evils of such a strife from the first, and from the first I urged our friends to abandon the cause of strife; my object being primarily as much the preservation of this mighty instrument of good from schism as the exclusion from the sacred volume of what was not the Word of God.

I was very much surprised about a fortnight ago by a letter from our friend Huber, in which he expressed his wish to place the whole of his property in the French funds, about 150,000 French livres, in trust with Lord Teignmouth and myself for the use of the Bible and Church Mission Society, after the death of Mrs. Huber and a niece of theirs, who were to receive the interest of it during their lives. Mrs. Huber unites with him in this appropriation of their means. They are now living in Switzerland, and seem to be both enjoying excellent health.

What changes and perturbations and anxieties have agitated us during the last eight months! Our mighty men are falling like the thistle-down before the storm. I felt deeply for Canning. Oh that he had attended to the things belonging to his peace! And yet he had moments of thoughtfulness. When he had no Cabinet meetings or Cabinet dinners he would have prayers and a sermon on a Sunday. A man-servant of his was ill lately with a lingering disease which threatened his life. He gave him a Bible, and strongly recommended its perusal. You know his lines on his son; they are exquisite. But alas! alas! The agonies which accompanied his last days were quite tremendous. It was excruciation. One of the physicians said he had never witnessed anything equal to it.

Oh that they were wise, that they would consider this—that they would remember their latter end.

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Brougham, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I so entirely agree with you as to rest that I verily believe if all the work I did of Sundays was put together, save and except consultations and briefs, which are not voluntary unless the Court will sit half of Saturday, it would not make the amount of a single working-day in two years. Nay more, I every now and then find the day of appointed rest insufficient, and take a week of relaxation, that is, of reading without any more active exertion, *e.g.* always or almost always after the summer circuit, and generally again at Christmas. I make this reading subservient to good, because

I read matter for after use, but never write a line or work a problem.

Your speculation as to office is wholly out of the question. I could not afford to take any precarious place of a much smaller income than I make independently of my trade. But yet, to compass so great and good a work as you and I have at heart and in hand, I should make some effort. But it is not within my reach, and I am saved the virtue and the half ruin of such an act of devotion.

Canning's death is a severe blow in two respects; he had weight with the King (who has really behaved most admirably), and was a man to use that weight for good purposes; and the spirits of darkness and intolerance, whom his crowing chased away to their native shades last springtide, hated him so that they could not attempt to return to their favourite haunts of office while he lived. These were valuable things, and these we lose. But let us take the other side. In the Commission we are strong enough without him, and have even to spare yet. Nowhere else was he of use. In the Lords he did us mischief, *e.g.* keeping Lord G. aloof. In the country, little more good than evil came from him, for the Reformers and the High-church folks hated him about equally. Then as to our peculiar questions, he was a very incubus on us. I must fairly say that I regarded him as our very worst adversary on all that related to West Indian affairs. He was even virulently prejudiced against us. Can I ever forget Smith's[1] case, and his speech about the early Christian martyrs? I was ill—very ill —I had been up all night debating on Chancery matters and in Court all day leading causes, and had broke down in my opening speech, or, I assure you, I could have felled him to the ground for that heathenly and planterly and almost slave-trading speech. I cannot forget it; nothing could show more bitter hostility to us and ours. He was quite prepared to laugh us out of the field. We had in him, too, the most powerful, because not a rash and thoroughpace enemy, but one who affected to have the same object in view, and pretended to be waddling towards it by another and more roundabout road, while he is in reality running in the very opposite course. Then he was Prime Minister, etc., etc. I assure you that I ascribe his attempt to take me out of the House of Commons and promote me very highly and lucratively, as owing chiefly to my speech on the Brown men under which he very sorely smarted. *But this is quite between ourselves.* When I flatly refused, I mentioned to the Chancellor the shortness of Canning's own life as a principal reason.

[1] The Demerara Missionary.

Altogether West Indian matters stand very differently from what they did six months and even six weeks ago; Huskisson and Wilmot Horton! Really I shall have some right to be consulted on these as well as other matters now, or where is their hold over either House of Commons or country?

I have given in my cordial adherence to the Government, and to serve with either Huskisson or Charles Grant as heartily and far more submissively than I could have done under Canning, but to serve unconnected with them by any official tie. Nor will anything make me take even a law office (while Grey remains discontented) but the impossibility of their going on with such volunteer support. You may confer on these matters with Wilberforce and Stephen, whom they equally concern. If you have half an hour to spare, pray write to Mackintosh, and say you hear he is about engaging in the Preliminary Discourse on Study of History, and comfort and encourage him to do it. The good effects of *his* powerfully urging the views laid down in last *Edinburgh Review* are quite incalculable, and I well know the weight of a line from you. It is really a benefit conferred on mankind, for he wants urging.—Ever yours,

H. BROUGHAM.

FROM MRS. H. MORE.

Barley Wood, January 4, 1828.

Do you know that I have much intercourse with the General? His health has not yet allowed him to pay me a visit, but he writes me very entertaining letters, and sends me some from abroad—a most affecting one from M. Vernet on the irreparable loss of that dear Baron de Staël.[1] Do you know that I am old enough to have been intimate with the great Necker, the great statesman of France, a Protestant Prime Minister in that land of Popery!! from whom these are descended.

I had half a mind to send you a letter from our Princess Elizabeth, now Princess of Hesse-Homburg, but it is so flattering to me that I could not do it. It is gratifying, however, as to the piety of her own mind. I have also a very pious letter from Princess Sophia Matilda. Your friend the Duke is kind to me beyond anything. He half maintains me in the winter.

I hope by your presevering zeal you will be able to do something decisive with Cadell. Do not lose your hold of him. The time is arrived when he promised to settle the matter. But he is a wise man as to this world's wisdom.

[1] Baron Auguste de Staël died at Coppet on the 11th of November 1827.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, January 9, 1828.

I must have appeared ungrateful not to have sooner acknowledged your letter, but I was desirous of being able to report something from Cadell. I have just seen him, and he assures me he will very shortly send me your accounts complete, with a statement of all the stock on hand of your different works, and be ready then to enter on the consideration of them.

My dear friend De Staël, for he had indeed become very dear to me, was one of the most eminent instances I have ever known of rapid advancement in the divine life. During the last year of his life he seemed to live more in heaven than on earth, and it is now plain that his Saviour was maturing him for Himself. And yet when we look at the extent and variety of his able and benevolent enterprises, and the extraordinary influence he was exerting in the promotion of the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures, and the sound judgment and enlarged views by which every step he took was regulated, it seems to me as if almost another Henry Thornton had been snatched from among us. Madame Vernet has long been a correspondent of mine. She is an extraordinary instance of the combination of feeling, taste, and tenderness, with an almost masculine cast of understanding. Poor thing, she has been severely tried, but every succeeding trial has seemed only a process of further purification and refinement. God gives us the privilege of witnessing such exhibitions for our own correction and improvement, to reprove our dull and languid efforts in His service, and our cold and lukewarm affections towards Him while enjoying means and opportunities and incitements for growing in grace far beyond what Paris or Geneva can afford.

My dear friend, you are often in all our thoughts, and you often mingle in our most serious communications with each other and with our common Father and Friend, on the very portal of whose house you are standing, And yet who can tell which of us may receive the first summons. May He vouchsafe to us all a glorious meeting in His presence, whatever may be our destination as to the length of our stay in this world, or as to the trials which may yet await us.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

London, March 19, 1828.

Private.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though I have as yet received no answer from Mr. Cadell on the subject of your copyrights, I am induced

to trouble you with a few observations on another subject in which I feel very deeply interested. I allude to a communication which has reached me a very few days ago from a friend, who, I believe, feels as strong and cordial a solicitude both for your personal comfort and your public usefulness as I do myself. I have marked my letter private, because I am desirous you should read what I have to say to an end before you submit it to any other eye than your own.

The communication to which I allude is to this effect—that an impression has gone abroad that your servants at Barley Wood were acting in a way that was very discreditable in itself, and very injurious to your interests; that their habits were those of intemperance and profusion; that not only were practices carried on in your kitchen which were highly objectionable and indecorous, but that your servants were sometimes engaged in night revelries in the village, in which they induced even Louisa[1] to take a part; leaving you and your house to their fate; that their system was one of pillage, and that in particular Charles took advantage of your state of health to turn your farming concerns into a source of gain to himself. I give you the mere outline, omitting various circumstances which have been mentioned of what has been stated as matter of common rumour and belief.

I have, of course, deliberated with myself and with my wife whether I should mention this matter to you, and we have come to the conclusion that it would not be acting the part of friends if we omitted to mention it. It may be difficult, indeed, to provide an effectual remedy for such a state of things, yet I cannot help hoping that such a remedy may be found with the help of the many attached and confidential friends you have around you, and who, I am persuaded, will spare no pains or exertions to save you from all trouble in any arrangements that may be necessary, and to secure your personal comfort.

In what I now am about to say I proceed on the assumption that the statement to which I have alluded is well founded. In that case I cannot help thinking that your wisest course would be to remove from Barley Wood to a ready furnished house at Clifton, which your friends there would be glad to provide quite ready for your reception, with all needful appendages of servants. You would then be at full liberty to frame your plans and to act upon them with due deliberation.

We are quite shocked at the idea of your being left alone

[1] A girl of whom Mrs. Hannah More had made a great favourite, and had educated above her station in life. She was the daughter of the old coachman, Charles Tidy, who had lived for many years in the service of the sisters.

at Barley Wood, with Miss Frowd in sinking health, and with only unprincipled servants around you. At Clifton you would be close to your physician and to dear and tried friends, who would be tending you from hour to hour. You would be delivered from the enormous expense of your Barley Wood establishment, and, which is still more to be desired, from the cares and anxieties of it.—Believe me, ever yours affectionately, Z. M.

Mrs. Hannah More's conduct when this painful information reached her proved that her natural strength of mind had not been impaired by advanced age, for on receiving the letter from her old friend she fully grasped the situation, and immediately adopted the advice conveyed in it. She decided on quitting her beloved home; and both Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay came to assist in the arrangements, and to see her settled in her new abode. As she crossed for the last time the threshold of Barley Wood to enter the carriage which was to convey her from it, she remarked: 'I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not like Eve by angels.' Within one month of the date of Macaulay's letter she was comfortably established in a pleasant house at Clifton, where her last years were peacefully spent, and where she died in 1833, at the age of eighty-eight.

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

York, July 24, 1828.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have nothing, or next to nothing, to tell you. We have no causes here of any interest. Brougham seems to be much better. On Monday I dine with Sydney Smith, and I take a bed at Boston. I am getting on rapidly, and on the whole satisfactorily with Hallam.

I think the Duke of Wellington's speech as bad as possible. But as a general matter of policy I would never have any discussion in the Lords except in case of necessity. The strength of the Abolitionists lies in the Commons, and the Ministers there are more inclined to be civil and conceding.

By-the-bye, I met the other day with a curious trial in French *causes célèbres*. A negro—this was before the Somerset cause in England—maintained before the Parliament of Paris that his master had no right to his service in France. And the Court decided in favour of his liberty.—Yours affectionately,

T. B. MACAULAY.

In a letter previously quoted, written in September 1829, Dr. Lushington mentions Macaulay having been indisposed. The illness was unusually serious, and had caused some alarm to Macaulay's family and friends. Selina, his eldest daughter, who had been spending some months with her uncle and aunt at Rothley Temple, writes in her journal on her return: '*October* 3, 1829.—My dear father continues a great invalid. It is affecting to see a person of his activity and energy incapable of the smallest exertion of mind or body.' He recovered from the attack sufficiently to return to his usual habits of life by the middle of November.

Early in the following year an event occurred which gave great gratification to Macaulay and his wife in their eldest son entering Parliament, where his powers of mind and speech soon gained him a considerable position. The only alloy to their pleasure was in the strange conduct exhibited by Brougham upon the occasion. Selina Macaulay writes:—

'There are some painful circumstances connected with what is so highly gratifying to us. Mr. Brougham, who has always hitherto shown the greatest regard for Tom, is exceedingly angry at his unexpected good fortune. Tom thinks that Mr. Brougham has felt jealous of him for some time owing to the influence he has obtained in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Brougham certainly tried in an underhand manner with Mr. Jeffrey to diminish it, as well as to prevent the editorship of it being offered to him when it became vacant. Tom has Mr. Jeffrey's authority for these circumstances. Since Tom's election his anger and vexation have been too great for concealment. They took the oaths together, and stood side by side at the same table, but Mr. Brougham did not take the smallest notice of Tom, and turned his back on him without speaking. Mr. Brougham gives as a reason for his conduct that he thinks Mr. Denman ought to have had the seat offered him; but however strong his wishes might be, there is no excuse for his rudeness to Tom, by whom the distinction was perfectly unsolicited.'

Ill-natured as was Brougham's conduct to the new member, he contrived, however, to restrain his feelings in the presence of his father, and not only did he scrupulously abstain from giving any annoyance to his old friend, but there are many indications in the correspondence of the genuine and per-

severing goodwill and affection with which he endeavoured effectually to serve Macaulay's interests.

FROM W. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

Highwood Hill, Middlesex, November 4, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was compelled yesterday to break off before I could open to you on a topic on which I should have been sorry to state my feelings to you till you were so much recovered as not to render it improper. I beg you will put off either thinking or writing about it until Mrs. Macaulay, your dictatress, permits. I find there has been a misunderstanding between us relative to the London University, and I speak seriously and honestly when I say that I think the misunderstanding much more likely to have arisen from my want of precision than from anything on your part. In short, that the fault is not yours but mine. You may remember the fears I used to express lest the Philosophical Lectures and Studies of the University, unaccompanied by instruction in the Evidences of the Divine Origin of Christianity, would be too surely productive of a sceptical spirit in your young men (probably the most intelligent and active members of your middle classes in the metropolis), who would find themselves rational as to all their other opinions, but holding the religious principles, if they should profess to hold them, solely as they must feel, from nursery prejudices, or at best on the authority of great names. Now we, you and I, I mean, will adjourn the discussions on the question whether I am right or wrong in this persuasion, but I am, of course, bound to act on my own convictions; and I thought I had stated to you that I could not become a member of the London University Society till some instruction in the Evidences of Christianity had been secured; and I inferred from finding myself a subscriber that I must have authorised you to put down my name from conceiving, as I remember for a time I did, that provision had been made for this religious instruction. Long ago, however, I discovered my mistake.

I earnestly hope some method may be devised next session for accomplishing your object. You will, I doubt not, wish it as much as I do, though you may not think it equally necessary. But, query, if any list of the members or shareholders (I forget the terms) should be printed, could my name be omitted till my objection be removed? You will see I must be very awkwardly circumstanced in appearing to be (to say the truth, in being) a supporter of an institution which I cannot but think likely to be

productive of great mischief. I intreat you, my dear friend, not to trouble yourself on this question. I feel how much you must have gone through, and I trust it will please God to restore you to your former strength, though you really must use it more sparingly. With best wishes and daily prayers for your recovery, sincerely and affectionately yours,

W. WILBERFORCE.

FROM J. STEPHEN, ESQ.

March 9, 1830.

MY DEAR MACAULAY,—I thank you for your new *Reporter*, which is like all the rest honourable to your assiduity and zeal, as well as to the powers of your mind and pen. You are wrong in supposing that it will add to my regret at not having yet published my second volume. You allude, no doubt, to its anticipation of my views as to the murderous excess of labour. Time was when I should have been ready to exclaim with Richard:

> 'O, Warwick, single out some other chase;
> For I myself will hunt this bear to death.'[1]

But now I am weary enough and feeble enough to be glad of aid from a brother sportsman, though he throws himself between me and my game. I will nevertheless, *D. V.*, persevere. Indeed I dare not do otherwise. The same infirmness of judgment would make me completely wretched if I should.

Take care of yourself, my dear friend, if only for the sake of our poor unfortunate cause. You are its sheet-anchor. You profess to think my poor worn-out pen has still means of serving it; but if so, the more necessary your help; for really so distrustful am I become of my own memory and judgment that I should be afraid to publish without the benefit of your revision.—Ever yours affectionately, J. STEPHEN.

On the 15th of May 1830, at the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, which was crowded to suffocation, the younger members of the party carried by irresistible acclamation an amendment proposed from a side gallery by Mr. Pownall, one of their chiefs, to the effect: 'That from and after the 1st of January 1830 every slave born within the King's dominions shall be free.' It was in vain for the leaders on the

[1] *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act ii. Sc. 4:
> 'Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
> For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.'

platform to deprecate the interruption; for Mr. Wilberforce, who was in the chair for the last time, to command silence; their remonstrances were drowned in the wave of excitement that swept through Freemasons' Hall, and continued until Mr. Wilberforce was compelled to rise and put the amendment to the assembly, and to witness its triumphant acceptance.

But very soon the perception that a distinct step had been gained towards final Emancipation was forced upon the minds of the leaders of the Anti-slavery party, who, with the exception of Mr. Stephen, were very reluctant to accept the change of policy; and Macaulay, although he did not attempt to conceal the disapproval which he felt towards many of the methods of warfare patronised by his more impetuous and unscrupulous allies, sacrificed, according to his custom, his own prejudices, and was always ready cordially to afford them much valuable assistance and information, and to co-operate with them to some extent. He himself was by no means personally unpopular with these more violent spirits of the Anti-slavery party. They entertained a genuine and affectionate respect for his single-minded devotion to the common cause, although they contemned his tactics as antiquated; and they felt that they could place entire confidence in his kindly tolerance and fair dealing.

FROM T. BABINGTON, ESQ.

Rothley Temple, June 23, 1830.

MY DEAR Z,—I return the letters;[1] they are indeed of a sad complexion. On Henry's return you will be able to judge pretty correctly of the real state of things at Sierra Leone. God orders and will order all for the best; and we all, my dear Z., shall ere long, I trust, see distinct cause to lift our hearts to Him in gratitude for His mercies in this bitter dispensation.

'God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.'

I endeavour to fortify myself and your sister daily on this subject, and to commit our concerns, and those of yourself and of my son Tom, earnestly and unreservedly to God.—Yours affectionately, T. BABINGTON.

[1] These were letters upon the affairs of the Sierra Leone House, which Henry W. Macaulay was then endeavouring to wind up. He returned from West Africa in the month of September 1830 for a short stay in England, in order to confer upon the business with his father and uncle.

FROM HENRY DRUMMOND, ESQ.

July 30, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am convinced that the leading of God's providence was against my going into Parliament. I might, indeed, have come in for the county without opposition, and God might have given me leave, as He did Balaam; but He would then have left me to myself, and I should only have denied Him as all those who profess to be His servants now in the House have done already. The first drop of the seventh Vial seems to be pouring out on France; it is remarkable that she has just stood long enough to give the finishing blow to the Mahometan power at the other extremity of the empire, as Russia has in Persia and Greece. I knew last month that this *coup* was to be struck.—Always yours most faithfully,

HENRY DRUMMOND.

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Saturday Evening.

MY DEAR M.,—I think I am verily member for Yorkshire. The country gentlemen tried in vain to stem the torrent which set in from the West Riding in such force that they passed a resolution that I was a fit and proper person. I have found no reason to doubt that it is an Anti-slavery triumph. I have assumed it to be so, and I make our cause the burthen of my song in a very strong address, wherein, though short, I have put forth all my strength. I find that all sects and all the old Wilberforce interest is with me except the Evangelical Church party, and they hold back on the avowed ground of London University. Can any steps be taken to neutralise this feeling?

I have lost no time in applying to the Duke of Devonshire as to Knaresboro', and I have added that in case he should prefer you, I was sure you would make way for me should I be thrown out in Yorkshire hereafter.

The French glorious revolution is most advantageous to our cause, because it denounces wrath and destruction on those who would by force withstand the popular opinion. The occasion of both concurring is therefore auspicious.—Ever yours,

H. B.

[1] At the General Election which followed the dissolution of Parliament on the 24th of July 1830, after the death of the King, Brougham was triumphantly returned as representative of the county of York.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B.

August 15, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I return your papers. For reasons which I need not mention, I dare not, and perhaps I ought not to comment on an unpublished *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. But I must say—May God Almighty bless you and your children and their posterity. I am sure He will, let those unhappy agents in this system of guilt rail and calumniate you as they may. For myself I think often, but not too often, with pain and shame of my comparative uselessness—perhaps it may be still worse than uselessness. But from the very ground of my heart I can say that to aid in your efforts by every means in my power which my duty to the Government and the obligations of honour and conscience sanction is among the very first and dearest of my wishes. May the wisdom which is from above and the consolations and support which God alone can impart be with you in your labours and anxieties on this subject. —Ever most affectionately yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

The first break in the domestic circle at Great Ormond Street took place in September 1830 through the sudden and quite unexpected death of Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay's second daughter.

TO T. B. MACAULAY.

London, *September* 30, 1830.

MY DEAR TOM,—We yesterday deposited in the silent tomb the mortal remains of our dear Jane. We did so with no vain hope of the blessedness of the spirit which had once animated them. Your mother, whose share in the loss has been the deepest, for she was her mother's unceasing and affectionate associate, clinging to her with a fondness and devotion that has made the disruption more severely felt, has been wonderfully sustained hitherto. She is now changing the scene, and to-day is to visit Highwood Hill,[1] along with Selina, for a few days, and I have no doubt she will feel benefit from the visit. We are uncertain about your movements. Your last letter is that announcing your having heard of Jane's death and showing plainly the deep shock it had given your spirits. They have since, I trust, been tranquillised, and that you have been enabled to resume the prosecution of your plans for improving your visit to France. But we do not wish in any way to influence your movements. We shall be most happy to see you among

[1] Mr. Wilberforce's residence in Middlesex.

us again; but you know well enough both the confidence we have in your affection, and the absence of any selfish feeling on our part, to be swayed for one moment in departing from the course which on the whole you may think it best to pursue. Lest you should have left Paris I enclose this to the Duchess de Broglie.

We have been extremely interested by your journal. Henry is better, but he has been very ill. He was to have left Sierra Leone some weeks sooner than he actually left it, and had taken his passage in a fast-sailing schooner manned, among others, by two Spaniards who were working their passage to Europe after having been captured on board a slave-ship. There were, besides, the captain and mate, who were English, and four or five black seamen. The two Spanish murdered the captain and mate and took possession of the vessel, meaning to carry her into the Cape de Verdes. But a sail appearing in sight, one of the Spaniards mounted aloft to discover what she was, when the black men seized the other Spaniard and bound him with ropes, when his companion in his terror jumped from the mast into the sea and was drowned. The black men brought the schooner with their prisoner safe back to Sierra Leone about a week after Henry had quitted it in the *Atalanta*. Had he been on board he would probably have shared the fate of the captain and mate.—With our warmest love, ever yours most affectionately, Z. MACAULAY.

FROM MR. BROUGHAM.

Brougham, October 4, 1830.

MY DEAR M.,—I had seen your calamity in the papers and sympathised with you and yours, when I got your letter stating the extraordinary quiet and unexpected nature of the departure. I have known instances of the like in young ladies, and always ascribed it to organic mischief, which in boys and girls of the lower orders would by exertion have earlier proved fatal, but by non-exertion go on in them.

What you say is true, no doubt, you regard it like a separation for life; going to India with a family to settle, and only writing once a year, is the same separation. Yet I own I am greatly under the influence of fears of this kind. I believe verily that no one cares less for death in his own case, or more for it in one or two others, than I do. I have compared notes with Romilly, and found he had the like kind of mind in that particular. It is not an agreeable one, and in both it began

very early. His journal, or rather early biography, shows how it haunted him.

I found all right in Yorkshire, but you must have it corrected what they say of my announcement at Leeds. I said I summoned all to watch the Inter-insular Slave Trade Bill of Government, and not a word of my own measure. The Reporters have given it as a notice of my own, which, as you know, I most carefully conceal. The enclosed from Fleming requires immediate notice and vigilance. By the way, he was hissed and pelted at Birmingham, where they took him for the Duke of Wellington.—Yours ever, H. B.

FROM J. STEPHEN, ESQ.

Kensington Gore, November 10, 1830.

MY DEAR MACAULAY,—You will believe, I trust, that I must have been much distressed for time, or should not have left your letter received yesterday a day unreplied to. I regret having shown you the letter, since it has led you into very needless self-accusation. I do not pretend to superior candour, or any uncommon absence of resentful self-love, It would be hypocrisy to do so. But there is something so peculiarly strong with me in attachment to that sacred Cause of ours, that forgiveness of any suspicion arising from zeal in it by others is as easy to me as it would be to forgive jealousy in a wife who loved me, arising from the force and delicacy of her conjugal affection.

There is perhaps no fellow-labourer whom I remember with more esteem and affection than poor Romilly. Yet he attacked me cruelly on one occasion in the House of Commons, as sacrificing my Abolitionism to my political attachments. I retorted with indignation and bitterness; and I suppose with effect, for Lord Castlereagh and the Treasury Bench cheered me very loudly. But Romilly, convinced, I presume, by the very warmth of my resentment, felt he had done me injustice, and had the manly candour to avow it in a very cordial explanation, and I loved him thenceforth, I can truly say, better than I had ever done before. I have had provocations of the same kind which have not been so well atoned for; but in proportion as I have had any grounds for believing that they had proceeded from honest attachment to our cause, or at times when I have had reason to hope that such was the case, resentful recollections, or let me rather in justice to myself say unfavourable impressions, of their authors, have subsided.

'*A cause like ours is its own sacrament,*'[1] is a passage I have sometimes quoted, and often thought of; Glover, I think, puts the sentiment in the mouth of his hero Gustavus Vasa, when indignantly rejecting any oath or other security for mutual fidelity to the cause of his much-oppressed country. But he makes the same character receive Arvider, who from honest zeal in the same cause, and the art of its enemies, had regarded him as a traitor to it, not only forgiven, but admired and received back cordially into their former friendship when convinced of his mistake. It was the duty of such feelings that I meant to insinuate in what I thought the least offensive way.—Very affectionately yours, J. STEPHEN.

FROM THE LORD CHANCELLOR.[2]

December 6, 1830.

DEAR MACAULAY,—I am sorry to hear you have been ailing; but I am glad to have a little healing balsam to administer. I directed a resignation tendered to be accepted—of a living in Leicestershire worth, I believe, between £300 and £400 a year—and I have desired the presentation to be made out to your son, who I find is in the Church.

But only see how wrong a thing you did in not telling me so. By the merest accident I have learnt you had a son in orders, and I should have given it to a cousin of my own to-day or to-morrow, had I not by pure accident heard of the fact last night.

Send me his name, age, and college, where educated, and length of standing in orders.—Yours ever, H. B.

FROM LORD ALTHORP.

Downing Street, December 15, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will read the tract which you have sent me. I believe and hope you are right in thinking me as strenuous a friend to the emancipation of the blacks as any man can well be; but you must consider that I am in a very responsible situation. As the organ of Government in the House of Commons, every word I utter on such a subject is a matter of importance, and one unguarded expression might cost the lives of thousands of my fellow-creatures. Under these circumstances I am sure you will not be surprised that I should push

[1] The same spirit animated Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, Act ii. Scene 1.
[2] Brougham had become a peer and Lord Chancellor in Lord Grey's Ministry.

my caution very far—perhaps you would think it not quite inexcusable if it approached even to timidity. I have not seen the report of what I said in the *Times*; I conclude, however, that as usual, it is pretty correct. If it makes me say anything at all decided it is not so, for my object was to avoid pledging the Government to anything more than to measures for the amelioration of the slave population.—Believe me, my dear sir, yours most sincerely, ALTHORP.

CHAPTER XV

CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH

MACAULAY had as usual overworked himself, and had for some time been struggling against feelings of illness, but early in April 1831 his state of health suddenly became much worse, and he was soon dangerously ill and constantly delirious, and scarcely any hope was entertained of his recovery. His life, however, was spared, although for a time he was threatened with loss of the sight of his remaining eye; and his powers began gradually to return. But the shock of his illness had been too much for the strength of his wife, which had indeed been sorely tried by the events of the last few years. Her daughter Selina writes in her journal:—

'Perhaps the most remarkable feature in my mother's character was the warm interest she took in even the smallest concerns of those dear to her, accompanied with a self-annihilation I never saw equalled; and what alarmed me at this time was that she seemed completely to have lost all interest, even respecting my father. But Dr. Chambers made light of her illness, which he said was the effect of exhaustion from over-fatigue.'

Mrs. Macaulay, however, did not rally, and the end came two or three days after she was first taken ill; and owing to the doctor persisting in not taking an alarming view of her case her family were unprepared for the fatal termination until a few hours before her spirit left them. Her daughters fortunately were all at home, but her three elder sons were absent. T. B. Macaulay, the son on whom her hopes had been so fondly centred, had been at Calne, and the first intimation which he received of his mother's death was in a newspaper which he happened to take up. Selina Macaulay continues:—

'He flew here immediately to know the truth. His first burst of grief was indeed overwhelming, and quite called our

thoughts away from our own distress. By degrees he became calmer, and from that time was a great comfort to us. He was scarcely absent from the house till after the funeral, and was our greatest human consolation and support.'

Macaulay rose from his sick-bed to a world which was changed for him past all remedy. His children, dutiful and attentive as they were to him, seemed to weigh him down with a sense of his responsibilities to them now that the link which their mother had formed between him and them was broken. But there was happily for him no possibility of his being permitted to indulge in solitary grief. His illness had brought serious difficulty and confusion into the councils of the Anti-slavery party, and his associates were waiting impatiently for the moment when he could resume his labours and disentangle the skein of which he alone held the threads. Even such a sympathetic and indulgent friend as Stephen wrote to him so imperatively on business, that he drew forth a long reply two days before Mrs. Macaulay's funeral, a reply containing the details required about approaching various members of the House of Commons. Macaulay begins by saying:—

'I must reserve much of what I have to say for a moment of less emotion. I had last night to give to my assembled children some directions as to their dear mother's removal to the silent grave, I not being permitted to attend. Though I had called up all my calmness for the occasion, the excitement was too much for me, and it was followed by a sleepless night, and has left my mind, though comparatively quiet, in an incapacity for much exertion.'

And yet further on he was able to combat the despair of success which had temporarily seized upon his colleagues:—

'Defeat I regard not. Let us do our duty, and leave the issue to Him who ordereth all events. If I were to admit your desponding views of our cause I should sink into inaction. But because we have a difficult task in hand are we to flag, or to show irresolution? Let us not yield for a moment to the temptation which would lead us to cease to strive. Our cause must sink, without constant unceasing effort; and on whom are we to rely, under God, if the very men who are to lead the battle shall utter notes of despondency and alarm. You dread failure. I have no such dread! But there is encouragement for us.'

Macaulay then goes into the reasons for hopefulness, and certainly if the friends could have looked into the future, and seen that in two years' time Emancipation would be a settled measure, Macaulay's words would have seemed prophetic.

TO T. B. MACAULAY, ESQ., M.P., FROM THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

May 1831.

I had scarce recovered from my uneasiness about your father when I see the dreadful loss you have sustained. Feeling for both of you—my chief anxiety is about my old and most valued friend—for fear this calamity should come on him before his strength of mind and body are restored. So that you will do me a real kindness by relieving me under this alarm and saying how he is.

I earnestly and submissively pray that the chastening hand which has of late visited your house may be stayed.—Ever yours, H. BROUGHAM.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B.

Downing Street, May 5, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In the morning and evening I think of you and pray for you when I attempt to approach the fountain of all mercy, and many are the prayers which rise from purer lips and warmer hearts than mine on your account. Be of good cheer; yet a little while, and you will exchange these tears and conflicts for the unclouded light of God's countenance, and for services unalloyed by those painful though necessary contentions to which you have sacrificed the repose and wealth and applause which you might have earned in this short life. On the evening of that sad day I called at your door, when your servant told me that you were engaged in your family worship, and I felt, in leaving your house, how miserable a substitute for the communion in which you were engaged would be any intercourse with me, or with any human friend or comforter. Yet if at any moment you should feel that your solitude would have the very least alleviation from seeing me, need I say how happy I shall be to obey your summons. I thank God that you are yet able to give your thoughts to the great business of your life. Even its vexations and disappointments may serve to dispel still heavier cares for the moment. May you live long enough to witness the fruit of your labours, and then it would be but a selfish affection which would wish to detain you longer from the reunion with those

whom God has for the moment separated from you. To His fatherly love and tender compassion in Christ Jesus I most heartily commend you, praying that you may now learn the full force of that infallible promise, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will send to you another Comforter that he may abide with you for ever.'—I am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

TO MRS. H. MORE.

May 9, 1831.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Your letter so full of affection was indeed a cordial to our riven feelings and shattered spirits. We have just parted with all that was mortal of her who had been for thirty-six years an object with me of fond and deep interest. It is through this long vista, thickly strewn with the recollections of early vows and ripened affections, that the eye has now to look back to the goodness of God to us from that hour to this, and how filled with mercies is the retrospect. In the midst of disease and pestilence and death, how often did He renew my countenance with health, and cheer in the distant solitude my sinking spirits with hope of better days; and when at last I had been restored to my country and friends with purposes unchanged, what a mercy to find her walking in the fear of God and ready to redeem the faith she had pledged. From that time for thirty-two years we have been the sharers of each other's joys and sorrows and cares. We have held communion together in those exercises of devotion where no eye or ear but that of Him who weigheth the spirits was the witness of our aspirations. Through a succession of years nine sons and daughters were given to increase our enjoyment, and to call forth our affections and to form new links in the chain which bound us, and to furnish to her that delightful employment without which my frequent absences and active occupations would have made time to hang heavy on her hands. With what unwearied resolution and self-denial her time and thoughts were devoted to the formation of the infant mind, to the development of the infant faculties, to the implantation from the earliest dawn of reason of those principles of piety, truth, reverence, love, devotion, and all kindly affections no one can know so well as I do—for unfortunately I could bear but a small part in the work—I could only admire and encourage and cheer her in the task. But the fruits of these labours are not obscure and latent, to be inquired after and not to be found. They live in the reflected acquirements of not a few They have already placed one inhabitant in the heavenly

mansion whither she herself has gone, who I doubt not is now calling to mind the lessons by which her mother's sweetness had bound her to the love and knowledge of a Saviour, without pain or effort, and had prepared her for the purity and enjoyments of the saints made perfect. Eight remain to bear testimony to the strength of understanding not designed or destined to shine in the eyes of a vain and superficial observer, but full of solid and useful knowledge, bent on forming men and women capable of fulfilling their duties to God and man; to the unconquerable perseverance with which she judiciously prosecuted this object; to the vigilance with which she watched and repressed the aberrations of youthful passion; and to the kindly and sympathetic affections which her very countenance and tones of voice, and, above all, her deep feeling of love to God and to their souls, seemed to generate in infancy, and to improve and mature with growing years. The full extent of these labours and of their fruits I only learnt to estimate at their due worth when they were closed by the hand of death. It was then I was led to feel and to appreciate their full amount in the consolations they had been preparing for that hour of desolation and distress, and in the joy and satisfaction which have accompanied even the privations which still weigh heavily on the spirits.

But what shall I say of my own loss? As a wife she fulfilled all my expectations, and in that capacity was to her husband all that he could desire. That in the course of thirty-two years the sunshine of such a state should not have been darkened by the shadows of passing clouds amid the weakness and sinfulness of mortality was more than humanity could hope for. But such clouds, when they arose, were but of short continuance, and only served to evince more fully the potency of that principle of conjugal duty and affection which governed her conduct as a wife, and which sweetened to her husband many an hour of sickness and trial, and many a visitation of contumely and loss which, without such support, it would without doubt have been difficult to sustain. The last few years, though years of severe trial to us, have been cheered by her courage and constancy, and by the cheerfulness with which she placed her own and the future destinies of her dear children at the disposal of Him who had hitherto led and fed and sustained us and them.

The last month of her life was devoted almost exclusively to the sick-chamber of her husband. And it would indeed be strange were he to forget the solicitude with which she watched his every word with a silent providence which resembled that of the great provider of all. His blindness, and his debility,

and his utter helplessness for a time doubtless imposed upon her a degree of exertion and fatigue which may have laid the foundation of that weakness which stole on her insensibly, till within a few hours of her flight to heaven it was discovered, to our grief and dismay, that her strength was gone. The day on which this was made known was the day of my birth. She spoke yet with her usual tranquillity, and only said she should be glad to embrace her absent sons before she closed her eyes on the world. In this desire she was disappointed. The next morning at an early hour it was evident that her end was drawing nigh. We assembled around her bed and commended her departing spirit to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. She joined evidently in our aspirations. I quitted her for a few minutes. On returning she seemed to have fallen into a sweet sleep. It proved, however, the sleep of death.

My dear friend, I have thus given you as I was able a brief sketch of one whom you loved, and who loved you with a true and filial affection, and it is written to one who will know her claim to all that my eulogy can confer upon her. I am glad to have the assurance of your sympathy and prayers. You will shortly meet again.—Believe me yours most affectionately,

Z. MACAULAY.

In addition to every other source of sorrow and anxiety and disappointment, the immediate pressure of his financial circumstances weighed heavily upon Macaulay's mind; and as soon as it was possible after his wife's death he sold the house in Great Ormond Street, which had formed such a happy home for his children, and a general centre of reunion for his relations, and friends, and colleagues in labour, and removed with his family to a very small and inexpensive house in Bernard Street, near Russell Square. But to keep the home together at all was a matter of difficulty, and could only be done for the present by the assistance of his eldest son and of his son Henry at Sierra Leone, who both gave all that they could spare to help him and their sisters. His friends also exerted themselves to see what arrangements could be made; and Brougham, who was at this period Lord Chancellor in Lord Grey's Ministry, presented John, Macaulay's second son, who was in holy orders, with a living in the country, and soon afterwards procured for Macaulay himself a temporary appointment as one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Administration of Public Charities, with a salary of eight hundred a year. The work

was not uncongenial to him, and as long as the appointment continued he devoted his usual energy and zeal to the performance of his duties, but after a short time it appears to have terminated.

Macaulay now found in the dutiful attention of his children a full return for all the pains which he had bestowed upon their training and religious education. His four daughters accepted their altered circumstances with admirable good-humour and cheerfulness. His eldest daughter, Selina, had suffered from illness for a long time past, and as it was advised that she should be as much as possible in the country, she and her sister Fanny spent the greater part of the next two years with their uncle and aunt at Rothley Temple; but the two younger daughters remained in town with their father and their brother Charles, who was still quite a lad, and who was attending lectures at the London University. T. B. Macaulay took pains to pass most of his leisure hours in Bernard Street with his family, and his visits and conversation were of great assistance in cheering and amusing his father.

It was evident, however, that Macaulay's health had sustained a shock by which it would be permanently affected, and during the winter succeeding his wife's death he became again alarmingly ill, although he rallied sufficiently to return to his work early in the year. His daughter writes, February 22, 1832: 'Papa is extremely busy from 3 a.m. till 12 p.m. about this West Indian Committee. Then he has his new duties. Mr. Buxton comes every day to see him.'

On the 24th of May 1832 the Anti-slavery cause gained a great step. Buxton moved a Resolution for the appointment of a Committee to consider and report 'upon the best means of abolishing the state of Slavery throughout the British dominions, with a due regard to the safety of all parties concerned.' T. B. Macaulay made an eloquent speech upon the occasion. Immense efforts were made by friends and foes alike to induce Buxton not to press his Resolution to a division, but he persevered, and although he was in a minority, that minority had all the consequences that a great victory would be expected to have. The Government appointed a West Indian Committee, and Sir James Graham[1] was the chairman of the

[1] First Lord of the Admiralty.

House of Commons Committee. 'The investigations of both Committees were published together, and the general impression was that they had established two points: First, That Slavery was an evil for which there was no remedy but extirpation; secondly, That its extirpation would be safe.'[1] Buxton wrote about this debate:—

'I saw T. B. Macaulay yesterday: he told me one thing which has much occupied my mind ever since. He said: "You know how entirely everybody disapproved of your course in your motion, and thought you very wrong; but two or three days after the debate Lord Althorp said to me: 'That division of Buxton's has settled the Slavery question. If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a majority when he is right. The question is settled: the Government see it, and they will take it up.'"'

There were, however, difficulties on every side. It has already been seen that one section of the Anti-slavery party had got beyond the control of the leaders. Dissatisfied with the methods pursued by the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, which in effect meant Macaulay, who was in general left to manage matters at his own discretion,[2] they determined to organise a direct appeal to the nation in the place of the more moderate counsels, and the plans of working by measures in the Houses of Parliament, and of influencing legislators, which had hitherto prevailed. To prevent the idea of any split in the party getting abroad, the new body, which styled itself the Agency Committee, was permitted to engage and occupy offices in the same building in Aldermanbury in which the Anti-Slavery Society was established. This step, however, was viewed with apprehension by some of the more cautious of the old Committee, who feared that they might be identified with the indiscretions of their more advanced members. Macaulay's patience was a good deal exercised by the vagaries of the Agency Committee, but although he was occasionally the object of most unwarrantable and ungrateful attacks from some of their number, yet most of these ardent younger spirits regarded him with respect, amounting to veneration.

[1] *Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton*, by his son, Charles Buxton, M.P.
[2] *Anti-Slavery Recollections*: Sir George Stephen.

'It was Mr. Macaulay's unmerited fate to be occasionally misunderstood by friends of Abolition as well as openly traduced by its enemies. A striking instance of this misfortune occurred at the period of the separation of the Agency Society from the parent Committee. On this subject a public journal, long one of the staunchest supporters of the Anti-slavery cause, has since observed: "It is not without feelings allied to remorse that we look back to the reflections which we then threw upon this excellent man for withholding his sanction to the Agency scheme; but we were then little aware of his real value, and still less of the latent difficulties with which Emancipation, even when enforced by public opinion, was surrounded. But though Mr. Macaulay lent but little assistance publicly to the Agency agitation, he daily, and almost hourly, counselled, suggested, and evinced deep interest in its proceedings; for with him negro freedom was the sole and single object, and, in comparison with that object, personal trouble or sacrifice was lighter than a feather."'[1]

The scurrilous and calumnious attacks upon Macaulay in the newspapers redoubled in virulence during this period of approaching Emancipation, but for those emanating from the Planter influence he appears to have felt an unaffected indifference. Even attacks upon him from another quarter where he was entitled to expect very different treatment, such an attack as is evidently alluded to in a letter that follows from Mr. Wilberforce, scarcely ruffled the surface of his mind, although it greatly distressed his affectionate old friend. There is a curious specimen preserved among Macaulay's correspondence, an old wrapper of some newspaper that was no doubt full of specially venomous and irritating aspersions upon his character, and which bears the postmark of this period, and is simply addressed,

'To that Prince of Cruelty, if he can be found,
'Z. MACAULAY,
'London.'

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

London, August 10, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—To-day we meet for the last time previous to the prorogation. We shall adjourn till Thursday.

[1] *Christian Observer*, 1839.

By that day the Lords will have passed our last batch of bills. and we shall then be dismissed with a speech from the Throne,

The West Indian Committee of the House of Commons meet to-day to consider their report. Graham has become a perfect Aldermanbury[1] man. He told me yesterday that he had never troubled himself about the question till this Session; that he did not at all like being put into the chair of the Committee; but that he had been delighted and surprised by the results of the inquiry, and was so much fascinated by the subject that he could think of nothing else. 'I am quite convinced,' he said, 'that if a proper system had been pursued since 1823, slavery might already have been extinguished without the least danger of commotion.'

The Lords' Committee, I understand, mean to present the evidence without any report. But Sir James tells me that Lord Harewood, Lord St. Vincent, and Lord Howard de Walden, the son-in-law of Lord Seaford, have all, to his knowledge, declared themselves decidedly for emancipation as necessary to the safety of their own property.—Ever yours,

T. B. M.

FROM W. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

Missenden,[2] *August* 26, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The very idea of these attacks upon you call forth a warmth of indignation I cannot repress. I cannot see well, and fear I shall be scarcely intelligible, but I must tell you that Stephen has been trying to write something for the public eye in reply to the attack in the *Patriot.* Assuredly, my dear friend, you have the hardest measure that ever man received for sacrificing his health, his spirits, his pecuniary interest, to a great public cause. But all who have any knowledge combined with their zeal must be aware of your labours and sufferings. I must lay down my pen, but really I could not go to bed in comfort without assuring you that one at least of your fellow-labourers, though I sincerely declare in the sight of the Almighty I am ashamed to appear to claim anything like a participation in your services, is duly impressed with a sense of the value of your indefatigable exertions in our cause, and of the prodigality with which you have lavished all your powers, both of body and mind, in support of our cause. It is near midnight, but I cannot bear to let you remain under the painful impressions which in a

[1] The headquarters of the Anti-Slavery Society.
[2] Mr. Stephen's country residence.

mind of any feeling must be produced by the supposition that they who ought to be our friends are misconceiving and calumniating us.—Ever yours very affectionately,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Macaulay now began to find himself almost the only active worker remaining among the band of friends with whom he had started on the long road which led to Emancipation, and the sense of solitude was deepened by the death of his faithful fellow-labourer, Mr. Stephen, which took place in October 1832. This courageous and high-spirited veteran had performed the last public act of a long life devoted to the most ardent pursuit of philanthropy, by presiding, as late as the 12th of May, at an impressive public meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. Exeter Hall was crowded, and multitudes of people were unable to gain admittance; and the contrast between such a meeting and the scanty gatherings in former years of a few sympathisers must have been present to the minds of himself and Macaulay. Macaulay wrote to the Lord Chancellor:—

'This sort of excitement in this cause it is absolutely in vain to attempt to control. The religious persecutions in Jamaica had roused the immense body of Methodists and Dissenters throughout the land to a feeling of the most intense and ardent description. *We* remember them cool and languid enough. They have not only caught fire themselves since that time, but have succeeded in igniting the whole country. I stand astonished myself at the result, and yet I am sure it cannot be in a more legitimate cause.'

The close of this year was marked by a domestic event which gave considerable satisfaction to Macaulay. His youngest daughter, Margaret, married Mr. Edward Cropper, a son of his early and valued coadjutor in the Anti-slavery controversy, Mr. Cropper of Liverpool, who had assisted the cause efficaciously and largely, both with his purse and with his pen. She was tenderly attached to her family, and her husband soon shared her feelings in a great measure, and their house became a second, and very cheerful and agreeable home, where the young Macaulays always found a cordial welcome.

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

London, July 13, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been so completely occupied during the last three days that I have not been able to spare a single moment for writing. On Wednesday I spoke on our Indian Bill with more success, I think, than on any former occasion. But the House was thin, and the reporters, as usually happens on a Wednesday, would take nothing down. We are proceeding easily and speedily through the Committee.

The question of Slavery will not, I think, come on this year. The Ministers fully expect to be out on Thursday, and I believe that we shall have an immediate dissolution. The Lords seem resolved to throw out the Irish Church Bill. The King, I fear, will not create peers, and the Tories trust, erroneously I am persuaded, that by a new election they shall obtain a manageable House of Commons. Everything here is anxiety and confusion.—Ever, my dear father, your most affectionate T. B. M.

The story of the final triumph of Emancipation has been so often and so admirably narrated, that there is no call here to enter upon a relation of the Session of 1833. The debate commenced upon the 14th of May, and was opened by Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, who had succeeded Lord Howick as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Sir James Stephen, upon whom the duty of supplying him with information devolved, always maintained that Lord Derby was the best recipient of *cram* who had come within his experience. The special difficulties which added to Macaulay's anxiety during the suspense of these trying months, on account of the peculiar position in which his eldest son now stood towards the Government, are so fully entered into in Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*, that it is unnecessary to touch upon them here. On the 28th of August 1833, the Bill for the Total Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions received the Royal assent. 'Would,' wrote Miss Buxton to Miss Macaulay, 'that Mr. Wilberforce had lived one fortnight longer, that my father might have taken back to him fulfilled the task he gave him ten years ago.'

It is somewhat characteristic of the ordinary course of events in Macaulay's life, that when the great fulfilment of all his

hopes and efforts arrived, he was not able to see the triumph. He was very ill, and was obliged to leave town at the beginning of July; and when he was able to return at the end of September to resume his load of public work and domestic anxiety, he had to be informed of a great change seriously affecting him and his family, which was in prospect. His eldest son, who had been all his life, as has been seen, the chief object of his father's interest and attention, had been offered the appointment of a Member of the Supreme Council of India, and had accepted the position, with the view of providing for the maintenance of his father and sisters, and for the professional education and starting in life of his youngest brother, as well as of making himself independent of office. The appointment might be called a splendid one, but to Macaulay, with his impaired health and at his time of life, there was little probability of his living to see the return of his son and of his daughter Hannah, who was to accompany him to India. On the other hand, the prospect of immediate relief by honourable means, and without any obligations to strangers, from the dread which haunted him of leaving his family unprovided for, affected him very deeply.

His children had endeavoured to keep the news from him until the matter should be irrevocably settled, so as to spare any suspense to 'the most affectionate of fathers, as he certainly is,' writes his eldest son on the 2nd of November. He continues:—

'Some officious person carried the rumour to my father, who came to my office this morning in considerable agitation. He has of late felt so acutely constant humiliations and constant anxieties. He said that he had fully made up his mind to such a separation, for that he himself entertained thoughts of soliciting an appointment abroad. Such a project is impracticable, for he would probably not live to the end of the voyage. The sight of his only eye is failing, and the opinion of the surgeons is that the infirmity will go on increasing. It becomes more and more obvious that something serious is the matter.'

. .

The new Member of Council and his sister sailed for India in February after a most heartbreaking leave-taking from their family.

FROM T. B. MACAULAY.

Falmouth, March 3, 1834.

MY DEAR FATHER,—We are still here, but we expect to be on the sea in a few hours. The delay has been expensive and vexatious, but there is no remedy except patience.

I heard a very curious anecdote from the pilot who brought us into Plymouth. He had piloted the ship in which Herschel sailed last autumn. He says that he heard Herschel say that he was very desirous to get to sea then, for that he fully expected a quarter of a year of west wind, and did not believe that there would be a change to the east till March. If the story be true, Herschel either made a very lucky guess, or has discovered some principle of meteorology which is unknown to less scientific observers.

We are both in excellent health, and have been pretty well seasoned to the sea. The ship is certainly a very good one, the captain civil and sensible, and the passengers tolerable. We are not likely to form any friendships among them, but we shall succeed in avoiding quarrels.

This morning I was honoured by a visit from seven or eight of the principal people of Falmouth, with the Mayor at their head. They came, they told me, to thank me for my public services, to congratulate me on my appointment, and to wish me health in India and a happy return to England. I was much pleased at the compliment, which was quite unexpected, and which was paid in very good taste.—Ever, my dearest father, most affectionately yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

The records of the remaining years of Macaulay's life are scanty with regard to the interests immediately affecting him personally, and those few which are available are full of sadness and sorrow. Nor could it be otherwise. The wife to whom his every thought had been laid bare was gone from his side, and the letters which disclosed so much of the inner workings of his mind had thus ceased for ever. Death had laid its hand heavily upon the little band of trusted friends with whom he had made his journey through life, and had taken solace in his heavy toil, and with whom when absent he had corresponded confidentially; and Auguste de Staël, Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. H. More, his brother Colin, and Mr. Babington all passed before him behind the veil. The long letters filled with domestic occurrences which were regularly transmitted to India might, if they were still in existence, have supplied the deficiency,

but Lord Macaulay and Lady Trevelyan made it their practice throughout their lives to destroy all their correspondence, in striking opposition to the habits of the rest of their family, who seem to have considered it a duty to preserve every scrap of paper with writing upon it. The incalculable loss which the absence of his eldest son entailed took the last remaining brightness out of Macaulay's daily life. The steady and affectionate assiduity with which his son had sacrificed more amusing engagements, and had taken pains to be at the little house in Bernard Street at hours when he was likely to find his father at home; the care with which he had studied to provide topics of conversation calculated to interest his father, and to draw off his thoughts from brooding over subjects of anxiety, had, almost unconsciously to Macaulay, given him an object in each day to which to look forward with interest. In consequence, the void which his son's departure made was very great, and the contrast in his demeanour was painfully obvious to those who were interested in his welfare. His health was in so miserable a condition that he was subject to frequent attacks of serious illness which alarmed his doctors and children, and which, affecting his eyesight and otherwise, and thus disabling him from all occupation, threw him back upon the resource of his own reflections. His spirit, however, bore up without murmuring under every trial, and as soon as he was able to leave his room he was to be found again at his work.

But in the summer of 1834 an appalling blow fell upon the family. Macaulay's youngest daughter, Margaret, lovely alike in person, character and mind, died after a few days' illness of a virulent attack of scarlatina at twenty-two years of age. Notwithstanding her youth, her relations evidently looked in a great measure to her judgment and advice for their guidance, for in addition to her beauty and charm, she was endowed with sense and discrimination beyond her years. She was, in fact, the centre of affection to all her family, and the despair and wretchedness which her death caused made it indeed a tragedy.

TO MISS MACAULAY.

London, August 14, 1834.

MY DEAREST SELINA,—I heard of my dear sweet Margaret's departure to her Saviour's bosom last night about ten from

George, and I have this morning received your heart-breaking note. The blow has been both sudden and severe. So Margaret, dear Margaret, has left us to mourn our loss, inflicting on us the only pang she ever, to my best recollection, gave to any of us since I first beheld her smiling at her dear mother's breast. I know not whether one's grief is lightened or aggravated by being divided, but I seem at least to feel my own share less as I contemplate poor Edward, the unconscious babe who has scarcely known, and will soon forget, a mother's tenderness, and when I think also of the absent ones, and of your large share in this affliction. May the God of all comfort be with us to compensate to us by the consolations which proceed from His presence for the delights of that affection which bound us all together. Suddenly as those delights have been extinguished, and painfully as these ties have been burst asunder, we cannot but feel the riving stroke, and it is right we should feel it. And yet can we doubt the love that dealt the blow? It is His infliction who endured shame and sorrow and agony and death for us, and who, in having removed dear Margaret from the endearing fellowship of those she loved, has removed her also for ever from the evil to come, from sin, and from sorrow, and from suffering. I admit that the worldly prospect before her and hers was fair and smiling, few more so; she had all the world could give her. And yet what is all that the world can give compared to one approving smile of her Saviour, and still less to an eternity in His presence and under the ever-beaming light of His countenance?

This is almost too much for feeble humanity. Still may we exact of ourselves that we should exercise sufficient faith in our loving Saviour to acquiesce in, and ever to adore the chastenings of His hand, to be patient in the tribulation He sends for our good, and to rejoice in the hope He permits us to cherish that those who sleep in Jesus are blessed beyond all conceptions of blessedness.—Your affectionate father, Z. M.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B.

Colonial Office, Downing Street, July 17, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is not, as you will readily believe, without the greatest reluctance that I address to you what I fear must be considered as a final appeal on the subject of the mortgage which, rather more than eight months ago, Mr. Babington agreed to execute to Mr. Wilberforce's executors for securing the amount of the sums due by him and by your late firm to their testator. We were, as you know, referred to —— for the completion of the arrangement.

I had hoped originally that we should have been secure of prompt and effectual despatch from the circumstance of our almost absolute inability to importune the principals, to whom Mr. Wilberforce's executors (myself especially) have been for a long course of years connected by the closest ties of personal intimacy. Unfortunately, this has not been the case. Not only has there been a total want of any such promptitude, but the representations which have again and again been made of the embarrassments affecting many members of Mr. Wilberforce's family have not only been fruitless, but literally unnoticed. It is now a week since I wrote to —— in the strongest terms which my respect for him would permit me to employ. He has not even acknowledged the receipt of my letter.

To assure you of the bitterness of the regret which it would cause me to stand in any hostile relation to yourself or to Mr. Babington must be superfluous. The oldest and the kindest of all my surviving friends can hardly think me so unworthy of their regard as to be exempt from such feelings. But I owe to Mr. Wilberforce's children a duty, which, even against my own brother, it would, if necessary, behove me to perform with steadfastness; and if a year from Mr. Wilberforce's death is permitted to elapse without any advance being made towards the settlement of these affairs, I fear that my co-executors and myself would be bound in conscience and honour to place them in the hands of our solicitor.

To apologise for thus addressing you would be to suggest a doubt of your equitable and kind construction of my motives. I have written to you as a last resource and in the hope that I may possibly, at the expense of subjecting you to this annoyance, rescue both you and myself from the much more serious vexation with which we seem to be threatened.—I am, my dear friend, very affectionately yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

Margaret had scarcely been laid in her grave before her father was called upon to face a fresh development of his financial difficulties. The warning of the approaching trouble had been given in the preceding letter of the 17th of July from Sir James Stephen, who with a reluctant hand dealt the blow against a person for whom he entertained a profound veneration and affection. Sir James Stephen's apprehensions were only too quickly confirmed. The absence of any correspondence on the subject causes some obscurity as to the actual course of events at this crisis, but it may be gathered that the resources at Mr. Babington's disposal had already been strained

to their utmost extent by his misfortunes, and that his power of raising money was exhausted. His health also was greatly impaired, but the good old man retained to the last all the characteristics which had distinguished him during his life, and which had endeared him to the younger generation as much as to his contemporaries.

Fanny Macaulay writes from the Temple to her sister Margaret:—

'Mrs. Wilberforce's visit passed off well. My dear uncle felt much at seeing her for the first time in her widow's dress, but happily was not overcome, which would have been bad for him. He is so sweet, so heavenly in his dispositions, that I feel about him as Bishop Burnet did about Archbishop Leighton when he said that he looked upon his acquaintance with the archbishop as a talent for which he must give account. It quite affects me to see how he gives up with the most touching meekness and acquiescence one little pleasure after another. I sometimes, when I look at him and think of him, am almost inclined to believe that the believers in the perfection of the saints on earth are supporting the truth, for I do not think that he will need change for the society of heaven.'

This is a fair specimen of the feeling with which Mr. Babington was regarded by the young relations around him, and by his own children, and such a tribute is perhaps the highest testimony which could be bestowed upon his worth. They indulged also in a little affectionate amusement at his harmless foibles. His daughter writes to her mother in April 1835:—

'There are several pieces of potato ground to dispose of, and I wish you may be able when you come home to get them given away. The people in Rothley are not perfect enough to please my father, and I am afraid that some pieces may lie vacant. Now I place very low the perfection necessary to entitle one to have a few potatoes to eat. There are five pieces on hand, and about many of the applicants my father will not even inquire, though I am afraid that by the same rules we should shut out many of the visitors who come to the house.'

It was said that Mrs. H. More drew her character of Mr. Stanley, the model country gentleman in *Cœlebs*, from Mr.

Babington. Henry Thornton maintained that all the virtues for which the saints whose history is given in the Bible were distinguished, were to be found in Babington, and none of their defects. His love of strict adherence to the letter of truth amounted to a passion; and Lord Macaulay, who was extremely attached to his uncle, used to amuse himself sometimes with arguing with him about it, and would point out to him that the faint expression of praise or blame, which was all Mr. Babington would permit himself to employ upon common occasions, was actually more misleading than the ordinary exaggerations in conversation of less scrupulous adherents to strict accuracy, and that when his uncle said he liked a person or thing 'well' instead of 'very much,' his hearers usually took for granted that he was dissatisfied. Miss Marianne Thornton remembered how once, when returning with his family from Yorkshire, her father, finding that he had a day to spare, turned out of the road, and stopped his carriage at Rothley Temple to ask if they should stay for the night there. They were warmly welcomed by the host and hostess, but Mr. Henry Thornton still pressed to know if it was certainly quite convenient to receive such a large party unexpectedly. 'No, indeed,' replied Mr. Babington, 'it is very inconvenient, and I cannot imagine how we shall contrive to take you in, but the pleasure of seeing you is so great, that we will gladly submit to the inconvenience.' 'And,' continued Miss Thornton, 'the carriage was unpacked, and we felt no compunction in remaining, so absolute was our reliance upon his sincerity.'

In view of these fresh complications it was thought best by Macaulay's advisers that he should leave England for a time, and accordingly he and his two daughters took up their residence in Paris. Selina had by this time sunk into the state of health of a confirmed invalid, but her humble resignation and gentle cheerfulness enabled her nevertheless to be of great comfort and assistance to her father, while Fanny's energy and lively disposition contributed to keep up the spirits of both her companions. Their situation was not without its compensations. The Duchess de Broglie was unfailing in her endeavours to help to cheer her old friend, and to give pleasure to his daughters. The Duke, who at this period, was occupying a prominent position under the Orleans dynasty as Minister of

Foreign Affairs and President of the Council, was steadily and unremittingly attentive and kind, so that notwithstanding his painful position and narrow circumstances Macaulay soon found himself in a circle of society congenial to his tastes. But he himself was no longer capable of the enjoyment of former years. Enfeebled by illness, and saddened, although in no degree soured by misfortune, he considered it right to reserve his strength for the objects which he still felt it a duty to pursue. He continuedt he work of preparing the *Anti-Slavery Reporters*, which were sent to be published in England every month; and made himself useful in the country which he was temporarily inhabiting in a great variety of matters, as long as he was capable of exertion.

There is such a scarcity of material, and so little information about this period, that, with the view of explaining in some degree the labours which Macaulay, notwithstanding his failing powers, endeavoured to carry on during his residence in Paris, it is thought best to quote a portion of an oration which, after his death, was read before the Société Française pour l'Abolition de l'Esclavage by M. de Saint-Anthoine, and also some passages from the memoir in the *Christian Observer*, which refer to a letter of his to Mr. Wilks.

'Upon his arrival in France, Mr. Macaulay lost no time in expressing his approbation of the foundation of the Société Française pour l'Abolition de l'Esclavage, and he immediately took measures to strengthen it by securing the aid of his friends. He thought that the long and painful study which he had personally made of the evils which slavery inflicts, imposed upon him the duty of furnishing the French public with the information which completely demonstrates that the immediate extinction of slavery would be an operation, as it was, free from danger. Mr. Macaulay, in writing his work, had constantly in view to give the French public a faithful picture of the conduct of emancipated slaves, and to prove by the effects of the great measure adopted in England, that there was not in the perspective of its adoption by France anything which could justify the fears of the Planters.

'The Société Française pour l'Abolition de l'Esclavage was indebted to Mr. Macaulay for several works which he published for them during his sojourn in France. One of these was the *Tableau de l'Esclavage tel qu'il existe dans les Colonies Françaises.* The last works published in France by Mr. Macaulay are

entitled, *Faits et Renseignements prouvant les avantages du travail libre sur le travail forcé, et indiquant les moyens les plus propres à hâter l'Abolition de l'Esclavage dans les Colonies Européennes*; and *Détails sur l'Émancipation des Esclaves dans les Colonies Anglaises pendant les années* 1834 *et* 1835. This pamphlet is a reply to MM. the delegates from the colonies, and to the allegations of the editor of the *Revue de Paris et des Deux Mondes*, apologists for an odious system.

'The gratitude of our Society to Mr. Macaulay was shown by his being nominated honorary president of it. He accepted the title, which was as a crown placed upon the head of a man whose whole life, as Lord Brougham has recently said, whose health, whose fortune, and whose energies were spent in our holy cause.'[1]

TO THE REV. S. WILKS.

Paris, July 1, 1835.

MY DEAR WILKS,—Our intercourse has necessarily been very infrequent of late, and rendered more so by distance and the state of my health. But there has occurred a matter in which you can serve me very essentially; and though the motive is a somewhat selfish one, I am not the less assured of your ready co-operation.

The enclosed first number of a periodical work published at Paris (upon Infant Schools) will form a very good introduction to my demand. It will, at least, show one of the subjects which engages some of my disengaged hours in this busy and bustling scene of evil and good. In connection with it I am anxious to recur to certain numbers of the *Christian Observer*, of which it will be in your power, more than any other person, to put me in possession.

I wish, in the first place, to get at the numbers of that work which give any account of the origin and progress of Infant Schools in England. The indexes will point to them. It strikes me, though my recollections are not very vivid, that there is a paper of mine somewhere, defending and recommending their institution, either prior or subsequent to a general meeting for forming an Infant School Society; you will judge whether that or any other number be germane to my object of putting the Paris Infant School Society in possession of the early facts attending the projection of this grand moral invention.

Again, there was a review which I wrote on the system of

[1] Oration upon the death of Mr. Macaulay.

Robert Owen of Lanark, in which that gentleman's unfounded pretensions to the production (by means of his anti-religious system) of great moral good and of immense temporal benefits to the population under his charge, are somewhat freely canvassed. Could you also procure that number, and send the whole through ——, who is coming to join me in France?

Besides the pamphlet I send you on the French Infant Schools, I enclose another on a subject which, at least, equally interests you, and in which I have tried to apply a stimulus to the languid consciences of this great and rising country. Stokes can show you another with the title of *Haiti*, which is too heavy to send by this conveyance, or if there be one to spare, he may give you a copy.

I wish you would think, and that you would call our dear friend Baptist Noel[1] to think with you, whether something in the way of the French *L'ami de l'enfant* might not be set on foot in England. Would not such a publication be extensively useful, and would not copies be taken by the teachers and conductors of Infant Schools throughout the British dominions?

I have just been looking at your last number, which I generally am much pleased with; but I do confess I was a little hurt by your note about Brougham, and which he does not quite merit. I think you are bound in common justice to give a fair analysis of his attack on the infidels in his discourse on Natural Theology. Ought we, too, to forget that he is in part the founder in England of the Infant School system; or can we forget the use we made not unfrequently of his ecclesiastical patronage? Never, I think, had any individual more just reason to complain of the unchristian bearing towards him than he of the world calling itself Christian. But I say no more. My health has recently been suffering, and my eyes fail me, but I trust to hear that you and Mrs. Wilks flourish in health more than you used to do.—Ever yours very truly,

Z. MACAULAY.

'We well remember the paper to which Mr. Macaulay refers upon the New Lanark system. Mr. Owen had appealed to it in proof of the excellent effects of his vaunted social organisation, but Mr. Macaulay showed that all that was good at New Lanark was in spite of his system, not in consequence of it. The London proprietors printed an account of the regulations of their factory in reply to their headstrong colleague, and they showed, by facts and documents, that there was not a spot in

[1] The Rev. and Hon. Baptist Noel was at that period the incumbent of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.

the kingdom from which Mr. Owen's principles were more carefully excluded. The religious education of the children was a prominent stipulation of the articles of partnership. Mr. Owen's "social," or rather "anti-social," plans are now so amply developed that not even his introduction to the Queen by the Prime Minister can render an exposition of their folly and wickedness necessary; but twenty years ago, when "the New Lanark System," as it was most untruly called, was seducing the minds of some who ought to have known better, Mr. Macaulay's plain facts were highly important.

'The passage objected to was written upon occasion of his Lordship's being invited to take the chair of the British and Foreign School Society and the Anti-Slavery Society at a time of strong public feeling respecting him. We cheerfully do justice to Lord Brougham's zeal to promote popular instruction. We believe we violate no confidence in saying that Mr. Macaulay's suggestions had considerable weight with Mr. Brougham in inducing him to give to his Bill of 1820 a form which he thought might fairly satisfy the Church, while it was not unjust to the Dissenters. We think we may conclude this note with an anecdote of which Lord Brougham has no occasion to be ashamed. Many years ago, we think it was at Mr. Henry Thornton's funeral, he remarked to the effect that when he first came up to London he had been accustomed to hear the doctrines of Christianity spoken of in a sceptical manner; that Mr. Wilberforce's character said much for religion, but that Mr. Wilberforce would have been all that was good and amiable in spite of his creed, as well as by means of it; but that when he saw such dispassionate, hard-headed men as Thornton and Macaulay all in the same story, it did strike him there must surely be more in it than the Edinburgh wits dreamed of.'[1]

T. B. Macaulay wrote to his father from India by every mail. On the 2nd of May 1836 his letter commences:—

'I was beginning a letter to Empson. But the date reminded me so strongly of you that I changed my intention. This is your birthday. Most sincerely do I hope that it has found you in health and comfort, that other happy birthdays are still in store for you, and that at no very distant time all the members of our family whom death has spared may be assembled in one affectionate circle.

'This month, the most delicious of the English months, is the terrific part of the Indian year. The fury with which the sun blazes is not to be described to any one who has not like

[1] *Christian Observer*, 1839.

you been in the tropics. However, in the midst of the heat we are all in the very best health, and your little granddaughter as well as any of us. She is the sweetest little child that I ever saw, and gives as much promise as a baby of seven months old can give of being a sensible and amiable woman.'

In the summer of 1836 Macaulay was persuaded by his daughters to move with them to Geneva, in the hope that the change of air and scene might benefit his health. He appears at first to have derived pleasure from again seeing his old friends there, and from the gentle and affectionate ministrations of Madame Auguste de Staël, the young widow of his beloved friend, who resided at Coppet. Her only child had followed its father to the grave, and she mourned their loss with an uncomplaining resignation which called forth the profound sympathy of all who came in contact with her. '*Tout est fini pour moi à vingt-sept ans*,' she said after the death of her child, and from that time she passed in retirement a life of piety and good works. Fanny Macaulay writes:—

'She looks, more than any person I ever saw, as though she had no more concern with this life, but yet there is not a shade of moroseness about her, or discontent; on the contrary, there is much of quiet, even cheerfulness. I used to think, when looking on her tranquil, pleasing countenance, and listening to her sweet voice, of those words, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."'

But the slight improvement which had followed the change to Geneva proved to be only temporary, and it soon became apparent that the close of Macaulay's long and useful life was now fast approaching. His bodily strength had for some time been evidently unequal to meeting the demands made upon it by his indomitable spirit, and at length the suffering and weakness which he was unable further to surmount, became rapidly so alarming that his daughters shrank from continuing to bear the sole responsibility of his illness. Accordingly he was removed at the end of 1836 to London, where a small house had been prepared for his reception in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. There he lay patiently through many months of severe and prolonged suffering, which was alleviated by all that skill and attention could do, and where he was surrounded by relations

and friends who were anxious to soothe and cheer his remaining time upon earth.

There is a touching document extant in his handwriting, the rough draft of a will, in which he says:—

'Since my former wills were made it has pleased Almighty God, in whose dispensation I desire, with the most entire resignation, and even thankfulness, cheerfully to acquiesce, greatly to depress and to reduce my property, once by His goodness competent, to a very uncertain amount. . . . In the first place I desire, with all humility and reverence, to commend to the mercies of my God and Saviour the soul which He hath redeemed by His precious blood, and in some feeble measure, I trust, restored to His image which sin had so miserably defaced and polluted. On His mercy alone I place all my hope that my transgressions may be pardoned.

'When I die, I earnestly entreat that all attempt may be avoided to exalt by eulogy or panegyric a character, which, however some partial friends may have regarded with indulgence, I myself feel to have no claim to any such notice. I desire to live in the affections of those dear friends and relations whose attachment formed one of the main consolations of my chequered and sinful life, but I should feel anything beyond this to be so wholly unmerited as to be a reproach to my sincerity.'

A few months after Macaulay's arrival in England, the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society unanimously adopted and forwarded to him the following Resolution:—

'That this Committee deeply regret the long and continued indisposition of their much-esteemed friend and coadjutor Mr. Zachary Macaulay, more especially as it deprives them of much of his valuable assistance at the present critical juncture. In referring to the history of the Society, they are perfectly sensible of the pre-eminent services which for so many years he has been enabled to render the Negro cause: and although they are fully aware that a much richer reward of such devoted efforts will be found in the reflections of his own mind, they feel it nevertheless due to themselves and to their respected friend to avail themselves of his absence on the present occasion, to record their united sympathy in his affliction, and their affectionate and grateful remembrance of his talents and labours.'

This Resolution was acknowledged in a letter written by one

of his daughters, as he himself was quite unable to use his pen, in which she expresses her father's gratification at 'this proof of their kind feelings towards him and sympathy with him, under the great and protracted sufferings with which it has pleased God to visit him,' and his deep regret that he was so completely incapacitated from taking any active part in a work which he had so much at heart.

Mr. Robert Stokes, who had laboured faithfully under Macaulay's guidance, first as clerk to the African Institution, and afterwards in the offices of the Anti-Slavery Society, wrote to Henry W. Macaulay at Sierra Leone in June 1837:—

'Your father was ever kind and considerate towards me; in prosperity, or the reverse, he was ever the same. I have been from early youth a witness of his pure and disinterested devotion to the great cause to which he devoted himself. I have seen more or less of every Abolitionist and Anti-slavery man for the last thirty-seven years; and no one has, I can safely say, made the sacrifices to the cause which he has, nor anything like them! And he has met not only with injustice from his opponents, but with ingratitude from his friends and servants, with a meekness and magnanimity which have created in my mind a sense of the greatest respect and affection.'

Side by side with this humble but highly valued testimony may be placed the noble words spoken by Mr. Gladstone in 1841:—

'There is another name still more strongly associated with the slave question. I can only speak from tradition of the struggle for the abolition of slavery; but, if I have not been misinformed, there was engaged in it a man who was the unseen ally of Mr. Wilberforce, and the pillar of his strength—a man of profound benevolence, of acute understanding, of indefatigable industry, and of that self-denying temper which is content to work in secret, to forego the recompense of present fame, and to seek his reward beyond the grave; the name of that man was Zachary Macaulay.'

Macaulay's return to London must have aroused many painful recollections in his mind. His brother, General Macaulay, had died at Clifton in the early spring of the same year, and although Babington lingered on till November 1837, the state of his health did not permit of any meeting between the two

brothers-in-law taking place. It need scarcely be told that during his long and severe illness Macaulay bore his sufferings, which were very great, not only with fortitude and resignation, but with feelings, which he constantly expressed, of humble gratitude to his God for the blessings and comforts bestowed upon him. The anxious hopes of the family were now centred upon the desire that his life should be prolonged sufficiently for him to behold once more his eldest son, who, with his sister and her husband, were to have sailed from India early in January. His niece, Miss Babington, writes to a friend :—

May 1, 1838.

I hear that the *Lord Hungerford*, though a very comfortable, is an unusually slow ship, one of the oldest in the East Indian service, and built before many plans which would conduce to swift sailing were understood. Since that I have had a letter from Hannah herself, concluded Jan. 5th, saying that the captain hoped to reach Portsmouth by May 5th. We may hear of them any day, and you will know what we have felt when I tell you that for the last two or three days my uncle has been so very unwell that we have dreaded lest, after all, the much-desired meeting between him and his children would never take place. To-day's report is just come in, much the same, another bad night. Oh, may God avert what I dread, and not prepare them this blow just as they are, as it were, within sight of land!

Some occasional gleams of returning strength flattered their hopes. Sir George Stephen, whose superabundant energy had developed and carried on the Agency Committee, the tactics of which Macaulay had regarded with suspicion and disapproval, paid him a visit not long before his death, and writes that to him 'Anti-slavery labour was an actual restorative under pain. Though suffering greatly on the bed which he never again quitted, he immediately opened on colonial topics with a life and spirit that showed the power of the stimulus.' One day early in May Sir Fowell Buxton was admitted to see him, and felt that it was a visit of farewell. 'God bless you and yours,' said Macaulay, upon taking leave of his kind friend. 'I sympathise in all your trials, I concur in all your opinions, and your visits to me are as water to the thirsty soul.' But the meeting between Macaulay and his absent children was not to be, and on May 13, 1838, he died at the age of seventy.

FROM MISS BABINGTON TO MISS CAROLINE PALMER.

May 14, 1838.

I have been very much engrossed lately by the death of my uncle Zachary. It took place yesterday morning early, and now he is reunited to that little band of friends who loved each other so much in this world, and of whom I have no doubt they have renewed their friendship, and are hand in hand before the throne of God. My dear uncle was less tender and winning in manner than Mr. Wilberforce or than my father, but in some points he was second to none, and had a capacity for friendship, and a nobleness and generosity, which I never saw exceeded. Indeed he seemed, in speaking of others, scarcely to be aware that they could be actuated by mean or selfish motives. During the whole of last week he might be said to be dying, and was almost unconscious unless when roused by strong pain, which I grieve to say was often the case. I saw him several times, but he did not notice me. During the last night, however, which was a very suffering one, he certainly knew that his children were round him though unable to speak, and clung for hours to Charles with one arm round his neck, and holding his hand in his. It was the fourth night and day that Charles had never left him.

They have had a fright about the ship in which Tom is coming, but I hope without reason.

The most characteristic portrait that exists of Macaulay is a beautiful and delicate drawing by Slater, which has been engraved for the frontispiece of this volume by the kind permission of Mr. Charles T. Macaulay, who inherited it from his father, Macaulay's youngest child. It was taken in 1831, and reproduces that expression at once so earnest and so monotonous, which has been mentioned by one who knew him well; and a biography of Macaulay can scarcely be considered complete without quoting at least a portion of the masterly description drawn by the same pen.[1]

'That Zachary Macaulay's understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were conclusions to which a stranger arrived at the first interview with him. But what might be the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanour was so inanimate, if not austere? That much was passing within, which

[1] *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography.*

that ineloquent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries which the most casual acquaintance might make, but which they whom he honoured with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.'

At the beginning of June the *Lord Hungerford* landed its passengers at Dartmouth. T. B. Macaulay went direct to London, where the sad tidings of his father's death were given to him, and where his arrival was eagerly welcomed by his relations. Lady Trevelyan went with her husband to Somersetshire in order to spend a day or two with his mother, from whom he had been absent for twelve years, before joining her own family. She writes to her sisters:—

June 6, 1838.

I scarcely know how to express the feelings which rush over me; such a return home after such long expectations. The contrast between Charles's lot and mine strikes me very strongly. Here every one is alive, and is hurrying to meet him. We were received last night by a merry peal of bells rung in honour of his return by the townspeople, and a row of small cannon fired off a salute. I enjoyed the evening, and the delight of his family, and his own happiness; and in the morning I was told that the dear father I did so long to see was taken away just when I was pleasing myself with the thoughts of making known to him my husband and child. For our beloved father himself we can only say, 'Thank God, at last he is at rest; through much tribulation he has entered into the kingdom of heaven. He has known of late years but little earthly happiness, but what does it now all signify except that he may now see the reason of the thorny path he was made to tread?'

A strong desire was felt by Macaulay's friends that there should be some public recognition of his labours, and this feeling found expression finally in the form of a Meeting which was held on the 30th of July, and at which the following Resolutions were adopted:—

'That the eminent services rendered by the late Zachary Macaulay, by the long and disinterested zeal with which he devoted his talents, his time, and all the powers of his well-informed mind, to objects of benevolence and utility, and more especially to the abolition of the Slave Trade, and to the

important cause of Negro Emancipation, demand a public testimony, that may record his worth as a bright example for future generations, and prove the grateful esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. That with this view a subscription be raised to erect a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.'

The idea met with a prompt response from a large number of persons, and a marble bust was placed to commemorate him within the hallowed walls of the Abbey where his eldest son was laid twenty-one years later.

This attempt, however humble and imperfect it is felt to be, to give some idea of the life and character of Zachary Macaulay, may fitly conclude with an inscription written by Sir James Stephen for his tablet in Westminster Abbey.

In grateful remembrance
of a Man,
Who, throughout a protracted life,
Devoted all the resources of a comprehensive understanding
and
All the energies of an affectionate Heart,
To the diffusion of Christianity,
and
The relief of human wretchedness:
Who, during forty successive years,
Partaking in the counsels and the labours,
Which, guided by favouring Providence,
Rescued Africa from the woes,
And the British Empire from the guilt,
Of Slavery and the Slave Trade;
Meekly endured the toil, the privation, and the reproach,
Resigning to others the praise and the reward:
This Tablet
Is inscribed with the name
of
Zachary Macaulay,
By his surviving friends and associates;
Whose faith, once exercised by his sufferings,
Now reposes in the assurance
That, through the merits of the Redeemer,
In whose footsteps he trod,
and
On whom his hopes rested,
He now rejoices in the fulfilment
of his wishes
For himself, for his country, and for Mankind.

INDEX

ABOLITION movement. *See* Slavery.
Addow, Chief of all Sherbro, 33-4, 82.
African children, scheme for training as missionaries, 201; inoculation for smallpox, 221, 223-4, 226; education, 237.
African Institution, Macaulay hon. sec. of, 281; Macaulay resigns secretaryship of, 292; resolution of, on Foreign Slave Trade, 313; exclusive character of, 382.
Afzelius, Dr., 23, 70, *note* 1, 72.
Agency Committee, 467-8.
Alexander, Emperor of Russia, against Slavery, 311, 345; decrees circulation of the Bible, 330; in favour of arbitration, 346; cooler on the Slave Question, 380.
Althorp, Lord, 467; letter from, 458.
Anna, Macaulay's voyage on the, 86-9.
Anti-Slavery Reporter, 383, 385, 429, 479.
Apocrypha, controversy regarding, 437-9, 444.
Aublay, Madame, 411.

BABINGTON, Thomas, marriage of, 12-13; early intercourse with Macaulay, 15-17; on Sierra Leone Company, 19; against women's employment in public work, 433; Macaulay's appreciation of, 155, 161, 170, 249, 388; others' appreciations of, 477-8; letters to, 153, 263, 276, 281, 376, 393, 430, 434; letters from, 25, 147, 232, 392, 404, 453.
—— Mrs., marriage of, 13-14; attachment to her brother Zachary, 15; Mrs. Macaulay's friendship with, 225-6; letters to, 84, 103; letter from, 107.
—— Thomas Gisborne, 300 *note*, 353, 363, 378, 396-404; letter to, 403.
Baird, Sir David, anecdote of captivity of, 284 *note*.
Ball, Captain, 184-8, 194.
Ballard, Captain, 189-92, 199-200.
Bance Island, slave factory at, 23; mortality in, 47; Macaulay's visits to, 137, 174, 188, 215.
Beattie, James, Macaulay's estimate of, 278-80.
Bell, Dr. Andrew, educational scheme of, 303-4.
Berry, Duchess de, 359-61.
Beveshout, 50, 53-4, 144-6.
Blucher, Marshal, 316 *and note* 1.
Boston, slave-ship from, 52.
Bowdler, John, 264-5, 277, 321.
British and Foreign Bible Society, 242, 437-9, 443-4.
British and Foreign School Society, 303-4, 482.
Broglie, Duke de, 356, 409, 412, 478.
—— Duchess de, 357, 409, 478.
Brougham, H. (afterwards Lord), visit to Holland, 261; at Sandgate, 311; Hannah More's opinion of, 323; article on Slavery contributed by, to *Edinburgh Review*, 388; attack on slavery system, 419; at Anti-Slavery Society's meeting, 420; Slavery Bill of (1825), 430; illness of, 443; annoyance of, with T. B. Macaulay, 450; presents John Macaulay with a living, 458, 465; reference to, in *Christian Observer*, 481-2; letters from, 316, 389-90, 418, 433, 444, 454, 456, 458; letter from, to Lord Lyndhurst, 442; to T. B. Macaulay, 462.
Brunton, Rev. Mr., 209, 214.
Buchanan, Dr., 295-6, 322.
Bunce Island. *See* Bance Island.
Buxton, Sir Thomas Fowell, 383, 439, 466-7, 486; letter to, 393.
Byron, Lord, letter from, 310.

CAMBRIDGE, Macaulay's visit to, 289.
Campbell, Mr. (missionary at Rokelle), 182-4.
—— Miss, 184, 195.
—— Rev. John, 223.
—— Sir Archibald, 6.
Canning, Mr., Wilberforce's estimate of, 261 *note*; director of African Institution, 281; approves of Mill's *History of India*, 348; relations with the Pope, 381; Demerara slave regulations of, 393-5; approves Macaulay's Emancipation scheme, 419; Emancipation cause damaged by, 434, 445; death of, 443 *and note*.

Caroline, Queen, 351, 355-6, 361, 364.
Catholic Emancipation, 429-30.
Chalmers, Dr., system of, for instructing the poor, 369-70.
Cheap Repository Tracts, 129-30.
Christian Observer, starting of, 250, 252-7; obituary on Pitt, 262; *Hints to a Princess* reviewed in, 263; John Bowdler a contributor to, 265; attacks on, 265; Beattie's *Minstrel* reviewed in, 278; Rev. N. Gilbert's opinion on, 281; *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife* reviewed in, 284-6; Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life* reviewed in, 301 *and note*; *Giaour* reviewed in, 310; M. de Sismondi on, 317; obituary on Thornton, 322; Macaulay resigns editorship of, 332; on Marsh's eighty-seven Questions, 364; politics of, 365; on Rev. Edw. Irving, 392; on London University, 435; on the Agency Committee, 468; letter to Mr. Wilks and comments, 480-82.
Christophe, Henri, Emperor of Hayti, 366-7; his family in England, 367-8, 371-8.
Church Missionary Society, founding of, 241.
Clarence, H.R.H. the Duke of, 221, 226-8, 231.
Clarke, Rev. Mr., Macaulay's appreciation of, 118-20, 181; controversy with Methodists, 136-9; inappropriateness of discourses of, 141, 189-90; illness and death of, 210-13; otherwise mentioned, 115, 130, 157, 208.
Clarkson, Lieutenant, 21; proclamation of, 43.
—— Thomas, anti-slavery pamphlets of, 261; interview with Emperor Alexander, 345; reception at Glasgow, 391; constant correspondence with Macaulay, 386, 441; letter from, 371, 377.
Cleveland, Mr. (slave-trader at the Bananas), 30 *note* 2, 33, 47-8, 71, 79.
Cobbett, William, 177 *and note* 3, 178.
Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, 284-6, 477.
Coke, Dr., sketch of career of, 50-51; unsuitable missionaries chosen by, 110, 116-17, 122-3, 239.
Coleridge, S. T., 299.
Cornwallis, Commodore, 161, 197, 200, 214.
Crabbe, Rev. G., 291 *and note* 2.
Cropper, Mr., Free Labour Scheme of, 428.
—— Edward, Margaret Macaulay's marriage with, 470.
Cunningham, Rev. J. W., letter from, 431.
DAWES, Mr., relations of, with Macaulay, 23; departure for England, 59; n charge at Sierra Leone during Macaulay's absence, 86; Macaulay's estimate of, 135, 181, 188; examined before House of Lords, 226; return to Sierra Leone, 245, 247; accusations against, 287.
Decazes, Duke, Macaulay's interview with, 363.
Demerara rising, 393-5.
Domingo, Signor, 28-9, 32, 40-41, 76, 133, 207-8.
Drummond, Henry, at meeting of Anti-Slavery Society, 421; views regarding Apocrypha controversy, 438; letters from, 435, 454.
Dumont, Louis, 358, 411.
Dumont, P. E. L., 358.

EDGEWORTH, Miss, anecdote of, 300-301.
Edinburgh Review, 252, 254, 384, 388, 446, 450.
Evans, William, 403, 436; letter from, 417.

FABER, M., 315, 410.
Falconbridge, Mr., 19.
Foulah Mission, 110, 116-18, 121-5, 130, 135, 239.
Fox, Charles, 18, 261, 266.
Frazer, Dr., Macaulay attended by, 235.
Freedom, Macaulay's view of suppressing a nation devoted to, 164.
French, slave factory at Gambia Island owned by, 23; invasion of Sierra Leone by, 64-77, 358; squadron of, off Sierra Leone Colony, 150 *seq.*; patriotism of, 163; Macaulay's estimate of character of, 165, 360; widespread prejudice against, 341, 350.

GALLAUDET, Rev. T. H., 339.
Gambia Island, French slave factory on, 23; condition of, 29; Macaulay's visit to, 48.
Garrick, David, Hannah More's friendship with, 92, 94.
Garvin, Macaulay's difficulties with, 23, 119, 130 *and note*, 136-8, 144-5, 147, 150, 241; trial of, 162-3; departure of, 165; letters from, to Methodist preachers cited, 214.
Gaslight, Macaulay's interest in the early exhibitions of, 277.
George, David, 54 *and note* 3, 133, 137-8, 144-5, 149.
Germany, Macaulay's efforts to relieve distress in, 310.

Gilbert, Rev. Nathaniel, 19-20, 25, 112, 281.
Gisborne, Rev. Thomas, 14; letter from, 300.
Glenelg, Lord. *See* Grant, Charles.
Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duke of, president of African Institution, 281, 382-3; installed as Chancellor of Cambridge University, 289; at Bible Society meeting, 349; letter from, 426.
Grant, Charles, Mr., offers India Office appointment to Macaulay, 263 *and note* 1; work for East India Company, 293-4; paper of, on Missions, 295.
—— Charles (afterwards Lord Glenelg), in Volunteer movement, 260; at Bible Society meeting, 349; removed from Irish Secretaryship, 376.
—— Robert, 260, 325, 353.
Greek Independence, Macaulay's advocacy of, 387.
Grégoire, Abbé, 357, 359, 409, 415.
Grenville, Lord, Abolitionists helped by, 221, 227-30, 261, 266; director of African Institution, 281; change of party projected by, 329.
Grigg, Mr., Macaulay's difficulties with, 128-9, 132, 136-7, 149, 156-7, 241; departure of, 165.
Grumettas, kidnapping of, 28; Horrocks deserted by, 42-4, 46, 52.
Guest, Dr., 118, 198.

Haldane, Robert, scheme of, for training African children as missionaries, 201; annoyance with Macaulay regarding African children scheme, 224-5; views on Apocrypha controversy, 437-8.
Hatchard, Mr., 251, 387.
Hauterive, Count d', Macaulay's intercourse with, 413-14.
Horne, Rev. Melville, Hannah More's estimate of, 23; Macaulay's estimate of, 33, 55, 179-80, 190; at Naimbanna's funeral, 38; writings of, on Missions, 47; controversy with Methodists, 49-50, 53.
Horrocks, Mr., Macaulay's transactions with, 30; death of, 51.
Huber, M., Macaulay trustee for bequest by, 444.
Humboldt, M., 360, 409-10.

India Missions, Macaulay's work for, 294.
Infant Schools, Macaulay's interest in, 480.
Inglis, Sir Robert, guardian of Mrs. Thornton's children, 325, 330, 340; windows of, smashed, 364.
Irving, Rev. Edward, 389 *and note* 2, 390, 392.
Isles de Los, slave business at, 30 *note* 1; Macaulay's visit to, 213.

Jackson, Mr., implicated in seizure of Portuguese vessel, 63; refuses to warn Macaulay of French approach, 69, 83; death of, 189.
Jammy, King, 32, 40, 133-4, 139.
Jebb, Rev. John, Bishop of Limerick, 264, 392.
Jersey, Countess of, 433.
John Bull, Macaulay attacked by, 389, 392, 410, 422-3, 427; Macaulay's prosecution of, 417, 424-6.
Johnson, Dr., visit of, to Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, 2; Hannah More's visit to, 93; appreciation of Hannah More, 94, 97; on Beattie, 278 *note* 1.
Jones, Rev. Mr. (chaplain at Sierra Leone), 54-5.

Knox, Alexander, Hannah More's letter to, 263; Macaulay's estimate of, 264.

Lancaster, Joseph, 247 *and note*, 302-4.
Langlands, Rev. Mr. (chaplain at Sierra Leone), 76 *and note* 2, 79.
Liberty, Macaulay's views of suppressing a nation devoted to, 164.
Liverpool, Lord, 218, 294.
London University, Macaulay's interest in, 423, 434-5; Wilberforce's misgivings regarding, 451; evangelical party's disapproval of, 454.
Ludlam, Mr., arrival of, in Sierra Leone, 189; Macaulay's appreciation of, 198; requests to resign, 236; accusations against, 287; death of, 288.

Macarthy, Sir Charles, Macaulay's commission to find a wife for, 368 *and note*.
Macaulay, Alexander (brother of Zachary), 61 *note* 2, 151, 153-4, 181, 210, 212, 248, 340.
—— Angus (uncle), 9 *note*.
—— Rev. Aulay (grandfather), 2.
—— Rev. Aulay (brother), 12, 13, 229 *note* 1.
—— Charles (son), 466, 487.
—— Colin (brother), work of, in India, 282; Hannah More's appreciation of, 283-4, 446; residence in Paris, 356; attendance on Wellington at Congress of Verona, 379-80; Baron de Staël's appreciation of, 388; M.P. for Saltash, 439; death of, 485; letter to, 405.

Macaulay, Donald Cam (great-great-grandfather), 1-2.
—— Fanny (daughter), 477-8.
—— Hannah More (daughter—afterwards Lady Trevelyan), 287, 365, 472, 474, 488.
—— Henry William (son), 405-6, 453 *and note*, 456, 485.
—— Jane (sister). *See* Babington, Mrs.
—— Jean (daughter), 455.
—— Rev. John (father), 2.
—— Rev. John (son), 458, 465.
—— Kenneth, 400-2, 405.
—— Man of Brenish, the (great-grandfather), 2.
—— Margaret (daughter), 470, 474.
—— Selina (wife—*née* Mills), domestic tastes of, 271 - 275; residence at Brighton, 361; her husband's appreciation of, 371, 463-5; death of, 460; letters to, 244, 247-8, 277, 279, 289, 315, 331, 358-9, 362, 364, 368, 371, 378-9, 407-16, 419, 429; letters from, 249, 278, 400.
—— Selina (daughter), 271, 370, 450, 455, 460, 466, 478; letter to, 474.
—— Thomas Babington (son), birth of, 246; at school under Mr. Greaves, 267; at Barley Wood, 278; his father's careful concern for, 279, 337-8; Hannah More's estimate of, 288; literary tastes of, 288, 330; his father's estimate of, 318, 330, 334, 366; at Cambridge, 338-9, 342-3; appreciation of his father, 343, 472; literary work of, 351-2; Trinity scholarship gained by, 354; 'Waterloo' poem composed by, 355; Chancellor's English Prize poem composed by, 366; first public speech of, 420-22; enters Parliament, 450; grief at his mother's death, 460; solace to his father, 466, 474; departure for India, 472; custom of destroying letters, 474; return to England, 488; letters to, 291, 297, 307 *and note*, 455; letters from, 279, 343, 443, 449, 468, 471, 473, 482; letters from, to his mother, 308, 436.
—— Zachary—Birth, 1; early years in Glasgow, 2-5; life in Jamaica, 6-9; illness, 8; return to England, 12; made Second Member of Council at Sierra Leone, 22; made Governor of Sierra Leone Colony, 59; return to England on the *Anna* (slave-ship), 86; engagement to Miss Selina Mills, 102; return to Sierra Leone, 120; plot to assassinate, 206; return to England, 215, 218; examination before House of Lords on Slavery Question, 227-8; marriage, 235; appointed secretary to Sierra Leone Company, 235; formation of Religious Tract Society, 236; work on Church Missionary Society and other committees, 242; removal to the Sierra Leone House, 246; editorship of *Christian Observer*, 252; move to Clapham (1803), 274; honorary secretaryship of African Institution, 281; business as shipowner and merchant, 282; libelled by Chief-Justice Thorpe, 287; resignation of African Institution secretaryship, 292; work for East India missions, 293-4; efforts to relieve distress in Germany, 310; mission to Paris for African Institution, 313-14; resignation of *Christian Observer* editorship, 332; removal to Cadogan Place, 337; visits to France, 356; on Committee of Society for the Suppression of Vice, 361; formation of Anti-Slavery Society, 384; breakdown in health (1823), 386; publication of 'Negro Slavery,' 387: removal to Great Ormond Street, 392, 396; business embarrassments, 398-405; dissolution of partnership, 404; dangerous illness (1831), 460; removal to Bernard Street, 465; appointed Commissioner of Inquiry into the Administration of Public Charities, 465; renewed dangerous illness, 466; financial difficulties, 476; removal to Paris, 478; literary work for French Anti-Slavery Society, 479; removal to Geneva, and later to London, 483; death, 486.
MacIntyre, Dr., 344.
Mackintosh, Sir James, letter from, 421.
Mansel, Dr., Bishop of Bristol, 344.
Mariner, (American slave-trader), 66-7, 70, 74, 83, 186.
Marsh, Dr., Bishop of Peterborough, 364 *and note*.
Mauritius inquiry on slavery, 432-3.
Methodists, Macaulay's difficulties with, 49-50, 53, 60, 136-9, 143; requested by Macaulay to produce evidence on Slave Question, 388; enthusiasm of, against slavery (1832), 470.
Mill, James, letter from, 347.
Mills, Miss Selina (*see also* Macaulay, Selina), Macaulay's introduction to, 98; his engagement to, 102; Dr. Winterbottom's estimate of, 141-3; Babington's estimate of 147-8; friendship with Mrs. Babington, 225; Macaulay's visit to, 225; letters to, 104-5, 108-15, 135, 154, 158, 168, 178, 193, 202, 220, 226-7, 230.
Milner, Dr. Isaac (Dean of Carlisle), 272; letter from, 305.
Missionaries, Dr. Coke's, 110, 116-18, 121-5, 130, 135; disputes amongst, 116,

130, 182-3; Macaulay's strictures on, 117-18, 122-5, 130, 135, 199-200; satisfactory progress of, under Mr. Grieg, 205.
Missions, Macaulay accused of hostility to, 237; his statement of views on, 238-41; Church Missionary Society founded, 241; attempts to promote, in India, 294-7; Macaulay's zeal for, 342.
Molé, Count, Macaulay's estimate of, 412.
More, Hannah, early years of, 92-9; action in regard to Miss Mills, 100-101, 103, 105; Cheap Repository Tracts started by, 129-30; Macaulay's estimate of, 113-204; opinion of the *Christian Observer*, 257; on review of Beattie, 278; estimate of Colin Macaulay, 283-4; correspondence on *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, 285-6; her model for Mr. Stanley in *Cœlebs*, 477; proficiency in French, 341; controversy with Madame Necker, 354-6; Macaulay's services to, 440; removal to Clifton and death of, 449; letters to, 265, 309, 318, 321-2, 324, 328-30, 332, 339, 341, 343-7, 348-51, 354, 361, 365-6, 388-9, 391, 418, 443, 447, 463; letters from, 99, 177, 275, 285, 288, 323, 340, 362, 442, 446; letter from, to Alexander Knox, 263; to Mrs. Macaulay, 322.
—— Martha, 101, 106, 112, 142, 170, 235, 334 *note* 2; letters from, 280-298.

NAIMBANNA (King of Robanna), 34-5.
—— Henry Granville, 35-8.
National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England, 304.
Necker, Madame, 354-6.
Nelson, Lord, advocate of Slave Trade, 258 *note*.
New Zealand chiefs, 365.
Newcome, Captain, 26, 48.
Newell, Captain, 60-61,65, 74.
Newspaper wrapper addressed to Macaulay, 468.
Newton, Rev. John, 95-6, 169-70.
Nova Scotia, negroes from, 21, 243.

O'CONNELL, Daniel, 421.
Ormond (slave-trader), cruelties of, 126-7, 212.
Orpheus (frigate), kidnapping of free men by, 26, 31, 48.

PARIS, Macaulay's impressions of, 315-16, 341, 360.
Peel, Sir Robert, letter from, 296.
Pepys, Mr., 71, 73, 76.
Perceval, Mr., 266, 281.
Petty, Lord Henry, 262, 266.
Pitt, William, favourable to Abolitionists, 18-19; speech on Abolition praised by Wilberforce, 21; Wilberforce's friendship and admiration for, 217-18, 259, 261 *note*; proposes annual grant to Sierra Leone Colony, 227; resigns office (1801), 258; commander of Volunteers, 260; death of, 262.
Pope, the, Macaulay's view of approaching, on Slave Question, 381.
Powell, Mr., 63, 83, 186, 192, 213.
Prayer Book and Homily Society, 242, 330, 429.
Protestant Society, 326-9.

RAMSGATE, Macaulay's stay at, 247-9.
Ready, Captain, 140.
Religious Tract Society, Macaulay's connection with, 236.
Renaud, M., head of French slave factory on Gambia Island, 23; proposal for ceding Gambia Island to the Sierra Leone Company, 31-2; friendliness of, to Sierra Leone Company, 42; Liverpool slave-ship captured by, 45; renewed proposal for ceding Gambia Island, 48; operations at Goree, 143, 151; Macaulay's friendly offices to, 167, 188, 213.
Richards, Mr., 175, 188, 191, 215.
Rickets, Governor (of Barbados), 139,215.
Royal Literary Society, 366.

SAXE-COBURG, Prince of, 331.
Scarlett, Mr., 291.
Séguier, M. 363.
Sharp, Granville, 19, 35.
Sheridan, Richard, 269.
Sierra Leone Colony—
Administrative, divisions of, 41 *note*.
Annual allowance proposed for, 227; granted to, 243.
Charter granted to Sierra Leone Company, 20.
Constitution of, proposed, 156, 187.
Crown, transferred to, 282.
Disaffection in, 175, 236, 246-7; insurrection, 60.
Elections, 157-8.
French invasion, 64-77, 358.
Macaulay appointed Secretary of, 235; made Governor, 59.
Marriage law proclaimed, 143-7.
Negro Settlement established in, 19; negroes from Nova Scotia sent to, 21, 243.
Quarter Sessions, 45 *and note*, 62.

Schools, 63 *and note*; Sunday-schools, 130.
Slave Trade, settlers engaged in, 174.
Simeon, Rev. Mr., 241, 272, 295, 438.
Sismondi, M., 356 *note* 2; letter from, 317.
Slavery—
African Institution. *See that title.*
Agency Committee, 467-8.
Anti-Slavery Society, 383-5, 420, 452, 484.
Babington and others, early efforts of, against, 18.
Cropper, Mr., Free Labour Scheme of, 428.
Demerara rising, 393-5.
Emancipation, Sir T. F. Buxton's motion on, 466-7; Emancipation Bill receives Royal assent, 471.
Emperor Alexander's attitude towards, 311, 345, 380.
French *cause célèbre*, 449.
Mauritius inquiry, 432-3.
Registration of slaves, 311-12.
Slave Trade, Sierra Leone settlers engaged in, 174; prohibited in America, 205; cruelties of Ormond, 126-7, 212; Partial Abolition Bill passed by Commons, 216; Slave Limitation Bill rejected by Lords, 216, 229; Court against Abolition, 227; prospects of Abolition in 1801, 258-9; Abolition Bill passed by Commons, 261; defeated in 1806, 262; Abolition supported by Irish members, 260; deserted by them, 262; Bill for Prohibition of Foreign Slave Trade passed by both Houses, 266; devotion of Abolitionists, 268; Abolition Bill receives Royal assent (1807), 269; evasions of Abolition Act, 311; Abolitionists' efforts in Europe, 344-5, 358-60, 428; Abbé Grégoire's services against, 357-8; Société Française pour l'Abolition de l'Esclavage, 479; state of affairs at Nantes, 416-17.
Smith, William, 332.
Société de la Morale Chrétienne, 413-14, 430.
Society for the Suppression of Vice, Macaulay on Committee of, 361.
Southey, Robert, 391.
Staël, Baron Auguste de, 356, 387, 428, 446 *and note*, 447; letters from, 388, 407, 430.
—— Madame de, 315.
—— Madame Auguste de, 483.
Stainforth, George, T. B. Macaulay under, 338, 346.
Stephen, Sir George, 486.
Stephen, James, attack on Slavery, 216-18; counsel for Abolitionists, 229-30; pamphlets, 261, 347; work for African Institution, 281; in Parliament, 281-2; Registration of Slaves proposed by, 311; temperament of, 312; Macaulay's attempts to induce back to Parliament, 329; Wilberforce's appreciation of, 385; death of, 470; otherwise mentioned, 369, 439, 453, 461; letters from, 276, 452, 457.
—— Sir James, sacrifices made by, in Anti-slavery cause, 421 *note*; estimate of Lord Derby, 471; inscription for Macaulay's monument composed by, 489; letters from, 421, 455, 462, 475.
Stokes, Robert, 485.
Strasburg Society, 407 *and note*, 437.
Sutherland, Captain, 372-5, 378.
Swearing, Macaulay's views on, 111.
Sykes, Miss (*see also* Thornton, Mrs.), 85, 107, 114.

TAYLOR, Miss, Macaulay's letter on review of *Essays* by, 335.
Teignmouth, Lord, 272, 294, 438.
Telford, Captain, 55, 80.
Thomas, Rev. Josiah, 339 *and note* 2, 341.
Thomson (poet), Macaulay's admiration for, 10 *and note*, 171.
—— Dr. Andrew, 439, 443.
Thornton, Henry, on Sierra Leone Company, 19-20; Macaulay's friendship with, 22; Hannah More's schools supported by, 98; impending marriage of, 114; rarity of praise from, 169, 179, 203; Macaulay's estimate of, 202-3; friendship for Pitt, 217; assists in maintaining Macaulay's African children, 225; care of Macaulay, 235-6; supports Macaulay in missionary dispute, 237; on *Christian Observer* Committee, 252; M.P. for Southwark, 267; observation regarding the Lottery, 269; Buchanan educated at expense of, 295; illness of, 311, 318; death of, 319; estimate of Babington, 477.
—— Mrs., Macaulay's estimate of, 203-4; illness of, 220; death of, 325; letter to, 319.
—— Henry (junior), 339, 346, 354, 431.
—— Marianne, 177 *note* 2, 221, 244, 322, 325, 330, 340.
—— Samuel, 267.
Thorpe (Chief-Justice of Sierra Leone), Macaulay libelled by, 287; Macaulay's answer to, 324; Macaulay's prosecution of, 346, 362.
Tilley, Mr., head of Bance Island slave factory, 23; friendliness of, to Sierra Leone Company in Naimbanna case, 39,

42; joint memorial to Secretary of State by Macaulay and, 81; blames Macaulay for Partial Abolition Bill, 215 *and note*.
Tirama, King, 175, 200-201, 206-8.
Tom, King, 53, 185, 189, 201, 205, 207-10.
Tracts, Hannah More's interest in, 129-30.

VENN, Rev. John, 237, 241, 252, 272, 308 *note* 1.
—— Henry, 355.
'Venus crying Cupid,' translation of, by T. B. Macaulay, 354.
Vernet, Madame, 447.
Volunteer movement, Macaulay's connection with, 260.

WALKER, Captain, 141, 176-7, 215.
—— Mrs. Elizabeth, 430.
Watt, Mr., superintendent of Sierra Leone Company's plantations, 23; mission of, to native king, 79-80; death of, 120.
Webb, Captain, 63, 174.
Wellington, Duke of, against slavery, 314, 316, 379; letter to Protestant Society, 327; at Congress of Vienna, 379-80.
Wesley, John, 50.
Westmoreland, Lord, 221, 230-31.
Wilberforce, William, efforts of, against slavery, 18-19, 114 *note*, 216-19, 266, 269, 312; on Sierra Leone Company, 19; variety of visitors to, 91; Macaulay's appreciation of, 202, 348-9; assists in maintaining Macaulay's African children, 225; connected with *Christian Observer*, 250, 252; admiration for Pitt, 259, 261 *note*; on East India Bill, 296; on National Schools, 304 *note*; appreciation of Macaulay, 314, 385, 440, 469; action regarding the Queen, 356; efforts for Henri Christophe, 366; appreciation of Colin Macaulay, 380; resigns leadership of Anti-slavery party to Sir T. F. Buxton, 383; against women's employment in public work, 433; letters from, 291, 426, 451.
—— Mrs., 177, 244.
Wilkinson, Miss, 222-3.
Wilks, Rev. Samuel, 332-3, 385-6, 390.
Winterbottom, Dr., appointment of, 23; Macaulay's estimate of, 135-6; letter from, 141.
Witchcraft, discussion regarding, 208-9.
Women, Macaulay's attitude towards employment of, in getting up petitions, 433.
Woollis, Captain, 38-9, 41.

YORK, H.R.H. the Duke of, 376 *and note*.
York, burning of the, 55-6.

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

October, 1900.

Mr. Edward Arnold's New and Popular Books.

Telegrams :
'Scholarly, London.'

37 Bedford Street,
Strand, London.

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

By ODYSSEUS.

One vol., demy 8vo., with Maps, 16*s.*

This important book, by an author whose knowledge of his subject would at once be recognised were his name upon the title-page, will, it is hoped, take rank as a standard work of reference on Turkey and the Eastern Question. After an amusing introduction, the book opens with an historical sketch on South-Eastern Europe before and after the Turkish conquest. Then follows an account of the Turks themselves, their origin and nomadic character, their language, their political and social organization. Considerable space is devoted to Mohammedanism, the most important influence to which the Turk is subjected, and to the position of the Orthodox Church. The work then proceeds to work out the details of Turkish rule in chapters on the Greeks, the Bulgarians and Serbs, the Albanians and Vlachs, and finally the Armenians, who, though geographically Asiatic, have been so closely identified of late with events in Constantinople that their inclusion hardly needs an apology. The book, which has been unavoidably delayed, is now complete, and will be ready in October.

ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR.

By C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.R.S.,

AUTHOR OF 'ANIMAL LIFE AND INTELLIGENCE,' 'HABIT AND INSTINCT,' ETC.

Large crown 8vo., with nearly thirty Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

A year ago Professor Lloyd Morgan began the revision of his well-known book on Animal Life and Intelligence (now out of print), with a view to a new edition. But it soon became apparent that the work was shaping itself into an entirely new book, which, while summarizing the position already occupied in the former volume, should contain the author's views upon all questions of animal behaviour, using the term in its widest sense, and embodying particularly the very interesting results of the study of insect life, a branch of the subject hardly touched upon at all in the former volume. It has also been felt that the time has come when Professor Lloyd Morgan's researches should be brought within the reach of a wider circle of readers, and the price of the present volume has therefore been made considerably lower than that of his previous works in the same line.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS

(SECOND SERIES).

By the Right Hon. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., F.R.S.

One vol., large crown 8vo., with Illustrations in Photogravure, etc., 7s. 6d.

It is now several years since the first series of 'Memories of the Months' was published. The book was soon out of print, and, the type having unfortunately been broken up, further copies could not be obtained, although the correspondence which reached the author from all parts of the world proved the widespread interest aroused by the publication. Sir Herbert Maxwell has at length consented to prepare a companion volume, containing entirely new matter, but appealing to the same love of Nature in all her phases which made the first series of 'Memories of the Months' so popular. The contents are a medley of short descriptions or comments on matters relating to sport and natural history, jotted down just as they have struck the author's personal observation. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and illustrated with pictures in photogravure.

PICTURES AND PROBLEMS FROM LONDON POLICE-COURTS.

By THOMAS HOLMES.

One vol., large crown 8vo., with Portrait, 10s. 6d.

This is a very remarkable book. It is doubtful whether there is another man in England who has combined Mr. Holmes's unique opportunities for acquiring experience among the unfortunate people dealt with at the London police-courts with his literary skill in narrating their sad histories. Beginning life in an iron foundry in the Midlands, Mr. Holmes first describes his early surroundings, and how he found himself appointed to the interesting post in London which he still holds. He then proceeds to unfold his gradual initiation into the dangers and miseries that surround the victims of vice and crime, and draws vivid and ghastly pictures of many remarkable cases that have fallen within his personal observation. In spite of frequent disappointments, Mr. Holmes has never lost his faith in human nature, though it has often been sorely shaken. In contact with the most inveterate criminal or the hopeless profligate he has never forgotten that 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and has gone about among them, not as a preacher, a censor, or a reformer, but as a kindly friend with a sympathetic word and a helping hand always stretched out.

AN ESSAY ON PERSONALITY AS A PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLE.

By the Rev. WILFRID RICHMOND, M.A.

One volume, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Part I.—Experience and Personality.—I. Experience. II. Personality, the Meaning of the Word. III. The Definition of Personality.

Part II.—Personality and its Faculties.—I. The Faculties of Personal Life. II. Feeling. III. Will. IV. Intellect. V. Emotion.

INDUSTRIAL POULTRY-KEEPING.

By EDWARD BROWN, F.L.S.,
AUTHOR OF 'PLEASURABLE POULTRY-KEEPING,' ETC.

With Illustrations, paper, 1s.

This is an entirely new edition, largely re-written, of the author's popular little hand-book, which is chiefly intended for use by cottagers. Many thousands of the former edition have been sold.

SHADOWS OF THE WAR.

By MRS. JOSCELINE BAGOT.

One volume, Illustrated, 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Bagot went to South Africa in charge of the Portland Hospital, and her adventures were most interesting. Her book enables the reader to realize more clearly than ever the difficulties of hospital work at the front, and the splendid courage with which all ranks bore the fortune of war.

THE STORY OF MY CAPTIVITY DURING THE TRANSVAAL WAR, 1899-1900.

By ADRIAN HOFMEYR.

With Portrait. One volume, crown 8vo., 6s.

Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr, a cousin of the famous Bond leader, Jan Hofmeyr, is conspicuous as one of the few Dutch Africanders who have warmly and courageously espoused the British cause during the Transvaal War. For this he was treated with peculiar severity, although a minister of the Gospel, by the Boers, into whose hands he fell at the beginning of the war. The narrative of his personal experiences is singularly vivid and graphic, and his views of South African affairs prior to the war, no less than his attitude in regard to a just settlement, are those of a man whose position entitles him to be carefully listened to by all Englishmen.

A MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL SIR T. S. PASLEY, Bart.

By LOUISA M. SABINE PASLEY.

With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo., cloth, 14s.

The life and correspondence of this distinguished naval officer have been carefully edited by his daughter, Miss Louisa Pasley, and contain much valuable matter. Sir Thomas Pasley saw a great deal of service in different parts of the world, took part in the naval expedition to the Crimea during the Russian War, and held important appointments at home. His letters are excellent reading, and judicious extracts from his journals throw an interesting light upon a fine character.

A SHORT HISTORY OF BRITISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY. By L. L. R. Price, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. One volume, crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ZACHARY MACAULAY.

By the VISCOUNTESS KNUTSFORD.

Demy 8vo., 16*s.*

Mr. Zachary Macaulay was born in 1768, and lived seventy years, devoting the whole of his long career to the public good. He was one of the small band of indomitable workers whose exertions secured the abolition of the slave trade in the British Empire, and the influence even of Wilberforce was not more potent in the advocacy of this great reform. As a young man Mr. Macaulay spent several years in Sierra Leone; he was Governor of the Colony during the most critical period of the long French war, and his journals afford equally interesting evidence of the internal difficulties in those early settlements on the African coast, and of their constant alarms from the French privateers and men-of-war. When Mr. Macaulay returned to England in 1799, his intimate knowledge of the slave trade in all its horrors made him the mainstay of the agitation for Abolition. After years of disappointment, he was rewarded by seeing the famous Act of Emancipation passed, and with this the chief work of a noble life was finished. Mr. Macaulay's correspondence was singularly full and varied, and large selections from it are given in the present Memoir. It is hoped that the volume may help to perpetuate the memory of a distinguished man, whose fame has perhaps to some extent been eclipsed by that of his even more illustrious son, Lord Macaulay.

MILTON.

By WALTER RALEIGH,
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,
AUTHOR OF 'STYLE,' 'THE ENGLISH NOVEL,' ETC.

Crown 8vo., cloth, 6*s.*

CONTENTS.

Introduction.—I. John Milton.—II. The Prose Works.—III. Paradise Lost: the Scheme.—IV. Paradise Lost: the Actors. The Later Poems.—V. The Style of Milton: Metre and Diction.—VI. The Style of Milton and its Influence on English Poetry.—Epilogue.

'The writer has this advantage at least over the conqueror and legislator, that he has bequeathed to us, not maps nor laws, but poems whose beauty, like the world's unwithered countenance, is bright as at the day of creation.'—*From the Epilogue.*

THE JOURNAL OF MRS. FENTON

In India and the Colonies, 1826-1830.

One volume, octavo.

Seventy-five years ago the writer of this journal married Captain Campbell, and accompanied him to India. Within a year Captain Campbell died, and his widow, after an interval, the greater part of which was spent in Calcutta, became the wife of Captain Fenton. Shortly afterwards Captain Fenton decided to quit the army and settle in Tasmania, and with this object they left India and sailed to the Mauritius. Here Mrs. Fenton spent several months, and a daughter was born to her. She then followed her husband to Tasmania, where they settled permanently. Such in dry outline is the story of this journal. It chronicles no great events, but the writer has the true Boswellian turn for vivid presentation of everyday scenes and incidents, for artless portraiture, and naïve self-revelation. She has a keen eye for scenery, but is more interested in persons than things. In her wanderings she is thrown in contact with many, and expresses a decided opinion on the merits and demerits of most of them. Altogether it is a lively glimpse into ordinary life under many skies in the time of our great-grandparents. The gossip of 1827 is history in 1900.

FRANCIS:

The Little Poor Man of Assisi.

A SHORT STORY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE BROTHERS MINOR.

By JAMES ADDERLEY,

AUTHOR OF 'STEPHEN REMARX,' 'PAUL MERCER,' ETC.

Elegantly bound, with a photogravure Frontispiece, crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

The author's object in compiling this sketch of Francis of Assisi is to provide a small life of the saint for those who for any reason are unable to indulge in the purchase of the larger biographies. It is largely based upon the 'Life of S. Francis' by M. Paul Sabatier, who has kindly written an Introduction to Father Adderley's volume. The scope of the book may be judged from the following outline of contents:—I. The Religious Life. II. The Times of Francis. III. Early Days and Conversion. IV. The Beginnings of Ministry. V. Progress. VI. Portiuncula. VII. The General Chapters. VIII. Opposition to the Mind of Francis. IX. The Clarisses and the 'Third Order.' X. The Stigmata. XI. The Last Years. Appendices on the Friars in England and the Rule of St. Francis. The frontispiece is a photogravure reproduction of a beautiful allegorical picture of S. Francis by Sister Katharine Ruth.

THE PLAGUE.

Its History, Clinical Features, Pathology, and Bacteriology.

WITH SUGGESTIONS AS TO GENERAL PREVENTIVE MEASURES, INCLUDING PREVENTIVE INOCULATION AND CURATIVE TREATMENT.

By Dr. W. M. HAFFKINE.

Assisted by Dr. E. KLEIN, F.R.S., and Others.

Illustrated, one volume, demy 8*vo.*

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of the subject ot this book. Merely as a matter of history, the part played by the plague in our own islands in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was appallingly large, while in different parts of the continent of Europe it has raged even more recently. Viewed in a purely scientific light, it presents problems of profound interest. These are treated of with well-recognised authority by Professor Klein. But perhaps the most absorbing portion of the subject is its practical side—the actual struggle with this most baffling and insidious of diseases, in which Dr. Haffkine and his staff in Bombay have taken so notable a share. Not the least striking feature of this struggle are the administrative difficulties arising out of it which amount sometimes, as is well known, to grave political dangers, and deserve the serious attention of all who are interested in our Indian Empire.

FOOD AND THE PRINCIPLES OF DIETETICS.

By ROBERT HUTCHISON, M.D. Edin., M.R.C.P.,

Assistant Physician to the London Hospital, and to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

Illustrated, demy 8*vo.*, 16*s. net.*

This volume forms a comprehensive work of reference and information upon a subject of vital importance. The lectures delivered by the author to students at the London Hospital have formed the basis of the work, but although eminently scientific in method, the style and diction are not too technical to spoil the interest of the general reader. Among the matters discussed are: The Amount of Food required in Health, Animal Foods, Vegetable Foods, Sugar, Water and Mineral Waters, Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Alcoholic Beverages, the Cooking of Food, Digestion, Principles of Feeding in Infancy and Childhood, Principles of Feeding in Disease, etc. The book is illustrated with graphic diagrams from sketches by the author, and three plates in colour.

NEW NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

ROSE ISLAND.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,
AUTHOR OF 'THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR,' ETC.

LORD LINLITHGOW.

By MORLEY ROBERTS,
AUTHOR OF 'THE COLOSSUS,' 'A SON OF EMPIRE,' ETC.

THE DUKE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON,
AUTHOR OF 'THE LUNATIC AT LARGE.'

VERITY.

By SIDNEY PICKERING,
AUTHOR OF 'WANDERERS,' ETC.

JENNY OF THE VILLA.

By Mrs. C. H. RADFORD.

RED POTTAGE.

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

[*The Thirty-ninth Thousand now ready.*

A Cynic's Conscience. By C. T. PODMORE. Crown 8vo., 6s.

'A remarkably clever piece of writing.'—*Athenæum.*

'The writer has marked imagination and originality.'—*Pilot.*

'A clever book. Mr. Podmore's story is well constructed, and his human problem is vividly presented.'—*Daily News.*

A Plain Woman's Part. By NORLEY CHESTER. Crown 8vo., 6s.

'The plain woman is well drawn, and the idea is pretty and well worked out.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'A novel instinct, with a tender and gracious sentiment.'—*Calcutta Englishman.*

'The conversations are full of wit and merriment.'—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Lotus or Laurel? By HELEN WALLACE (Gordon Roy). Crown 8vo., 6s.

'Admirably written, and most promising.'—*Truth.*

'It contains some imaginative work of a very high class.'—*Speaker.*

'Well worth reading for its literary finish and workmanship alone.'—*Athenæum.*

'The conception of the story is strong and original.'—*Glasgow Herald.*

LECTURES ON THEORETICAL AND PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY.

By DR. J. H. VAN 'T. HOFF,
PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

3 *vols., demy* 8*vo.*

PART I.—CHEMICAL DYNAMICS. 12*s. net.*

PART II.—CHEMICAL STATICS. 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

PART III.—RELATIONS BETWEEN PROPERTIES AND CONSTITUTION. 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

The third volume of this important treatise, completing the work, is now ready; the translation has been made by Professor R. A. Lehfeldt, as in the former volumes.

'Students and teachers will be grateful to Professor Van 'T. Hoff and his translator for this clear, systematic and stimulating book. No other living writer shows such mastery of his subject; few write so tersely or suggestively upon it.'—*Manchester Guardian.*

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ESSEX HOUSE PRESS.

These books are printed at Essex House, on the presses used by the late Mr. William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, which were purchased by the Guild of Handicraft. Members of Mr. Morris's staff are also retained at the Essex House Press, and it is the hope of the Guild of Handicraft by this means to continue in some measure the tradition of good printing and fine workmanship which William Morris revived.

A new type is being designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, and is nearly ready; in the meantime the books of the Essex House Press are being printed in a fine eighteenth-century Caslon fount, with specially designed ornaments and initials. It is gratifying to note that the demand for the limited editions of the books already issued is steady and persistent, and it will probably not be long before they are out of print.

Subscribers to the complete series of Essex House Publications are given priority for any new book issued, and the number of subscribers is constantly increasing.

The following are in active preparation.

Shelley's Adonais. The first of a series on Vellum of the great poems of the language. Rubricated with coloured wood-block frontispiece by C. R. Ashbee. Fifty copies printed; all are subscribed for, and the book is out of print.

Keats' Eve of St. Agnes. The second of the Vellum Series. It will be rubricated, and will contain a hand-coloured wood-block frontispiece by Reginald Savage. Edition limited to 125 copies. Price £2 net.

It is hoped that these books will be followed by others in the same Vellum Series, and by

Sir THOMAS HOBY'S translation (Elizabethan) of **Baldassare Castiglione's Courtier.**

The Psalms of David, according to the text of the Anglican Prayer-Book.

Erasmus' Praise of Folly. Sir THOMAS CHALLONER'S translation (Elizabethan).

The publications already issued are:

1. Mr. ASHBEE'S translation of the **Treatises of Benvenuto Cellini on Metal Work and Sculpture.** 600 copies. A few still left. Price 35s. net.

2. **The Hymn of Bardaisan,** the first Christian Poem, rendered into English verse from the original Syriac, by F. CRAWFORD BURKITT, of Trinity College, Cambridge. 250 copies. A few left. Price 7s. 6d. net.

3. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.** Edited from the earlier editions by JANET E. ASHBEE, with a frontispiece by REGINALD SAVAGE. 750 copies. Price 30s. net.

4. **An Account of the Church of St. Mary Stratford Bow.** By OSBORN HILLS, with an introductory chapter by C. R. ASHBEE. 250 copies. All copies offered for sale have been disposed of. Price £1.

5. **Shelley's Adonais.** Coloured wood-block frontispiece by C. R ASHBEE. On vellum. Rubricated. 50 copies. Out of print.

6. **The Poems of Shakespeare and Lyrics from his Plays,** in the orthography of the earliest editions. Edited by F. S. ELLIS, with a frontispiece by REGINALD SAVAGE, and a new alphabet of 'Bloomers' designed by C. R. ASHBEE. The book is small 4to. (9 in. by 7 in.), 254 pages, printed in red and black, with limp vellum cover, edition limited to 450 copies. Price £2 net. [*Out of Print.*

These volumes are published on behalf of the Essex House Press by Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD, and can be ordered either from him or from any Bookseller.

PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

1. **Really and Truly; or, The Century for Babes.** By Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ames. Twenty splendidly Coloured Plates, with amusing verses, depicting the great events of the nineteenth century. 4to., 3s. 6d.

2. **Tails with a Twist.** An Animal Picture-book, inexpressibly funny. By E. T. Reed, the famous *Punch* artist. With verses by 'Belgian Hare.' Twenty plates, each coloured in one tint. 4to., 3s. 6d. Only a limited number of copies now remain.

3. **More Beasts for Worse Children.** By H. B. and B. T. B. Grotesque pictures in black and white, and inimitably clever verses. 4to., with coloured cover, 3s. 6d.

4. **Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes.** By Col. D. Streamer, with Pictures by 'G. H.' Oblong 4to., 3s. 6d.

5. **The Modern Traveller.** By H. B. and B. T. B. Fully Illustrated, with coloured cover. 4to., 3s. 6d.

'The gaiety of nations has not received such a stimulus as this book affords for many a merry Christmas.'—*World.*

6. **A Moral Alphabet:** In words of from one to seven syllables. By H. B. and B. T. B. Fully Illustrated, with cover in colour, 3s. 6d.

'H. B.'s uncommon humour is still quite unspoilt, and the pictures of B. T. B. are as full of surprises and quaint touches as of old.'—*Isis.*

SOUVENIRS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

'A souvenir of Christmas and its sacred and beautiful associations at once peculiarly appropriate and attractive has been prepared by the Rev. Harvey B. Greene, who has spent, it appears, three springs in gathering and pressing, with the aid of native helpers, wild flowers from the Holy Land. These have been tastefully and skilfully mounted in books and on cards, which should please the eyes and touch the hearts of many. The largest collection, containing seventeen specimens, bears the title of "Wild Flowers from Palestine"; a smaller set of twelve examples is embraced in "Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land"; while the single Flower from the Christ Land is an ideal Christmas Card. *Boná-fides* is guaranteed by printed letters from the British and American Consuls at Jerusalem, Dean Hole of Rochester has written an introduction to the Flower Volumes, and Mr. Greene has himself supplied letterpress descriptions and Scripture references. But the Syrian wild flowers speak most eloquently for themselves.'—*Scotsman.*

Mr. Harvey Greene's deeply interesting souvenirs can be obtained in the following forms:

1. WILD FLOWERS FROM PALESTINE.

Gathered and Pressed in Palestine.

With an Introduction by the Very REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, DEAN OF ROCHESTER.

Cloth elegant, 16*mo.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

2. PRESSED FLOWERS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Gathered and Pressed in Palestine.

With an Introduction by DEAN HOLE.

Tastefully bound, 32*mo.*, *paper*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

3. A FLOWER FROM THE CHRIST LAND.

A lovely Christmas Card containing a Single Pressed Flower.

Price 6*d.*

'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.'

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Adderley. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. (See page 6.)

Alexander. RECOLLECTIONS OF A HIGHLAND SUBALTERN, during the Campaigns of the 93rd Highlanders in India, under Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, in 1857-1859. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. GORDON ALEXANDER. Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo., cloth, 16s.

Arnold. PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE. By THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A. Demy 8vo., with Portrait, 12s. 6d.

Boyle. THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEAN OF SALISBURY. By the Very Rev. G. D. BOYLE, Dean of Salisbury. With Photogravure Portrait. One vol., demy 8vo., cloth, 16s.

Clough. A MEMOIR OF ANNE J. CLOUGH, Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge. By her Niece, BLANCHE A. CLOUGH. With Portraits. 8vo., 12s. 6d.

De Vere. RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE. Third Edition, with Portrait. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Hare. MARIA EDGEWORTH: her Life and Letters. Edited by AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of 'The Story of Two Noble Lives,' etc. With Portraits. Two vols., crown 8vo., 16s. net.

Hervey. HUBERT HERVEY, STUDENT AND IMPERIALIST. By the Right Hon. EARL GREY. Demy 8vo., Illustrated, 7s. 6d.

Hole. THE MEMORIES OF DEAN HOLE. By the Very Rev. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, Dean of Rochester. With Illustrations from Sketches by Leech and Thackeray. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Hole. MORE MEMORIES: Being Thoughts about England spoken in America. By Dean HOLE. With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Hole. A LITTLE TOUR IN AMERICA. By Dean HOLE. Illustrated. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Hole. A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND. By 'OXONIAN' (Dean HOLE). Illustrated by JOHN LEECH. Large crown 8vo., 6s.

Holmes. RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON POLICE COURT. By THOMAS HOLMES. (See page 3.)

Holland. LETTERS OF MARY SIBYLLA HOLLAND. Selected and edited by her Son, BERNARD HOLLAND. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d. net.

Jowett. BENJAMIN JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL. A Personal Memoir. By the Hon. L. A. TOLLEMACHE. Third Edition, with portrait. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Le Fanu. SEVENTY YEARS OF IRISH LIFE. By the late W. R. LE FANU. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Macaulay. THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ZACHARY MACAULAY. By Viscountess KNUTSFORD. (See page 5.)

Macdonald. THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B., First Prime Minister of Canada. Edited by JOSEPH POPE, his Private Secretary. With Portraits. Two vols., demy 8vo., 32s.

Merivale. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DEAN MERIVALE. With Selections from his Correspondence. With Portrait, demy 8vo., 16s.

Morley. THE LIFE OF HENRY MORLEY, LL.D., Professor of English Literature at University College, London. By the Rev. H. S. SOLLY, M.A. With two Portraits. 8vo., 12s. 6d.

Mott. A MINGLED YARN. The Autobiography of EDWARD SPENCER MOTT (NATHANIEL GUBBINS). Author of 'Cakes and Ale,' etc. Large crown 8vo., 12s. 6d.

Pigou. PHASES OF MY LIFE. By the Very Rev. FRANCIS PIGOU, Dean of Bristol. Sixth Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Rochefort. THE ADVENTURES OF MY LIFE. By HENRI ROCHEFORT. Second Edition. Two vols., large crown 8vo., 25s.

Roebuck. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS of the Right Hon. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, Q.C., M.P. Edited by ROBERT EADON LEADER. With two Portraits. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Simpson. MANY MEMORIES OF MANY PEOPLE. By Mrs. M. C. SIMPSON (née Nassau Senior). Fourth Edition. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Stevenson. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By WALTER RALEIGH, Professor of English Literature at University College, Liverpool. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Tollemache. TALKS WITH MR. GLADSTONE. By the Hon. L. A. TOLLEMACHE. With Portrait. Cloth, 6s.

Twining. RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE AND WORK. Being the Autobiography of LOUISA TWINING. One vol., 8vo., cloth, 15s.

THEOLOGY.

Hole. ADDRESSES TO WORKING MEN from Pulpit and Platform. By Dean HOLE. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Hole. FAITH WHICH WORKETH BY LOVE. A Sermon preached after the funeral of the late Duchess of Teck. Vellum, 1s. net.

Holland. ESSENTIALS IN RELIGION. Sermons preached in Canterbury Cathedral. By Canon F. J. HOLLAND. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Onyx. A REPORTED CHANGE IN RELIGION. By ONYX. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Benson and **Tatham.** MEN OF MIGHT. Studies of Great Characters. By A. C. BENSON, M.A., and H. F. W. TATHAM, M.A., Assistant Masters at Eton College. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Fisher. FINLAND AND THE TSARS. By JOSEPH R. FISHER, B.A. (See page 8.)

Gardner. FRIENDS OF THE OLDEN TIME. By ALICE GARDNER, Lecturer in History at Newnham College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Illustrated, 2s. 6d.

Gardner. ROME: THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD. By ALICE GARDNER. Illustrated, 3s. 6d.

Milner. ENGLAND IN EGYPT. By Sir ALFRED MILNER, G.C.M.G., Governor of the Cape Colony. With an additional chapter by CLINTON DAWKINS. Sixth edition. Revised, with Maps. 6s.

Odysseus. TURKEY IN EUROPE. By ODYSSEUS. (See page 1.)

Oman. A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES OMAN, Fellow of All Souls' College, and Lecturer in History at New College, Oxford; Author of 'Warwick the Kingmaker,' 'A History of Greece,' etc. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Also in two parts, 3s. each. Part I., to A.D. 1603; Part II., from 1603 to present time. And in three Divisions: Div. I., to 1307, 2s.; Div. II., 1307-1688, 2s.; Div. III., 1688 to present time, 2s. 6d.

Oman. ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By CHARLES OMAN. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Ransome. THE BATTLES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. Extracted from Carlyle's 'History of Frederick the Great,' and edited by the late CYRIL RANSOME, M.A., Professor of History at the Yorkshire College, Leeds. With numerous Illustrations by ADOLPH MENZEL. Square 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Rendel. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Its Municipal Origin and Growth. By the HON. DAPHNE RENDEL. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Bell. KLEINES HAUSTHEATER. Fifteen Little Plays in German for Children. By Mrs. HUGH BELL. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

Butler. SELECT ESSAYS OF SAINTE BEUVE. Chiefly bearing on English Literature. Translated by A. J. BUTLER, Translator of 'The Memoirs of Baron Marbot.' One vol., 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Collingwood. THORSTEIN OF THE MERE: a Saga of the Northmen in Lakeland. By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, Author of 'Life of John Ruskin,' etc. With Illustrations. Price 10s. 6d.

Cook. THE DEFENSE OF POESY, otherwise known as AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY. By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited by A. S. COOK, Professor of English Literature in Yale University. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Cook. A DEFENCE OF POETRY. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Professor A. S. COOK. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Davidson. A HANDBOOK TO DANTE. By GIOVANNI A. SCARTAZZINI. Translated from the Italian, with Notes and Additions, by THOMAS DAVIDSON, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Ellacombe. THE PLANT-LORE AND GARDEN-CRAFT OF SHAKESPEARE. By HENRY N. ELLACOMBE, M.A., Vicar of Bitton. Illustrated by Major E. B. RICKETTS. Large crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Essex House Press Publications. (See pages 11 and 12.)

Fleming. THE ART OF READING AND SPEAKING. By the Rev. Canon FLEMING, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square. Fourth Edition. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Garnett. SELECTIONS IN ENGLISH PROSE FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. Chosen and arranged by JAMES M. GARNETT, M.A., LL.D. 700 pages, large crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. 6d.

Goschen. THE CULTIVATION AND USE OF IMAGINATION. By the Right Hon. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Harrison. STUDIES IN EARLY VICTORIAN LITERATURE. By FREDERIC HARRISON, M.A., Author of 'The Choice of Books,' etc. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hudson. THE LIFE, ART AND CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE. By H. N. HUDSON, LL.D. 2 vols., large crown 8vo., cloth, 17s.

Kuhns. THE TREATMENT OF NATURE IN DANTE'S 'DIVINA COMMEDIA.' By L. OSCAR KUHNS, Professor in Wesleyan University, Middleton, U.S.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Lang. LAMB'S ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. Square 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. Also the Prize Edition, gilt edges, 2s.

Maud. WAGNER'S HEROES. By CONSTANCE MAUD. Illustrated by H. GRANVILLE FELL. Third Edition, crown 8vo., 5s.

Maud. WAGNER'S HEROINES. By CONSTANCE MAUD. Illustrated by W. T. MAUD. Crown 8vo., 5s.

Raleigh. STYLE. By WALTER RALEIGH, Professor of English Literature at University College, Liverpool. Third Edition, crown 8vo., 5s.

Raleigh. MILTON. By Prof. WALTER RALEIGH. (See page 5.)

Quiller-Couch. HISTORICAL TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ('Q'). Author of 'The Ship of Stars,' etc. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Reynolds. STUDIES ON MANY SUBJECTS. By the Rev. S. H. REYNOLDS. One vol., demy 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Rodd. THE CUSTOMS AND LORE OF MODERN GREECE. By Sir RENNEL RODD, K.C.M.G. With seven full-page Illustrations. 8vo., cloth, 8s. 6d.

Schelling. BEN JONSON'S TIMBER. Edited by Professor F. E. SCHELLING. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

Collins. A TREASURY OF MINOR BRITISH POETRY. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Crabbe. POEMS OF GEORGE CRABBE. Selected and Edited by BERNARD HOLLAND, M.A. With six Photogravure Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Glencairn, R. J. POEMS AND SONGS OF DEGREES. By ROBERT J. GLENCAIRN. Crown 8vo., 5s. net.

Gummere. OLD ENGLISH BALLADS. Selected and Edited by FRANCIS B. GUMMERE, Professor of English in Haverford College, U.S.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. 6d.

Holland. VERSES. By MAUD HOLLAND (Maud Walpole). Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Rodd. BALLADS OF THE FLEET. By Sir RENNEL RODD, K.C.M.G. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

FEDA, AND OTHER POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL. With etched Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

THE UNKNOWN MADONNA, AND OTHER POEMS. With Frontispiece by RICHMOND. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

THE VIOLET CROWN, AND SONGS OF ENGLAND. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

FICTION.

About. TRENTE ET QUARANTE. Translated by Lord NEWTON. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

'Adalet.' HADJIRA: A Turkish Love Story. By 'ADALET.' One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Adderley. STEPHEN REMARX. The Story of a Venture in Ethics. By the Hon. and Rev. JAMES ADDERLEY, formerly Head of the Oxford House and Christ Church Mission, Bethnal Green. Twenty-second Thousand. Small 8vo., elegantly bound, 3s. 6d. Also, in paper cover, 1s.

Adderley. PAUL MERCER. A Tale of Repentance among Millions. By the Hon. and Rev. JAMES ADDERLEY. Third Edition. One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bunsen. A WINTER IN BERLIN. By MARIE VON BUNSEN. Translated by A. F. D. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., 5s.

Burneside. THE DELUSION OF DIANA. By MARGARET BURNESIDE Second Edition, crown 8vo., 6s.

Charleton. NETHERDYKE. By R. J. CHARLETON. One vol., crown 8vo., 6s.

Cherbuliez. THE TUTOR'S SECRET. (Le Secret du Précepteur.) Translated from the French of VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Chester. A PLAIN WOMAN'S PART. By NORLEY CHESTER. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Cholmondeley. A DEVOTEE: An Episode in the Life of a Butterfly. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY, Author of 'Diana Tempest,' 'The Danvers Jewels,' etc. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Cholmondeley. RED POTTAGE. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY, Author of 'Diana Tempest,' etc. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Coleridge. THE KING WITH TWO FACES. By M. E. COLERIDGE. Eighth Edition, crown 8vo., 6s.

Collingwood. THE BONDWOMAN. A Story of the Northmen in Lakeland. By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, Author of 'Thorstein of the Mere,' 'The Life and Work of John Ruskin,' etc. Cloth, 16mo., 3s. 6d.

Dunmore. ORMISDAL. A Novel. By the EARL OF DUNMORE, F.R.G.S., Author of 'The Pamirs.' One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Edwards. THE MERMAID OF INISH-UIG. By R. W. K. EDWARDS. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Falkner. MOONFLEET. By J. MEADE FALKNER. Second Edition, crown 8vo., 6s.

Ford. ON THE THRESHOLD. By ISABELLA O. FORD, Author of 'Miss Blake of Monkshalton.' One vol., crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Gaunt. DAVE'S SWEETHEART. By MARY GAUNT. One vol., 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hall. FISH TAILS AND SOME TRUE ONES. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Harrison. THE FOREST OF BOURG-MARIE. By S. FRANCES HARRISON (Seranus). Crown 8vo., 6s.

Hutchinson. THAT FIDDLER FELLOW. A Tale of St. Andrews. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, Author of 'My Wife's Politics,' 'Golf,' 'Creatures of Circumstance,' etc. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Knutsford. THE MYSTERY OF THE RUE SOLY. Translated by Lady KNUTSFORD from the French of H. DE BALZAC. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Lighthall. THE FALSE CHEVALIER. By W. D. LIGHTHALL. Crown 8vo., 6s.

McNulty. MISTHER O'RYAN. An Incident in the History of a Nation. By EDWARD MCNULTY. Small 8vo., elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

McNulty. SON OF A PEASANT. By EDWARD MCNULTY. One vol., crown 8vo., 6s.

Montrésor. WORTH WHILE. By F. F. MONTRÉSOR, Author of 'Into the Highways and Hedges.' Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Oxenden. A REPUTATION FOR A SONG. By MAUD OXENDEN. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Oxenden. INTERLUDES. By MAUD OXENDEN. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Podmore. A CYNIC'S CONSCIENCE. By C. T. PODMORE. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Pinsent. JOB HILDRED. By ELLEN F. PINSENT, Author of 'Jenny's Case.' One vol., crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Roberts. THE COLOSSUS. By MORLEY ROBERTS, Author of 'A Son of Empire.' Third Edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Spinner. A RELUCTANT EVANGELIST, and other Stories. By ALICE SPINNER, Author of 'Lucilla,' 'A Study in Colour,' etc. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Wallace. LOTUS OR LAUREL? By HELEN WALLACE (Gordon Roy). Crown 8vo., 6s.

Williams. THE BAYONET THAT CAME HOME. By N. WYNNE WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND SPORT.

Bell. TANGWEERA: Life among Gentle Savages on the Mosquito Coast of Central America. By C. N. BELL. With numerous illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Beynon. WITH KELLY TO CHITRAL. By Lieutenant W. G. L. BEYNON, D.S.O., 3rd Ghoorkha Rifles, Staff Officer to Colonel Kelly with the Relief Force. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. Second Edition. Demy 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Bottome. A SUNSHINE TRIP: GLIMPSES OF THE ORIENT. Extracts from Letters written by MARGARET BOTTOME. With Portrait, elegantly bound, 4s. 6d.

Bradley. HUNTING REMINISCENCES OF FRANK GILLARD WITH THE BELVOIR HOUNDS, 1860-1896. Recorded and Illustrated by CUTHBERT BRADLEY. 8vo., 15s.

Bull. THE CRUISE OF THE 'ANTARCTIC' TO THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS. By H. J. BULL, a member of the Expedition. With Frontispiece by W. L. WYLIE, A.R.A., and numerous full-page Illustrations by W. G. BURN-MURDOCH. Demy 8vo., 15s.

Burton. TROPICS AND SNOWS: a Record of Sport and Adventure in Many Lands. By CAPTAIN R. G. BURTON, Indian Staff Corps. Illustrated, demy 8vo., 16s.

Chapman. WILD NORWAY. By ABEL CHAPMAN, Author of 'Wild Spain.' With Illustrations by CHARLES WHYMPER. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Freshfield. THE EXPLORATION OF THE CAUCASUS. By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, F.R.G.S., lately President of the Alpine Club. Illustrated with Photogravures and Maps, 2 vols., 4to., £3 3s. net.

Gleichen. WITH THE BRITISH MISSION TO MENELIK, 1897. By Count GLEICHEN, Grenadier Guards, Intelligence Officer to the Mission. Illustrated, demy 8vo., 16s.

Gordon. PERSIA REVISITED. With Remarks on H.I.M. Mozuffer-ed-Din Shah, and the Present Situation in Persia (1896). By General Sir T. E. GORDON, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.S.I. Formerly Military Attaché and Oriental Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, Author of 'The Roof of the World,' etc. Demy 8vo., with full-page Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Grey. IN MOORISH CAPTIVITY. An Account of the 'Tourmaline' Expedition to Sus, 1897-98. By H. M. GREY. Illustrated, demy 8vo., 16s.

Hall. FISH TAILS AND SOME TRUE ONES. By BRADNOCK HALL, Author of 'Rough Mischance.' With an original Etching by the Author, and twelve full-page Illustrations by T. H. MCLACHLAN. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Macdonald. SOLDIERING AND SURVEYING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA. By Major J. R. MACDONALD, R.E. Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo., 16s.

McNab. ON VELDT AND FARM, IN CAPE COLONY, BECHUANALAND, NATAL, AND THE TRANSVAAL. By FRANCES McNAB. With Map. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., 300 pages, 3s. 6d.

Pike. THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTIC FOREST. A Record of a Canoe Journey for 4,000 miles, from Fort Wrangel to the Pelly Lakes, and down the Yukon to the Behring Sea. By WARBURTON PIKE, Author of 'The Barren Grounds of Canada.' With Illustrations by CHARLES WHYMPER, from Photographs taken by the Author, and a Map. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Pollok. FIFTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES OF INDIA. By Lieut.-Colonel POLLOK, Author of 'Sport in Burmah.' Illustrated by A. C. CORBOULD. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Portal. THE BRITISH MISSION TO UGANDA. By the late Sir GERALD PORTAL, K.C.M.G. Edited by Sir RENNEL RODD, K.C.M.G. With an Introduction by the Right Honourable Lord CROMER, G.C.M.G. Illustrated from Photos taken during the Expedition by Colonel Rhodes. Demy 8vo., 21s.

Portal. MY MISSION TO ABYSSINIA. By the late Sir Gerald H. PORTAL, C.B. With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., 15s.

Pritchett. PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF SHIPPING AND CRAFT ALL ROUND THE WORLD. By R. T. PRITCHETT. With 50 full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo., 6s.

Reid. FROM PEKING TO PETERSBURG. A Journey of Fifty Days in 1898. By ARNOT REID. With Portrait and Map. Large crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Slatin and **Wingate.** FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SUDAN. By Sir RUDOLF SLATIN PASHA, K.C.M.G. Translated and Edited by Colonel Sir F. R. WINGATE, K.C.M.G. Fully Illustrated. Popular Edition. 6s. Also a few copies of the Original Edition. Demy 8vo., 21s. net.

Smith. THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES. By A. DONALDSON SMITH, M.D., F.R.G.S. With Illustrations by A. D. McCORMICK and CHARLES WHYMPER. Super royal 8vo., One Guinea net.

Stone. IN AND BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS: A RECORD OF SPORT AND TRAVEL. By S. J. STONE, late Deputy Inspector-General of the Punjab Police. With 16 full-page Illustrations by CHARLES WHYMPER. Demy 8vo., 16s.

Thompson. REMINISCENCES OF THE COURSE, THE CAMP, AND THE CHASE. By Colonel R. F. MEYSEY THOMPSON. Large crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Warkworth. NOTES FROM A DIARY IN ASIATIC TURKEY. By EARL PERCY (then Lord Warkworth). With numerous Photogravures. Fcap. 4to., 21s. net.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY.

Edited by the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.

A Re-issue, in handsome volumes, of certain rare and entertaining books on Sport, carefully selected by the Editor, and Illustrated by the best Sporting Artists of the day, and with Reproductions of old Plates.

Library Edition, 15s. a Volume. Large-Paper Edition, limited to 200 copies, Two Guineas a volume. Also obtainable in Sets only, in fine leather bindings. Prices on application.

VOLUME I.

Smith. THE LIFE OF A FOX, AND THE DIARY OF A HUNTSMAN. By THOMAS SMITH, Master of the Hambledon and Pytchley Hounds. With Illustrations by the Author, and Coloured Plates by G. H. JALLAND.

Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALWEY, Bart., writes: 'It is excellent and beautifully produced.'

'Is sure to appeal to everyone who has had, or is about to have, a chance of a run with the hounds, and those to whom an unkindly fate denies this boon will enjoy it for the joyous music of the hounds which it brings to relieve the winter of our discontent amid London fogs.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'It will be a classic of fox-hunting till the end of time.'—*Yorkshire Post.*

'No hunting men should be without this book in their libraries.'—*World.*

VOLUME II.

Thornton. A SPORTING TOUR THROUGH THE NORTHERN PARTS OF ENGLAND AND GREAT PART OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. By Colonel T. THORNTON, of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire. With the Original Illustrations by GARRARD, and other Illustrations and Coloured Plates by G. E. LODGE.

'Sportsmen of all descriptions will gladly welcome the sumptuous new edition issued by Mr. Edward Arnold of Colonel T. Thornton's "Sporting Tour," which has long been a scarce book.' —*Daily News.*

'It is excellent reading for all interested in sport.'—*Black and White.*

'A handsome volume, effectively illustrated with coloured plates by G. E. Lodge, and with portraits and selections from the original illustrations, themselves characteristic of the art and sport of the time.'—*Times.*

VOLUME III.

Cosmopolite. THE SPORTSMAN IN IRELAND. By a COSMOPOLITE. With Coloured Plates and Black and White Drawings by P. CHENEVIX TRENCH, and reproductions of the original Illustrations drawn by R. ALLEN, and engraved by W. WESTALL, A.R.A.

'This is a most readable and entertaining book.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'As to the "get up" of the book we can only repeat what we said on the appearance of the first of the set, that the series consists of the most tasteful and charming volumes at present being issued by the English Press, and collectors of handsome books should find them not only an ornament to their shelves, but also a sound investment.'

VOLUME IV.

Berkeley. REMINISCENCES OF A HUNTSMAN. By the Hon. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY. With a Coloured Frontispiece and the original Illustrations by JOHN LEECH, and several Coloured Plates and other Illustrations by G. H. JALLAND.

'The latest addition to the sumptuous "Sportsman's Library" is here reproduced with all possible aid from the printer and binder, with illustrations from the pencils of Leech and G. H. Jalland.'—*Globe.*

'The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley had one great quality of the *raconteur*. His self-revelations and displays of vanity are delightful.'—*Times.*

VOLUME V.

Scrope. THE ART OF DEERSTALKING. By WILLIAM SCROPE. With Frontispiece by EDWIN LANDSEER, and nine Photogravure Plates of the original Illustrations.

'With the fine illustrations by the Landseers and Scrope himself, this forms a most worthy number of a splendid series.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'Among the works published in connection with field sports in Scotland, none probably have been more sought after than those of William Scrope, and although published more than fifty years ago, they are still as fresh as ever, full of pleasant anecdote, and valuable for the many practical hints which they convey to inexperienced sportsmen.'—*Field.*

VOLUME VI.

Nimrod. THE CHASE, THE TURF, AND THE ROAD. By NIMROD. With a Photogravure Portrait of the Author by D. MACLISE, R.A., and with Coloured Photogravure and other Plates from the original Illustrations by ALKEN, and several reproductions of old Portraits.

'Sir Herbert Maxwell has performed a real service for all who care for sport in republishing Nimrod's admirable papers. The book is admirably printed and produced both in the matter of illustrations and of binding.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'A thoroughly well got-up book.'—*World.*

VOLUME VII.

Scrope. DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON FISHING. By WILLIAM SCROPE. With coloured Lithographic and Photogravure reproductions of the original Plates.

'This great classic of sport has been reissued by Mr. Edward Arnold in charming form.'—*Literature.*

COUNTRY HOUSE.

Brown. POULTRY-KEEPING AS AN INDUSTRY FOR FARMERS AND COTTAGERS. By EDWARD BROWN, F.L.S. Fully Illustrated by LUDLOW. Revised Edition, demy 4to., cloth, 6s.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

PLEASURABLE POULTRY-KEEPING. Fully Illustrated. One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

INDUSTRIAL POULTRY-KEEPING. (See page 3.)

POULTRY FATTENING. Fully Illustrated. New Edition. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Cunningham. THE DRAUGHTS POCKET MANUAL. By J. G. CUNNINGHAM. An introduction to the Game in all its branches. Small 8vo., with numerous diagrams, 1s. 6d.

Elliot. AMATEUR CLUBS AND ACTORS. Edited by W. G. ELLIOT. With numerous Illustrations by C. M. NEWTON. Large 8vo., 15s.

Ellacombe. IN A GLOUCESTERSHIRE GARDEN. By the Rev. H. N. ELLACOMBE, Vicar of Bitton, and Honorary Canon of Bristol. Author of 'Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare.' With new Illustrations by Major E. B. RICKETTS. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Gossip. THE CHESS POCKET MANUAL. By G. H. D. GOSSIP. A Pocket Guide, with numerous Specimen Games and Illustrations. Small 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Hole. A BOOK ABOUT ROSES. By the Very Rev. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, Dean of Rochester. Sixteenth Edition. Illustrated by H. G. MOON and G. S. ELGOOD, R.I. Presentation Edition, with Coloured Plates, 6s. Popular Edition, 3s. 6d.

Hole. A BOOK ABOUT THE GARDEN AND THE GARDENER. By Dean HOLE. Popular Edition, crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Holt. FANCY DRESSES DESCRIBED. By ARDERN HOLT. An Alphabetical Dictionary of Fancy Costumes. With full accounts of the Dresses. About 60 Illustrations by LILLIAN YOUNG. Many of them coloured. One vol., demy 8vo., 7s. 6d. net.

Holt. GENTLEMEN'S FANCY DRESS AND HOW TO CHOOSE IT. By ARDERN HOLT. New and Revised Edition. With Illustrations. Paper boards, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

Maxwell. MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS. Second Series. By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL. (See page 2.)

'WYVERN'S' COOKERY BOOKS.

Kenney-Herbert. COMMON-SENSE COOKERY: Based on Modern English and Continental Principles Worked out in Detail. Large crown 8vo., over 500 pages. 7s. 6d.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

FIFTY BREAKFASTS: containing a great variety of New and Simple Recipes for Breakfast Dishes. Small 8vo., 2s. 6d.

FIFTY DINNERS. Small 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

FIFTY LUNCHES. Small 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Shorland. CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE. By L. H. PORTER, Author of 'Wheels and Wheeling,' etc. Revised and edited by F. W. SHORLAND, Amateur Champion 1892-93-94. With numerous Illustrations, small 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Smith. THE PRINCIPLES OF LANDED ESTATE MANAGEMENT. By HENRY HERBERT SMITH, Fellow of the Institute of Surveyors; Agent to the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G., the Earl of Crewe, Lord Methuen, etc. With Plans and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., 16s.

White. PLEASURABLE BEE-KEEPING. By C. N. WHITE, Lecturer to the County Councils of Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire, etc. Fully illustrated. One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bell. CONVERSATIONAL OPENINGS AND ENDINGS. By Mrs. HUGH BELL. Square 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Clouston. THE CHIPPENDALE PERIOD IN ENGLISH FURNITURE. By K. WARREN CLOUSTON. With 200 Illustrations by the Author. Demy 4to., handsomely bound, One Guinea net.

Fell. BRITISH MERCHANT SEAMEN IN SAN FRANCISCO. By the Rev. JAMES FELL. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS. ETON — HARROW — WINCHESTER — RUGBY—WESTMINSTER—MARLBOROUGH—CHELTENHAM — HAILEYBURY — CLIFTON—CHARTERHOUSE. With nearly 100 Illustrations by the best artists. Popular Edition. One vol., large imperial 16mo., handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

Greene. FLOWERS FROM PALESTINE. (See page 14.)

HARROW SCHOOL. Edited by E. W. HOWSON and G. TOWNSEND WARNER. With a Preface by EARL SPENCER, K.G., D.C.L., Chairman of the Governors of Harrow School. And Contributions by Old Harrovians and Harrow Masters. Illustrated with a large number of original full-page and other Pen-and-ink Drawings by Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL. With several Photogravure Portraits and reproductions of objects of interest. One vol., crown 4to., One Guinea net. A Large-Paper Edition, limited to 150 copies, Three Guineas net.

Hartshorne. OLD ENGLISH GLASSES. An Account of Glass Drinking-Vessels in England from Early Times to the end of the Eighteenth Century. With Introductory Notices of Continental Glasses during the same period, Original Documents, etc. Dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty the Queen. By ALBERT HARTSHORNE, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. Illustrated by nearly 70 full-page Tinted or Coloured Plates in the best style of Lithography, and several hundred outline Illustrations in the text. Super royal 4to., Three Guineas net.

Herschell. THE BEGGARS OF PARIS. Translated from the French of M. LOUIS PAULIAN by LADY HERSCHELL. Crown 8vo., 1s.

Pilkington. IN AN ETON PLAYING FIELD. The Adventures of some old Public School Boys in East London. By E. M. S. PILKINGTON. Fcap. 8vo., handsomely bound, 2s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED HUMOROUS BOOKS.

Ames. REALLY AND TRULY. By Mr. and Mrs. ERNEST AMES. (See page 13.)

H. B. and B. T. B. MORE BEASTS (FOR WORSE CHILDREN). New Edition. One vol., 4to., 3s. 6d. (See page 13.)

BY THE SAME AUTHORS.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER. (See page 13.)

A MORAL ALPHABET. (See page 13.)

Lockwood. THE FRANK LOCKWOOD SKETCH-BOOK. Being a Selection of Sketches by the late Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P. Third Edition. Oblong royal 4to., 10s. 6d.

Reed. TAILS WITH A TWIST. An Animal Picture-Book by E. T. REED, Author of 'Pre-Historic Peeps,' etc. With Verses by 'A BELGIAN HARE.' Oblong demy 4to., 3s. 6d. (See page 13.)

Streamer. RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES. By Colonel D. STREAMER. (See page 13.)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Arnold-Forster. ARMY LETTERS, 1897-98. By H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Burgess. POLITICAL SCIENCE AND COMPARATIVE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. By JOHN W. BURGESS, Ph.D., LL.D., Dean of the University Faculty of Political Science in Columbia College, U.S.A. In two vols., demy 8vo., cloth, 21s.

Graham. ENGLISH POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: an Exposition and Criticism of the Systems of Hobbes, Locke, Burke, Bentham, Mill and Maine. By WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy at Queen's College, Belfast. Octavo, 10s. 6d. net.

Hill. A MANUAL OF HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. By LEONARD HILL M.B. Nearly 500 pages and 170 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Holland. SUGGESTIONS FOR A SCHEME OF OLD AGE PENSIONS. By the Hon. LIONEL HOLLAND. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Hopkins. THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA. By E. W. HOPKINS, Ph.D. (Leipzig), Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Bryn Mawr College. One vol., demy 8vo., 8s. 6d. net.

Hutchison. FOOD AND THE PRINCIPLES OF DIETETICS. By Dr. ROBERT HUTCHISON. (See page 7.)

Ladd. LOTZE'S PHILOSOPHICAL OUTLINES. Dictated Portions of the Latest Lectures (at Göttingen and Berlin) of Hermann Lotze. Translated and edited by GEORGE T. LADD, Professor of Philosophy in Yale College. About 180 pages in each volume. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. each. Vol. I. Metaphysics. Vol. II. Philosophy of Religion. Vol. III. Practical Philosophy. Vol. IV. Psychology. Vol. V. Æsthetics. Vol. VI. Logic.

Lehfeldt. A TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY. By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT, Professor of Physics at the East London Technical College. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Morgan ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR. By C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.R.S., Principal of University College, Bristol. (See page 2.)

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HABIT AND INSTINCT: A STUDY IN HEREDITY. Demy 8vo., 16s.

THE SPRINGS OF CONDUCT. Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR TEACHERS. With a Preface by Sir JOSHUA FITCH, M.A., LL.D., late one of H.M. Chief Inspectors of Training Colleges. Third Edition. One vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Paget. WASTED RECORDS OF DISEASE. By CHARLES E. PAGET, Lecturer on Public Health in Owens College, Medical Officer of Health for Salford, etc. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

the preceding month, form a valuable feature of the Review, which now occupies a unique position among monthly periodicals.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE INDIA OFFICE AND OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD, having been appointed Publisher to the Secretary of State for India in Council, has now on sale the above publications at 37 Bedford Street, Strand, and is prepared to supply full information concerning them on application.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT MAPS.

Any of the Maps in this magnificent series can now be obtained at the shortest notice from Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD, Publisher to the India Office.

The following Catalogues of Mr. Edward Arnold's Publications will be sent post free on application:

CATALOGUE OF WORKS OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

GENERAL CATALOGUE OF EDUCATIONAL WORKS, including the principal publications of Messrs. Ginn and Company, Educational Publishers, of Boston and New York.

CATALOGUE OF WORKS FOR USE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF BOOKS FOR PRESENTS AND PRIZES.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

SIX SHILLINGS EACH.

FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SUDAN. By Sir RUDOLPH SLATIN and Sir F. R. WINGATE. (See page 23.)

MOONFLEET. By J. MEADE FALKNER. (See page 21.)

FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

SNOW - SHOES AND SLEDGES. By KIRK MUNROE. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

RICK DALE. By KIRK MUNROE. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

THE FUR SEAL'S TOOTH. By KIRK MUNROE. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

HOW DICK AND MOLLY SAW ENGLAND. By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH. With numerous Illustrations. Foolscap 4to., 5s.

DR. GILBERT'S DAUGHTERS. By MARGARET HARRIET MATHEWS. Illustrated by CHRIS. HAMMOND. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

ERIC THE ARCHER. By MAURICE H. HERVEY. With 8 full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo., 5s.

THE REEF OF GOLD. By MAURICE H. HERVEY. With numerous full-page Illustrations, handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

BAREROCK; or, The Island of Pearls. By HENRY NASH. With numerous Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED. Large crown 8vo., handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

WAGNER'S HEROES. By CONSTANCE MAUD. Illustrated by H. GRANVILLE FELL. Crown 8vo., 5s.

WAGNER'S HEROINES. By CONSTANCE MAUD. Illustrated by W. T. MAUD. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. With nearly 40 Original Illustrations by E. A. LEMANN. Small 4to., handsomely bound in cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE SNOW QUEEN, and other Tales. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Beautifully illustrated by Miss E. A. LEMANN. Small 4to., handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

HUNTERS THREE. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of 'The Boy Travellers,' etc. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE SECRET OF THE DESERT. By E. D. FAWCETT. With numerous full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

JOEL: A BOY OF GALILEE. By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON. With ten full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE MUSHROOM CAVE. By EVELYN RAYMOND. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE DOUBLE EMPEROR. By W. LAIRD CLOWES, Author of 'The Great Peril,' etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

SWALLOWED BY AN EARTHQUAKE. By E. D. FAWCETT. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

HARTMANN THE ANARCHIST; or, The Doom of the Great City. By E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT. With sixteen full-page and numerous smaller Illustrations by F. T. JANE. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

ANIMAL SKETCHES: a Popular Book of Natural History. By Professor C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.R.S. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

ROME THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD. By ALICE GARDNER. Illustrated. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

FRIENDS OF THE OLDEN TIME. By ALICE GARDNER, Lecturer in History at Newnham College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Illustrated. Square 8vo., 2s. 6d

TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE SERIES. A Charming Series of Juvenile Books, each plentifully Illustrated, and written in simple language to please young readers. Price 2s. each; or, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

My Book of Wonders.
My Book of Travel Stories.
My Book of Adventures.
My Book of the Sea.
My Book of Fables.
Deeds of Gold.
My Book of Heroism.
My Book of Perils.
My Book of Fairy Tales.
My Book of History Tales.
My Story Book of Animals.
Rhymes for You and Me.
My Book of Inventions.

THE LOCAL SERIES.

The Story of Lancashire.
The Story of Yorkshire.
The Story of the Midlands.
The Story of London.
The Story of Wales.
The Story of Scotland.
The Story of the West Country.

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR SERIES.

All with Full-page Illustrations.

THE PALACE ON THE MOOR. By E. DAVENPORT ADAMS. 1s. 6d.

TOBY'S PROMISE. By A. M. HOPKINSON. 1s. 6d.

MASTER MAGNUS. By Mrs. E. M. Field. 1s. 6d.

MY DOG PLATO. By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH. 1s. 6d.

AN ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHY. By ALEXIS FRYE and A. J. HERBERTSON. Royal 4to., 7s. 6d. and 5s.

Index to Authors.

PAGE

About - - - 20
'Adalet' - - - 20
Adams, E. Davenport - 31
Adderley, Hon. and Rev. J. 6, 20
Alexander, W. Gordon - 15
Ames, Ernest - - - 13
A Moral Alphabet - - 13
Andersen, Hans Christian - 30
Arnold-Forster, H. O. 2, 28
Arnold, Thomas - - 15
Ashbee, C. R. - - - 12

Bagot, Mrs. J. - - 4
Bell, Mrs. Hugh - 18, 27
Bell, Napier - - - 22
Belloc, Hilaire - - 8
Benson, A. C. - - - 17
Berkeley, Hon. Grantley F. - 24
Beynon, W. G. L. - - 22
Bottome, Margaret - - 22
Boyle, Very Rev. G. D. - 15
Bradley, Cuthbert - - 22
Brown, Edward - 3, 25
Bull, H. J. - - - 22
Bunsen, Marie von - - 20
Burgess, John W. - - 28
Burkitt, F. Crawford - - 12
Burneside, Margaret - - 20
Burton, Capt. R. G. - - 22
Butler, A. J. - - - 18

Chapman, Abel - - 22
Charleton, R. J. - - 20
Cherbuliez, Victor - - 20
Chester, Norley - 10, 20
Children's Favourite Series - 31
Children's Hour Series - 31
Cholmondeley, Mary - 9, 20
Clough, Blanche A. - - 15
Clouston, J. Storer - - 9
Clouston, K. Warren - - 27
Clowes, W. Laird - - 31
Coleridge, M. E. - - 20
Collingwood, W. G. - 18, 20
Collins, J. Churton - - 19
Cook, Prof. A. S. - - 18
Cosmopolite - - - 24
Cunningham, J. G. - - 25

Davidson, Thomas - - 18
De Vere, Aubrey - - 15
Dunmore, Earl of - - 20
Dymond, T. S. - - 29

Edwards, R. W. K. - - 20
Ellacombe, H. N. - 18, 26
Elliot, W. G. - - - 25
Essex House Publications 11, 12

Falkner, J. Meade - - 21
Fawcett, E. D. - - 31
Fell, H. Granville - - 19
Fell, Rev. J. - - - 27
Fenton, Mrs. - - - 6
Field, Mrs. E. M. - - 31
Fisher, J. R. - - - 8
Fleming, Canon - - 18
Ford, Isabella O. - - 21
Freshfield, Douglas W. - 22
Frye, Alexis - - - 31

Gardner, Alice - - 17
Garnett, J. M. - - 18
Gaunt, Mary - - - 21

Gleichen, Count - - 22
Glencairn, R. J. - - 19
Gordon, Sir T. E. - - 22
Goschen, Rt. Hon. G. J. - 18
Gossip, G. H. D. - - 26
Graham, W. - - - 28
Great Public Schools - - 27
Greene, Harvey B. - - 14
Grey, Earl - - - 15
Grey, H. M. - - - 22
Gummere, F. B. - - 19

Haffkine, Dr. W. M. - 7
Hall, Bradnock - 21, 24
Halliday, G. - - - 29
Hare, Augustus J. C. - 15
Harrison, Frederic - - 18
Harrison, S. Frances - - 21
Harrow School - - 27
Hartshorne, Albert - - 27
Herschell, Lady - - 27
Hervey, M. H. - - 30
Hill, Leonard - - - 28
Hoff, Dr. J. H. Van 'T. - 10
Hofmeyr, A. - - - 4
Hole, Dean - - 15, 16, 26
Holland, Bernard - 15, 19
Holland, Hon. Lionel - 28
Holland, Maud - - 19
Holland, Rev. F. J. - - 16
Holmes, Thomas - - 3
Holt, Ardern - - - 26
Hopkinson, A. M. - - 31
Hopkins, E. W. - - 28
Hudson, H. N. - - 18
Hutchinson, Horace G. - 21
Hutchison, Robert - 7, 28

Indian Office Publications - 30

Johnston, Annie Fellows - 31
Journal of Morphology - 29
Jowett, Benjamin - - 15

Kenney-Herbert - - 26
Knox, T. W. - - - 31
Knutsford, Lady - 5, 21
Kuhns, L. Oscar - - 18

Ladd, G. T. - - - 28
Lang, Andrew - - - 18
Le Fanu, W. R. - - 15
Legh, M. H. Cornwall 30, 31
Lehfeldt, Dr. R. A. - - 28
Lighthall, W. D. - - 21
Local Series - - - 31
Lockwood, Sir Frank - - 27

Macdonald, Lt.-Col. J. R. 13, 23
Macdonald, Sir John A. - 16
Mathews, Margaret H. - 30
Maud, Constance - 19, 30
Maxse, L. J. - - - 29
Maxwell, Sir Herbert - 2, 26
McNab, Frances - - 23
McNulty, Edward - - 21
Merivale, J. A. - - 16
Milner, Sir Alfred - - 17
Modern Traveller, The - 13
Montrésor, F. F. - - 21
More Beasts for Worse Children 13
Morgan, C. Lloyd - 2, 28, 31
Morley, Henry - - 16
Mott, E. S. - - - 16

Munroe, Kirk - - 30
Nash, Henry - - - 30
National Review - - 29
Newton, Lord - - - 20
Nimrod - - - 25

Oman, C. - - - 17
Onyx - - - - 16
Oxenden, Maud - - 21

Paget, Charles E. - - 28
Pasley, Sir T. S. - - 4
Pearson, Karl - - - 29
Perry, Prof. John - - 29
Pickering, Sidney - - 9
Pigou, Very Rev. Francis 16
Pike, Warburton - - 23
Pilkington, E. M. S. - - 27
Pinsent, Ellen F. - - 21
Podmore, C. T. - 10, 21
Pollok, Lieut.-Colonel - 23
Portal, Sir Gerald H. - 23
Price, L. L. R. - - 4
Pritchett, R. T. - - 23

Quiller Couch, A. T. - - 19

Radford, C. H. - - 9
Raleigh, Walter - 5, 19
Ransome, Cyril - - 17
Raymond, Evelyn - - 31
Reed, E. T. - - 13, 27
Reid, Arnot - - - 23
Rendel, Hon. Daphne - 17
Reynolds, Rev. S. H. - 19
Richmond, Rev. Wilfrid - 3
Roberts, Morley - 9, 21
Rochefort, Henri - - 16
Rodd, Sir Rennel - - 19
Roebuck, Rt. Hon. J. A. - 16
Roy, Gordon - - - 10
Russell, W. Clark - - 9

Schelling, Prof. F. E. - 19
Scrope, William - - 25
Shaw, C. Weeks - - 29
Shorland, F. W. - - 26
Simpson, Mrs. M. C. - - 16
Slatin Pasha, Sir Rudolf - 23
Smith, A. Donaldson - - 23
Smith, H. H. - - - 26
Smith, Thomas - - 24
Spinner, Alice - - - 21
Sportsman Library - 24, 25
Stevenson, R. L. - - 16
Stone, S. J. - - - 23
Streamer, Colonel D. - 13, 28

Tatham, H. F. W. - - 17
Taylor, Isaac - - - 29
Thompson, Col. R. F. Meysey 23
Thornton, Col. T. - - 24
Tollemache, Hon. L. A. - 16
Turkey in Europe - - 1
Twining, Louisa - - 16

Wallace, Helen - 10, 21
Warkworth, Lord - - 23
White, C. N. - - - 26
Whitman, C. O. - - 29
Williams, N. Wynne - - 27
Wilson, Ernest - - 29
Wingate, Sir F. R. - - 23

Young, Charles A. - - 29